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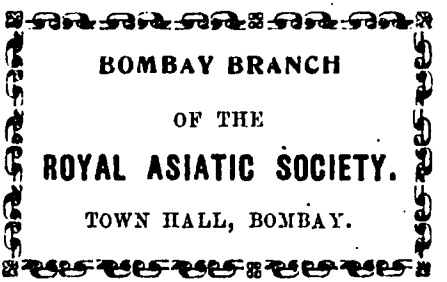

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THE

Broad Stone of Honour.

ORLANDUS. Vol. II.

THE

Broad Stone of Honour:

OR,

THE TRUE SENSE AND PRACTICE OF CHIVALRY.

The Fourth Book,

ORLANDUS.

BY

KENELM HENRY DIGBY, ESQ.

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Orlandus

PART II.

XVI. In the poetry of Eustache Deschamps, among the duties and qualifications for knighthood is reckoned "estre grant voyagier."

> Et leurs vertus esprouvoient
> Huit ou dix ans tous entiers.
> Et grans voyages aloient
> Puis chevaliers devenoient
> Humbles, fors, appers, legiers,
> Et honourant estrangiers.

The space of a year and a day was the general term of these enterprises; during which time, the knights were distinguished by a green dress.[1] The squires were commanded to keep tablets, on which they should write down the account of what they observed in strange countries. In the Nibelungen lay, Siegfried sets out to search for adventures, and refuses the request of his father, who wished to resign his crown to him. Tristan, in the old German poem, records of his boyhood how he had to ride about the country, that he might become familiar with people and the country itself. And Chaucer's picture of the young squire, of twenty years of age, is similar,

[1] Cassier, Hist. de la Chevalerie Française, 76.

For he hadde be somtime in chevachie
In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel as of so litel space
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

His knight is described as having ridden as far as any man.

As well in Christendome as in heathenesse,
And ever had honour for his worthenesse.

When Sir John, of Heynault, returned from England, after the coronation of Edward III, to be present at the tournament at Condé, "there came with him," says Froissart, "fifteen yong lusty knyghtis of Ingland to go to this tourney with hym, ant to acqueynt them with the strange lordis and knyghtis that should be there, and they had great honour of all the company that turneyd at that tyme at Condé." The knight-errant may be found down to a very late age of chivalry. Büsching[1] gives an instance, which occurred between 1452 and 1458, of a Suabian knight, George von Ehingen, expert at arms, and in all chivalrous exercises, who left his country and travelled through Burgundy, France, England, Spain, Portugal, and Morocco, where he fought at Ceuta with a Moor of gigantic form, and slew him; assisted at many tournaments, took shipping for Rhodes, visited the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and came back to the castle of his ancestors, loaded with royal presents, in recompense of his valour. Antoine d'Arces, called the White Knight, who was killed in 1517, was another hero of romance, who wandered from kingdom to kingdom. In 1495, when the Emperor Maximilian held his first diet at Worms, there rode into the city a French knight, named Claude de la Barre, of formidable aspect, who was thought to have been sent by his king. Scarcely had he found a place in the inn,

[1] Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen, II, 60.

when he hung out his shield from under the window, and sent a herald about to challenge all German knights to come and joust with him. There would not have been found immediately any one to go out against him, for fame had arrived before him, and it was said he was irresistible in battle. But the chivalrous and stout Cæsar Maximilian waxed not a little wroth. He sent his herald, and ordered his shield, emblazoned with the arms of Austria and Burgundy, to be hung near that of the French knight. Accordingly, it was agreed that the battle should take place nine days after the challenge, and that the vanquished should be prisoner. Both appeared in full armour, neither spoke a word to the other. Fear and uncertainty marked the countenance of every spectator, as the trumpets sounded for the third time, when the lances were couched, and the shock took place. Then the combatants threw away their spears, and assailed each other with shining swords. The Frenchman aimed a stout thrust at the emperor, but his armour turning the edge, he had soon the advantage, and laid on so thick, that after a desperate struggle, he obliged his adversary to yield himself prisoner. Immediately the trumpets sounded, and with great rejoicing, the happy multitude conducted back to his hotel the manly emperor, who had so well preserved the honour of German knights.

Camoens celebrates the glory of those knights who went about from court to court in quest of adventures, Gonçalo Ribeiro, Fernando Martinez de Santarem, and Vasco Anez, foster-brother to Mary Queen of Castile, daughter of Affonso IV of Portugal.[1] Of the chevalier Boucicaut, and the Comte d'Eu, in the reign of King Charles V, it is

[1] Lusiad, VIII.

said, that each had "comme vaillant chevalier et grand voyageur selon son jeune age, ja esté en plusieurs parts à voir le monde en maints honorables voyages."

Albrecht von Nürnberg, who followed Edward III into Scotland, and Hans von Traun, who joined the banner of the same king at the siege of Calais, and afterwards bore the English standard at the battle of Poitiers, were knight-errants. In Arthur of Little Britain there is a fine example of the spirit which prompted these expeditions. "So it fortuned on a night that Arthur, in his father's castle, Hector and Governar, were all three lodged in one chambre; and Arthur was sore troubled in his sleep, and turned and sighed many times, so that Hector and Governar heard him, and sayd each to other, 'Arthur is not well at his ease, let us go wake him.' And then Governar woke him, and asked him what he ailed? 'O frende Governar,' said Arthur, 'I have be sore troubled in my sleep, for I dreamt that I was far out of this country.' 'O, Sir,' said Hector, 'we ought to go into strange countrys; for before this time ye have promised so to do. Therefore, set your mind no longer to tarry at home, but shortly let us depart.' 'As God help me, cosin,' said Arthur, 'the day is come that for to have the city of Paris I will tarry no longer; for to-morrow will I ask license of my father and of my mother; and will have with me no more company but you and Governar, and Jaket, my squire.' 'Sir,' said Governar, 'ye say well; for a young man without pain is little worth.'[1] So they departed, and rode long, and had many adventures"; and when they assisted at the first tournament, and Arthur saw all the assembly, he said to Hector, "Cousin, how say ye, is it not better to be here,

[1] P. 36.

and to see all this nobleness, than to creep into our mother's lappes?" "What should we speak of," says Arviragus to Belarius in Cymbeline,

> When we are as old as you? When we shall hear
> The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
> In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
> The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
> We are beastly.

Cæsar says, that the Gauls used to gather round strangers to inquire for news, a custom familiar in chivalrous romance, as in the castle of Sir Ipomydon, where the old poet describes the entertainment in the hall, when

> Men that were of that cité,
> Enquered of men of other countré.

Count William, of Poitou, on his return from Jerusalem, was famous for singing his adventures and the sorrows of his captivity.[1]

The knights and pilgrims of the middle ages seem never to have met with the disappointment described by Cicero, as felt by himself when he returned from Sicily, where he had discovered the tomb of Archimedes, and found no one at Puteoli who had the smallest desire to hear his adventures.[2] They were sure of having many eager listeners; as Le Tors reminded Troylus in Perceforest, after they had been for a night in the little boat, "En verite, sire, il me semble que oncques ne me trouvay en si grant-adventure de mort et vous promets se nous eschappons dicy nous pourrons bien racompter de nos adventures." From the travels of men in the middle ages great advantages resulted. The avoidance of that opinion which seems hereditary with

[1] Ord. Vit. X, 793. [2] Orat. pro Plancio, XXVI.

the vulgar, "quod soli mortalium barbari non sint," which Erasmus pleasantly attributes to the happy influence of folly, would alone have raised our ancestors in one respect above the greatest nations of antiquity, who used to style everything that was not familiar to them βαρβαρικόν.[1] Yet even the heathens did not carry their notions of patriotism so far as to require that religion should be a national thing, and an additional line of separation between men of different countries.[2] Petrarch, in his letter to Philippe de Vitri, speaks of his disposition as something singular, which made him imagine that there was nothing good out of France. "The little bridge of Paris," he says, "has made too great an impression upon you. Your ears are too fond of the murmur of the waters of the Seine running under its arches. As for you, my dear Philippe, when you have been upon the hill of St. Geneviève, near St. Germain, you conclude that you have beheld the east and the west: happy in your way of thinking, if true happiness could be in error." Our knights and pilgrims did not return more self-sufficient and national in faults, but more humble and more acquainted with the duties which belonged to them as men; they did not return to strengthen absurd domestic prejudices, and increase the antipathy between nations; but they brought back with them, from every country that they visited, precious recollections of honour and religion, the memory of generous knights, and of gracious women; of holy fathers who edified the church, and of brave men who loved their country. "The gentry of each nation acting suitably to the temper of their country" was thought to give rise to something of beauty: "the airy French acting suitably to the sprightliness of their temper; the solemn Spaniard

[1] Plato, Cratyllus. [2] Plato, Leges, VI.

to his gravity."[1] As the Rhodian ambassadors said in the Roman senate, when excusing the conduct of their state, "Tam civitatum quam singulorum hominum mores sunt."[2] A man was taught not to suppose, "que la maistresse forme de l'humaine nature," as Montaigne says, was in him or in his country; according to which all other men and countries should be regulated.[3]

Frederic Barbarossa wishing to please his noble visitors, who accompanied Raymond Berenger to Turin, made an epigram, the sense of which was, "I like the French knight, the Catalonian dance, the Genoese honour, the court of Castile, the songs of Provence, the ladies of Treviso, the figure of the Aragonese, the hands and countenance of the English, the youth of Tuscany, the pearl of Italy." "The knight," says Castiglione, "should resemble the Italians, who excel in riding and managing the fiercest horses, running at the ring, and tilting; the French, who are most skilful in keeping their station at tournaments, and fighting at banners; and the Spaniards who are the first at casting of spears."[4] "The French," says Cornelius Agrippa, "are known by a moderate gait, a soft gesture, a bland countenance, a sweet voice, an easy address, a modest manner; as the Spaniards by a joyful air and gesture, an elate countenance, a plaintive voice, an elegant language, an exquisite habit; the Italians by a grave gesture, an inconstant countenance, a relaxed voice, a magnificent manner, a well adjusted habit."[5] Froissart relates how "the Duke Frederic of Bavaria, of hyghe Almayne, had greatly desyred ones to bere armes for

[1] A Vindication of the Degree of Gentry in opposition to titular honour, and the humour of riches being the measure of honour. 1603.

[2] Livy, XLV, 23.

[3] Essais, II, 32.

[4] Courtier, I, 40.

[5] De Vanitate Scientiarum, 66.

them of France, and to se the estate of France, for he loved all honour: also he was enfourmed that all the honour of the worlde was in France; que tous les honneurs du monde estoient en France," a sentence which M. de Barante has greatly altered by saying, "car la France était la source de tout honneur!"[1] an expression which no one in the middle ages would have dreamed of using. Froissart, describing the castle of the Earl of Foix, observes, "there was sene in his hall, chambre, and court, knights and squyers of honour goying up and downe, and talkyng of armes and of amours; all honoure ther was founde, all maner of tidynges of every realme and countre ther might be herde, for out of every countre ther was resort, for the valyantnesse of this erle." Upon Sir John's arrival at Ortaise, he descended at the sign of the Moon, while his friend, Sir Espaenge de Lion, went to the castle, "and incontynent," he says, "I was sent for to my lodgyng, for he was the loorde of all the worlde that moost desyred to speke with straungers." In another place, Sir John Froissart says, that Olyver de Clysson, constable of France, spoke with the English knights, "and made good company with them in divers maners, as noble men of armes wyll do eche to other, and as Frensshmen and Englysshmen have always done." Though in another place he says hastily, "the Englysshmen were so proud, that they set nothing by ony nacyon but by their owne." Eginhart relates of Charlemagne, that "he loved foreigners and took great pains to entertain them; and that not only his palace, but even his kingdom was filled with them."

Cavendish, in his Life of Wolsey, gives a pleasant account of his visit to a castle not far from Amiens, as he was travelling to Compiegne. "As I rode

[1] Hist. des Ducs de Bourgogne, I, 227.

on my journey, being on Friday, my horse cast a shoe in a little village, where stode a faire castell; and as it chaunced there dwelt a smith, to whom I commanded my servant to resorte, to shoe my horse; and standing by while my horse was a shoeing, there came to me a servant of the castell, perceiving me to be an Englishman, and one of my Lord Legate's servaunts, requiring me to goe into the castell to my lord his master, who he thought would be very glad of my company; to whom I consented, because I was always desirous to see and to be acquainted with strangers, and in especial with men in authority, and of honourable estate, so I went with him; who conducted me into the castel, and at my first entry I was among the watchmen that kept the first warde, being very tall men, and comely persons. They saluted me very reverently, and knowing the cause of my coming, desired me to stay myself until they had advertised my Lord their master; and so I did. And incontinent the lord of the castel came out unto me, who was called M. Croky, a nobleman born, and nighe of King Lewis's blood; and at his coming he embraced me, saying that I was right heartily welcome, and thanked me that I so gently would visit him and his castel, saying unto me, that he was preparing him to encounter the king and my lord, to desire them the next day to come to his castel. And, indeed, he was in his riding coat of black velvet, with a pair of ermine shoes of black velvet on his feet, with a pair of gilt spurs, ready to ride: then he took me by the hand, and most gently led me into his castel through another ward. And being once entered within the castel, in a base court I saw all his family and servants in good order, all in black gowns and coats like mourners, who led me into his hall, where stood a hawke's perch with three or four fair goss hawks thereon. Then we entered

into a fair parlour which was hanged with fair clothes of fine old arras, and being there but a while, communing together of my lord of Suffolk, how he was then to have besieged the same, his servants brought unto him bread and wine of divers sorts. And after we had drunken of the same, 'I will,' quoth he, 'shew you the strength of my house, how hard it would have been for my lord of Suffolk to have won it.' Then led he me upon the walls, which wer marvaillous strong, more than fourteen foot broad of my feet, and well garnished with great battering pieces of ordenaunce ready charged to be shot off against the king and my lord their coming by, if they would not enter, whose way was laid by the castel. When he had shewed me all the walls and bullworks about the castel, he descended from the walls, and came down into a fair inward court, where his genet stood ready for him to mount upon, with twelve other of the fairest genets that ever I saw, and in especial his own, which was a mare genet, he shewed me that he might have had for it 4,000 crowns, to the which I made no answer. But upon the other twelve genets were mounted twelve goodly young gentlemen, called pages of honour: they rode all bareheaded in coats of cloth of gold, and black velvet paned, and on their legges boots of red Spanish leather, and spurs pareill gilt. Then he took his leave of me, and commanded his steward and other of his gentlemen to attend upon me, and conduct me unto my lady his wife to dinner; and that done, he mounted upon his genet, and took his journey forth of his castel. The noble dame received me very gently like her estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen; and she said to me, 'Forasmuch as ye be an Englishman, whose custome is to kiss all ladies in your country without offence, although it is not so here with us in this realm, yet I will be so bold as to kiss you, and so

ye shall do all my maids.' By means whereof I kissed her and all her maids; then went she to her dinner, being as nobly served as I have seen here."

The journeys of men in these ages formed part of the hardy discipline which belonged to chivalry; there was no descanting upon the wretchedness of a country because the furniture and the kind of food differed from what was familiar at home. Knights were not like the Persian kings, who would drink of no water on their journeys but that of the Choaspes; nor like the Persian ambassadors, who had a salary of two drachmas a day, and who complained on their return:

καὶ δῆτ' ἐτρυχόμεθα διὰ τῶν Καϋστρίων
πεδίων ὁδοιπλανοῦντες ἐσκηνημένοι,
ἐφ' ἁρμαμάξων μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι,
ἀπολλύμενοι.[1]

"Que telles gens gardent leur cuisine," would they have said: not that they acquired a contempt for the customs of their own nation. As King Alfred says in his Boetius, "Men did not expect to have the like praise in every land, for what they do not like in some lands they like in others." A traveller was to let it appear that he did not change his country manners for those of foreign parts but only introduced some flowers of what he had learned abroad into the customs of his own country. For, be it observed, men in these ages had a country as well as a birth-place, a father-land, whose streams were holy, whose woods and rocks could impart heroism, to whose dear and respected name their hearts were bound by every tie of religion, every recollection of past greatness, and every hope of future renown.[2] What a scene is that where Dante sees Sordello?

[1] Aristoph. Acharnenses, 68.
[2] See the beautiful poem of Friedrich Schlegel, Am Rheine, 1802.

——————— O thou Lombard spirit!
How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,
Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes.
It spake not aught, but let us onward pass,
Eyeing us as a lion on his watch.
But Virgil, with entreaty mild, advanced,
Requesting it to shew the best assent.
It answer to his question none return'd,
But of our country, and our kind of life
Demanded. When my courteous guide began,
"Mantua," the solitary shadow quick
Rose tow'rds us from the place in which it stood,
And cried "Mantua! I am thy countryman,
Sordello." Each the other then embraced.[1]

The passing beyond the seas was a sore penance to men who were generally agreed with Laodamas, that nothing could be worse;[2] and with Posidippus, that ὁ μὴ πεπλευκὼς οὐδὲν ἑώρακεν κακόν.[3] It is a piteous complaint which Walter von der Vogelweide addresses to the Emperor Frederick II, saying that he has no home or fireside of his own;

But lone I stray—no home its comfort shews,
Ah luckless man! still doom'd a guest to be.[4]

But all this hardship tended to further excellent ends, and to give men habits of cheerfully submitting to the vicissitudes of life.

In the Histoire de Guillaume de Palerne et de la belle Mélior, when Mélior asks the young page whether some evil adventure has not befallen him, he replies, "Madamoiselle, tout vient ici par aventure: l'homme vient en ce monde par aventure, meurt aussi par aventure; aventure fait maladie venir et puis garison; par aventure cheoit du ciel foudre et tonnerre."[5]

From many considerations it is highly probable that men had not visited the most lovely regions of

[1] Purg. VI, 61. [2] Od. VIII, 138.
[3] Athenæus, IV, 154. [4] Lays of the Minnesingers, p. 202.
[5] De la Lecture des Livres Francois, Partie III, p. 130.

the earth without having acquired any genuine refinement of taste, or a delicate sense of the beautiful and sublime. Those early walks which used to end in wooded hills and fields of roses; those limpid waters at the delicious hour of prime; those ascents of Alpine heights under the friendly moon, and not ended when the golden sun had fired the proud tops of the eastern pines; those rides by night through the forests, as in the romances of chivalry, had cherished a lively perception of the charms and the majesty of nature. The Knights of the Round Table did not set out to travel in search of gold and pleasure, and of new dishes, or to pry into the secrets of governments, and to unfold the mysteries of corruption, but they had views like those with which Pausanias travelled through Greece; to describe the temples and the tombs of heroes, the rivers and mountains, the cool fountains and odoriferous groves, the promontories projecting out into the sea, the grottos with their romantic legends, the oaks of Dodona, the olive groves of Athens, or the palm of Delos; like Herodotus also, who found nothing in Sythia so worthy of admiration as the footstep of Hercules, measuring two cubits, in a rock near the river Tyra.[1] They did not pretend to that perfect and universal knowledge which is now professed by all who leave their domestic hearths: their journeys had not effaced their sense of religion, but they devoutly turned their attention to the first great Cause in surveying the face of nature. Pausanias arrives at Sicyon, and the remarks which its ruins suggest to him are an exact specimen of the judgment which our ancestors would have been found to evince on such an occasion. "The Sicyoneans," he says, "are now miserable, and very different from what they were

[1] IV, 82.

in former times. Perhaps it is not permitted us to examine the cause: it is better to be content with supposing that it is the same as that which Homer gives of the fall of so many other cities, 'the supreme will of powerful Jove.'"[1]

Once more, the travels of men in these ages were made instrumental to the acquisition of wisdom.

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω,

was the qualification which Homer ascribes to the wisest of his heroes. Menelaus begins his commendation with affirming that he has travelled over a great part of the earth.[2] Cicero enumerates many journeys in which the most noble philosophers consumed their lives, Xenocrates, Crantor, Arcesilaus, Lacydes, Aristoteles, Theophrastus, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, Antipater, Carneades, Panætius, Clitomachus, Philo, Antiochus, Posidonius, and many others, who having once left their homes, never returned.[3] Who has not heard of the travels of Pythagoras, Herodotus, Osiris, and Cambyses? Even Apollonius, a false sage, made no difficulty in travelling round Mount Caucasus to see Iarchas seated on a throne of gold among some disciples, with whom he discoursed on the movement of the heavens. Julius Cæsar wrote his two books "de Analogia," while crossing the Alps.[4] Plato spent the flower of his age in journeys; when he grew old, indeed, "the Academy received him, and in profound tranquillity, lofty discourses, innocent contemplation, and the study of truth, he awaited the end of his life."[5] In the middle ages there were not wanting knights and pilgrims who had spent their youth in travels, which were not unattended by the muse, to learn the vanity of all

[1] Lib. II, 7. [2] Od. IV, 267. [3] Tuscul. V.
[4] Suetonius. [5] Max. Tyr. XXII, 5.

earthly prospects, and to aspire after the visions of the eternal world. "We count him happy," cries the Platonic philosopher, "who can pass from Europe to Asia, to behold the land of the Egyptians, the mouths of the Nile, the lofty pyramids, or the strange birds, or an ox or a goat: who visits the Danube or the Ganges, to behold Babylon or the Sardian rivers, the sepulchres of Troy, or the shores of the Hellespont. Ulysses beheld the cities of various men, and yet what were the objects which he saw? Thracians and barbarous Cicons, gloomy Cimmerians, or murderous Cyclopes, an enchantress, the visions of Hades, the gardens of Alcinous, and the stable of Eumæus; *πάντα θνητὰ, πάντα ἐφήμερα.* But to what shall I compare the prospects of a philosopher? To a clear vision, in which the soul makes the circuit of the earth, and is raised from earth to heaven. O happy journey! O sublime spectacle!"[1]

Cornelius Agrippa had travelled, and he places his experience among the examples to furnish out the vanity of human knowledge. He had seen in hatred the Italians occult, the Spaniards persevering, the French threatening, the Germans revengeful, not to revile any country, or to boast of any exemptions for his own, but to mourn over the general state of human nature, common to all. Moreover, under the influence of the Catholic religion, the wish of the religious Wordsworth had been realized to the traveller of the middle ages. Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times, had all reminded his soul of heaven: he had adored his Creator at the knee-worn cell, had hailed the firm unmoving cross, and "the chapel far withdrawn, that lurks by lonely ways," had heard his secret prayer. The religious and poetic feeling with which Petrarch visited the

[1] Max. Tyr. XXII, 6.

stormy mountain, is not less characteristic of the age than of the writer. He had set out from Avignon with his brother, and slept at Malancere, which is at the foot of Mont Ventoux. "We began the ascent next morning, and when about halfway to the summit, we met an old shepherd, who advised us to proceed no higher; but this only increased our desire. I took a circuitous and wrong path, thinking it to be easier of ascent, till at length, exhausted by fatigue, I sat down, abandoned my mind to reflection, compared the state of my soul, which desires to reach heaven, and still forsakes the road to it, with that of my body, which endured such pain that it might arrive at the summit of Mont Ventoux.' These reflections gave me strength and courage. On arriving at the summit, I beheld, with the light of the setting sun, the mountains of the Lyonnoise, the Mediterranean, and the course of the Rhone. When I had for some time gratified my eyes with this spectacle, which raised my thoughts and inspired me with devotion, I took up the Confessions of St. Augustin, which volume I always carry with me, and opening it by chance, I found these words: 'Eunt homines admirari alta montium, et ingentes fluctus maris et latissimos lapsus fluminum et oceani ambitum et gyros siderum et relinquunt se ipsos.'[1] I call God and my brother to witness that what I relate is true. I was struck with the singularity of this incident, and closing the book, I gave way to a thousand reflections upon the folly of men who neglect the most noble part of themselves to pursue vain prospects of grandeur, and to seek from without what they might discover within."

The traveller of these ages was not impelled to constant motion from his soul being filled with all

[1] X, 10, c. 9.

kinds of evil, dreading its own interior, as Plutarch says, and endeavouring to escape from itself by wandering abroad.[1] Such a man is indeed described in the Gesta Romanorum, but the evil spirits are said to have used him as a chariot; and they who, like Doctor Faustus, should have travelled over the world, to be able to relate, like him, the number of churches in every city, and how they had, in a few minutes, seen the seven churches at Rome, and in a few days, all the kingdoms of Christendom, and how they had signed their names, as the doctor did, at Padua, styling himself "the insatiable speculator"; would have been ranked among his unhappy disciples as the victims of an infernal agent. Behold what it is for the soul to be sick, like that of Alcibiades, whom a certain devouring flame seemed to consume, so as to trouble his understanding like madness! who was impelled in all directions from the Lyceum to the assembly, from the assembly to the sea, from the sea to Sicily; thence to Sparta, thence to the Persians, thence to Samos, thence to Athens, thence again to the Hellespont, and thence—he knew not whither![2]

There was not, in these ages, an innumerable class of young people like those described by Görres,[3] of good natural dispositions, but of slender talents, who were early laced up in the trammels of a superficial and falsely-wise system, having lost the good mother sense of natural men, and acquired an artificial kind of understanding, which interrupted all fresh and sound intercourse with nature, allowing them only one which was merely studied and conventional; who made their entry upon the scene of the world, fast cramped in as it were between two stiff plates, like a book, and thus moved on as

[1] De Curiositate. [2] Max. Tyr. XIII, 7.
[3] Rom wie es in Wahrheit ist.

genuine northern tribes into Italy; and when that attractive country sought to secure them, and make them wise, all good intentions were lost upon them, nothing being able to penetrate through their armour: who being furnished out richly from home with all the invincible conceit of their own excellence, and with the deep prejudice against the religion of the south, with which their own system took care to arm them, saw all things, not as they were, but as they themselves had beforehand conceived them, while the organ of seeing only placed before their soul dark and undefined forms; men who could travel over the whole earth without seeing anything of the earth, everywhere offended at reality; like the creeping snail, having their horn of feeling drawn in, and themselves sheltered within their shell, bringing back their house home again with all its furniture, unchanged after they had dragged it with them from country to country, verifying the saying of the middle ages, "Qui hic est asinus non illic erit equus," and enriching the yearly catalogue of errors with a new and attractive article, because it tended to rivet men still closer to their old prejudices.

Plato says, that "those summer travellers, who, like birds over the sea, take their course every summer to visit other cities for the sake of gain, should be placed under the care of the magistrate when they returned home, lest they should corrupt their countrymen."[1] Not such were the travellers of chivalry. Men who could testify that they had swum great rivers, spent nights in vast forests, wandered in many a lonely mountain, assisted at the pompous assembly of many a towered city; and sat in great halls, where emperors, in weeds of peace, listened alternately to the discourse of holy

[1] De Legibus, XII.

monks, and to the songs of the minstrel; would have been ranked by Plato in the number of those who visit foreign nations to court their muses, and who deserve, he says, to be received with honour.[1] The travels of the Pope's legates were one great source of civilization, by extending to northern nations the taste and refinement of Italy. Notwithstanding the occasional complaints dictated by national prejudices and selfish views, they seem to have been always most disinterested and admirable men. Martin, the legate, returned from Denmark so poor, that when he came to Florence, he had hardly wherewithal to continue his journey, and the bishop gave him a horse, on which he pursued his course to Pisa. Bishop Gottfried, of Chartres, being legate in Aquitaine for many years, lived at his own expense, and would accept of nothing to support his visitation.

In the days of Vasco de Gama and Columbus, the brave men who daringly went in quest of new worlds, were actuated by the holiest motives; their spirit may be inferred even from their anxiety to spread the names which are associated with religious reverence to the most distant regions. Their course was not to be traced by cacophonous patronymics and the terms of the committee board. Mr. Irving says of Columbus, "Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when he first beheld the New World, and his first action, on landing, was to prostrate himself upon the earth, and return thanksgiving. Every evening, the Salve Regina, and other vesper hymns, were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land."[2]

[1] Ibidem. [2] Life of Columbus.

In Tancredus I have alluded to the holy pilgrim. I cannot leave the travels of the middle ages without returning to him. What compassion is due to him who left his sweet native land to travel through many a dark and dreary vale, and many a dolorous region, o'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, beaten with storms, and parched with scorching heat, to feel that melancholy which a great German writer has so truly said belongs peculiarly to the traveller; or to survive, on his return home,[1] images which, though enjoyed with tears, are still dear to him? The travels of the first monks, and in later times of the Jesuits, have all the interest of the most enchanting romance. Such is the account which St. Sturm gives of his riding on an ass through the great forests of Germany, cutting his way through the pathless thickets, sleeping by night under some thick trees, till at length arriving at a sweet embowered lawn, he founds the monastery of Fulda, which became the beloved retreat of St. Boniface, who had blessed him on his setting out. This was the Sturm who in the time of Charlemagne preached the Gospel to the wild Saxons.

Voyages to the Holy Land, to kiss the ground on which the Saviour of the world walked, to bathe in the Jordan, and to worship at the holy sepulchre, were the practice of the first Christians when they had embraced the Gospel.[2] From Spain, the British isles, Germany, and France, devout men travelled to Jerusalem. The priest had blessed them on departing, and given them the scrip and staff; their friends had accompanied them in procession as far as the next church. Religious persons had built and endowed hostels in different parts of the Roman empire, to receive these wanderers; amongst others, St. Gallican, in the fourth century, enlarged at

[1] Pindemonti. [2] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, I, 1.

great expense a house in Ostia for this purpose.[1] When the pilgrim returned home, he first went to the church and gave thanks to God, and presented a palm-branch, to be placed over the altar, as a sign of his having performed his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Glaber Rodulphus says, that many pilgrims were moved with such devotion at the sight of the holy places, that they wished to die rather than return home; one in particular, from Burgundy, upon ascending the Mount of Olives, was so moved with the desire of death, through gratitude and love to the Saviour, that he died on the evening of the same day.[2]

As the crusaders approached Jerusalem, Gaston de Biterra, being in advance with thirty knights, captured some cattle under the very walls of the city. The cry of the herdsmen brought out armed men to rescue them, and Gaston would have been obliged to abandon his booty, if Tancred had not come to his assistance. The cattle were then driven to the host of the crusaders, and when it was told them, that these animals had come indeed from Jerusalem, they shed tears of joy. "Jerusalem nominari audientes omnes præ lætitia in fletum lachrymarum fluxerunt."[3] Some idea may be formed of these feelings, when one hears the concluding verse of the lessons in the office of Tenebræ, which is chanted with tones of such pathetic melody, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum."

From all this it arose, that the stranger who travelled was reputed as being almost a holy person. The church desired that priests who lived in retired places would protract their fast on the

[1] Bollandi Acta Sanct. t. III, 68.

[2] De confluentia populi totius orbis quæ ad sepulchrum Domini Hierosolymis facta est (lib. IV, 6, quoted by Wilken).

[3] Alb. Aq. Wilken, I, 270.

festivals late in the day, in order that they might a second time say mass, in the event of travellers arriving after the regular hour. The king Don Emanuel of Portugal, left a religious memory in the Dominican convent of Bemfica, near Lisbon, where he ordered, that twice in a week two masses should be sung to beg the assistance of the angels in behalf of those who were at sea. There were similar foundations in many places. Hospitality became doubly a religious duty. Charlemagne, in his Capitularies, decreed, "that every pilgrim, rich and poor, should be received; and that for the love of God, and the salvation of his soul, every man should be ready to afford him a roof, and a hearth, and water." St. Gregory the Great founded a magnificent hospital in Jerusalem, to receive the pilgrims. Innumerable knights travelled to the Holy Land, and the Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem was composed for their assistance.[1] In the course of time, however, the bishops and clergy found it necessary sometimes to check the zeal for pilgrimages. "Many went through vanity," says Glaber Rodulphus, "only that they might be counted admirable on their return home." St. Boniface[2] procured a decree from an English synod, forbidding women and nuns from encountering the dangers consequent upon such a journey. A certain monk, Philip, going a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, passed on his way by Clairvaux, where St. Bernard persuaded him to return to his monastery, and send a letter to his bishop, saying, "Your Philip would go to Jerusalem, but he has discovered a nearer road; he has passed the great sea in a shorter time, and after a happy voyage has already reached the desired shore; he has become, not only a curious

[1] Michaud, Hist. des Croisades, tom. I and II; Pièces justificatives. Müller, Geschichte, I, 148. Order. Vital. 459.
[2] Epist. 73.

beholder, but a devout inhabitant of Jerusalem, not of the earthly, which is in bondage with her children, but of the free Jerusalem, our heavenly mother."[1] In like manner writes Peter the Venerable: "A lay man who had taken the vows to become a monk at Clugny, supposed afterwards, that consistently with his vow, he could make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but it would be better to serve God in poverty and humility all his days, than with pride and wantonness to travel to Jerusalem. Though it is good to seek Jerusalem, where the feet of our Lord stood, it is far better to seek salvation, and to behold him face to face."[2] The accounts left by the pilgrims prove that they did not visit objects of interest without a deep sense of the feelings they should inspire. The cleft in the rock of Calvary, as described by Maundrell, Shaw, and Millar, is a miracle which never failed to excite an emotion of devout astonishment. Millar, in his History of the Propagation of Christianity, makes mention of a mathematician who was converted to Christianity by an examination of this cleft.[3] When the Portuguese made a voyage to the Red Sea, in the year 1541, on arriving within sight of Mount Sinai, where the reliques of St. Catherine are preserved in a famous monastery, the commander of the fleet, Dom Estevam da Gama, knighted Dom Alvaro de Castro, son of the illustrious Dom Joam de Castro, who in memory of so great a sanctuary, took for his crest the Catherine wheel, which his family doth religiously bear to this day. The pilgrimage of Philip, the last Count of Katzenellenbogen, with ten companions, to Egypt and Palestine, in the year 1433, is still extant in German verse. From Venice they sailed to Candia

[1] Epist. St. Bernardi, 64. [2] Bib. Patrum, XXII.
[3] Rutter's Life of Christ, II, 394.

and Alexandria. It is related how he saw the grave of St. Catherine, and the memorials of St. John the Almoner; then proceeding up the Nile, which is as broad as the Rhine, he saw crocodiles; at Alkeyer [Cairo] he was shewn the place where the blessed Virgin lived with the infant Jesus, after the flight from Bethlehem. Here he saw an elephant; hence they rode on camels through the desert to the convent of St. Antony, where they saw the cave in which the holy man lived; thence to the fountain of Moses and the shores of the Red Sea. Then, during eleven days, they travelled through the desert to Jaffa, and thence to Bethlehem, where they saw the place in which St. Jerome translated the Bible; and thence to Jerusalem, where they devoutly visited the holy places; thence along the Jordan and the Dead Sea, to Jericho and Bethany, to Jaffa and Acre; whence, after encountering many perils of shipwreck, and touching at Rhodes, they arrived at Venice, on the Sunday Lætare, the 7th of March. Thence they travelled to Padua, Treviso, and Innsbruck, Augsburg, Nürnberg, Erfurt, Eisenach, and Marburg.

There is also still existing in manuscript the account written by Count Albert von Löwenstein, a knight of the Holy Sepulchre, giving an account of a pilgrimage which he made to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai in the year 1561. He was born in 1536, in the castle of Löwenstein, and trained to arms from his youth; he had served in Greece, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia; he had travelled afterwards in France and the Netherlands; his body lies buried in the monastery of Schönthal. An abridgment of this account will give an idea of the beauty and simplicity of his narrative:—"Among the names of all my companions who came to Venice, are as follow; David Furtenbach, who died in the convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai,

the 2nd of December, on whose soul God have mercy! Amen. Franz Kevenhüller, who departed to God at sea, between Cyprus and Candia. Rest his soul! Max. Friederich von Düngen, who died at Gerus, as we returned home. The Almighty God be gracious to him! We set out from Löwenstein on the 30th of March, and slept at Nellingen. Next day brought us to the convent of Allendorf: on the 6th of April we reached Augsburg; here our company was increased, and we pursued our way by Brixen and Botzen, sleeping in the nights at monasteries and hostels, till we reached Trent. Thence we proceeded by Mantua and Ostia, and Ferrara, where we arrived on the Sunday Cantate, when in the Gospel of St. John Christ promises the Paraclete. Thence we travelled to Venice, where we lodged at the Black Eagle; here, after seeing the doge marry the sea, we took up the cross of Jerusalem in St. Mark's church. Having agreed with the captain of a ship, Vivianus, to take our company, we went, on the 5th of July, to the Bare-footed Friars to receive the communion. On the 8th we passed near Paronzo, which is 100 miles from Venice; on the 9th we touched at the island of Osora, where the bodies of Saints Felix and Simon are interred. After passing by many islands, we reached Ragusa at midnight on the 12th. Here we admired the silver altar in the Bare-footed Friars convent; we saw the three convents of nuns of St. Andrew, St. Martin, and St. Peter. The rulers of the state, hearing that there were counts among the pilgrims, sent us presents of bread, wine, beer, and plums, and apples. On the 14th we visited the convent of St. Bernard's order; passing by Corfu, we arrived at Candia on the 20th; here we all went in a body to the church. This city is remarkable for the licentiousness of its people. On the 26th we visited the monastery of St. Anthony,

where we found the coat of arms of many German nobles, as of Hohenlohe, Königseck, Frankenstein, Schönberg, Steinberg, &c. On the 27th we visited the labyrinth of Crete; we were detained by contrary winds till the 7th of August, when we sailed and reached Cyprus on the 10th. On the 15th, the festival of our dear Lady, we heard mass on board. Early on the morning of the 16th we had the first view of the Holy Land; but the wind was adverse. On the 18th we came to anchor, and certain Turks arrived and began to trade with the ship's company. On the 23rd the father guardian of Jerusalem came on board, who was to accompany us to the holy city. On the 24th we rode during ten and eleven hours on asses to Rama; here again I found the coat of arms of many German nobles, a Mondtfort, a count of Fürstenberg, a Stolberg, and others. Rama is a beautiful city: we were lodged in the monastery which Philip, Duke of Burgundy had founded. Early on the 27th we passed the castle of the thief who was crucified with our Saviour, and here two hundred Arabians accompanied us to a church in the place where Jeremiah the prophet preached: the same day we saw a village where Goliath used to have his dwelling; and after four or five hours we reached Jerusalem. We had drunk no wine for the last four days: this day we saw a dead snake twelve spans long: we lay in a monastery of St. Salvator. On the 29th we went to the holy sepulchre, accompanied by the father guardian of the Franciscans; we saw the holy places; the trace of our Lord's feet, the place where the cross was found, the place where our Lord God appeared to Mary Magdalen, and said, 'Noli me tangere'; the place where he was crowned with thorns when he was nailed to the cross, which is called Calvary; where the rocks were split; where he gave up the ghost; the Holy Sepulchre; the place where many

kings of Jerusalem lie buried; the house where the three Marys dwelt; the house where our Lord God celebrated the Passover; where St. Peter wept; where our dear Lady presented the child; the valley of Josaphat; the brook Cedron; where Judas was hanged; the place where the Jews think the Messiah will appear, into which they suffer no Christian to enter; the house where the disciple murmured at the waste of ointment, 'ad quid perditio hæc?' the house of Lazarus; the spot where Christ sat, hearing the prayer of Martha and Mary; where he sent his disciples for the ass; the Mount of Olives, where Christ ascended to heaven, where he taught his disciples the 'Our Father'; where Stephen was stoned; where St. John, St. James, and St. Peter fell asleep; the place where Christ prayed, 'O Pater si possibile est'; where he rode into Jerusalem, where he chose the other disciples; besides innumerable other places which are spoken of in Holy Writ. On the 1st of September we went to Bethlehem, and saw the castle of David and the house where our dear Lady brought forth Jesus; the cistern where the three holy kings[1] saw the star, and were told not to return to Jerusalem; the grave of Rachel. We joined the procession at Bethlehem; we saw also the place where St. Jerome made his Latin version; the grave of St. Paul and of St. Thomas; where the shepherds watched their flocks; where the angel appeared to Mary and Joseph; where the Baptist preached. On the night of the 7th we set out for the Jordan, passing the desert where our Lord God fasted. We bathed in the Jordan; the water is as warm as if it had been warmed on a fire. On the 9th I gave fourteen ducats for the fourteen days, for myself

[1] St. Cyprian says that tradition reports them to have been kings or princes of small territories.

and my servants to the Father Guardian. On the 13th, the day Exaltationis Crucis is kept solemnly at Jerusalem; I was now sick; but on the 27th we set out again, mounted on asses; we had to give large sums to the Arabs, and at Emaus we joined the caravan. Our Lord God succoured us, and we reached Rama, where we stopped the whole of the next day, for Furtenbach fell sick. On the 19th we travelled to Gaza. On the 2nd of October a Christian became a renegade, and turned Turk; he rode on horseback all day with a drum before him."

Our pilgrim now describes his visit to Mount Sinai. "On the 12th, in the evening, a great caravan came up with 4,000 camels and 500 men, on its way from Cairo to Damascus; on the 20th we reached Cairo, a far greater city than Paris or London, both of which I have seen; here I waited for the caravan to set out for Mount Sinai. On the 26th we saw the grave and pillar of Pharaoh, which is the seventh wonder of the world: here we saw two strange beasts, a sea-horse and a giraffe. At length we procured camels, and had three ducats and ten medinas to pay for each, and we had to carry water of the Nile. The Greek Patriarch had treated us well: he was a devout old man of one hundred and twenty years, and he had eaten no flesh for eighty years. On the 22nd we drew near the Red Sea. On the 28th we came to the convent of St. Catherine, where we heard the nightingales sing: the prior shewed us all things in the church and neighbourhood, where Moses saw the flaming bush. Here I found the arms of many German nobles. We heard the Greek mass here, in which the ceremonies are much the same as in our own; after mass every one is presented with the panem benedictum, of which we all ate. Some of the monks accompanied us to the mountain Horeb, which is only part of Sinai, and they shewed us all the places,

where Moses received the law; and then we said our prayers in a small chapel, where I saw many arms and names of knights. On the 1st of December we left the monastery of St. Catherine, in deep snow: the mountain is the highest of all those from which you behold the Red Sea. On the 2nd Furtenbach was very weak, and about noon he departed as he knelt in prayer to God, and we brought back his body and laid it in a little garden of the monastery. On the 3rd we set out, and the prior came with us a mile from the monastery. So we travelled on till the 9th, when we came to an old convent dependent on that of St. Catherine: I had a fall from my camel, with saddle, sack, armour, and all; we saw ships sailing on the Red Sea; it is a mere fable that it draws iron like a magnet; and it is not red, but like another sea; the ground, however, is red in many places. On the 18th we came to the place where Moses and the Israelites passed over. Now I was in much trouble, for I had only thirty ducats left, so that I had to eat but sparingly. On the 21st we arrived at Alkayro; here we heard mass in the house of the Venetian consul. On the 1st of January, New Year's day, we prayed God Almighty to grant us a happy return. On the 6th we came to Rosetta; and as we passed the water to Alexandria our conductor had a quarrel with an Arabian and slew him, so we were detained in Alexandria in prison: they brought us a great dish of rice and a jug of water, but not one of us drank much of it. At length we gained our liberty, and a ship was about to sail, and we sent our clothes on board; but all was not safe yet, for we were again made prisoners and sent to an Arab chief; and we all prayed to God heartily that he would deliver us, for we were left alone in prison. At length, on the 6th of February, they knocked off our irons, through means of the French and

Venetian consuls, and we returned to the house of the latter. At length we were on board and out of Alexandria, sailing to Cyprus, at eight o'clock in the morning of the 27th, with great joy and thanks to God. On the 5th of March we encountered a terrible storm off Rhodes, and a more frightful night I never saw. On the 9th we narrowly escaped being taken by a Turkish galley, when we should have been all made slaves; but we made all sail in the name of God, and escaped. We were then driven back by winds for forty miles, after seeing Candia. We were now detained at the island of Milo till the 21st, when we made sail, and a dreadful storm arose, so that a wave broke into the ship. The 22nd was Palm Sunday; foul winds kept us back till the 25th, when we came near land named the Morea, where the people are Christians, and we hoped daily to arrive once more in Christendom: here the storm cast us into great danger under high rocks. The 29th was Easter-day, and the captain spread long tables, so that we all ate together. The wind changed on the 2nd of April, and we weighed anchor. We are now seeing many large ships, and every hour we expect to fall in with the Turks or pirates. God Almighty be gracious and deliver us from them. Amen. On the 13th we saw Zante, and an island Cephalli, on which is a beautiful convent. On the 22nd we arrived at Corfu. On the 27th we passed by Budua, and the next day reached Ragusa, and thence Ancona, where we gave God thanks for being safe and sound in Christendom. This night was so dark, with dreadful wind and rain, that one could not see the other. It was on the 2nd of May that we reached Ancona; we fired three guns to salute our dear mother church. On the 1st of June we went to our Lady of Loretto: thence we rode to Rome with a Dominican monk, who joined our company. We reached Florence on the 22nd, and

thence proceeded by Bologna, Brixen, and Innsbruck to Augsburg; thence we travelled to Mindelheim and Aulendorf, and I rode on horseback the whole night long. On the 13th I came to Spires, and in the afternoon of the 15th I reached Wisenthal, and ended the journey."[1]

The pilgrimage of Robert, Duke of Normandy, to Jerusalem, in 1035, is described at length in an ancient chronicle.[2] He set out with a large company of barons and knights, but he was barefoot, and in the garb of a pilgrim, with his staff and scrip; and, upon arriving at great towns, his troop had orders to pass on and leave him alone to follow humbly after. Having slept one night in Besançon, and pursuing their way early the next morning, the watchman, who opened the gate of the city, struck the duke a violent blow with a club, which his people were going to revenge, but he forbad them; saying, "que pelerins soffrent par l'amour de Dieu: et que mieulx amoit le cop que lui avoit donné que la meilleure cité qu'il eust." At Rome he took up the cross, thence travelled to Constantinople, where he refused all the presents which the emperor offered to make him. Upon arriving at the gates of Jerusalem, he found many poor pilgrims who had not sufficient money to pay the tax which the Turks required for permission to enter the city, and who were waiting in hopes of some rich and devout Christian arriving to enable them. The duke paid for their admittance, and such was his bounty and goodness, that even the Musulmans were struck with admiration, and an emir returned him all the money, which he then distributed among the poor pilgrims, besides making the Musulmans many rich presents. On his return, he fell sick and died at Nice.

[1] Die Vorzeit, 1826–1827. [2] Bouquet, t. XI, 326.

XVII. In Tancredus I spoke of the religious graces which distinguished the women of those ages. In this place it remains for us to view them still more under the peculiar influence of chivalry. The greatest enemies to the feudal system have acknowledged that the preponderance of domestic manners was its essential characteristic.[1] In the early education of youth, women were represented as the objects of respectful love, and the dispensers of happiness.[2] The child was taught that, to be an honourable and happy man, he should prove himself worthy of the love of a virtuous woman. "This lesson," says Ulrich von Lichtenstein, in his book entitled 'Duties owed to Women,' "every boy sucked in with his mother's milk; so it was not wonderful that love and honour should become identified in his soul. When I was a child, so young that I used to ride upon a stick, I was fully persuaded that I ought to honour women with all that I possessed,—love, goods, courage, and life." Till the age of seven, the child was to be under the discipline of women.[3] Wirnt von Gravenberg, in his chivalrous poem of Wigolais, relates, that while the knights would teach the boy all the exercises of chivalry, the women of the castle had such an affection for his virtue, that they allowed him when much older to go about in a familiar manner among them. Büsching laments that with the decline of chivalry this tender, and at the same time, this manly education should have been changed for a mode which did not profess to effect any such general object. Religion and the rules of chivalry conspired in those ages to convince youth that the

[1] Guizot, Cours d'Hist. Mod. IV, 18.
[2] Büsching, Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen, I, 4. Ste. Palaye.
[3] Coutume de Beauvoisis, 1283, chap. 57, 292. Eustache Deschamps. 'Büsching, who quotes the poem of Tristan, by Gotfried von Strasburg.

object of its pride was to be obtained by virtue; that the image which was beheld with all the rapture of the imagination, was to be approached in the discharge of duty; and that while infidelity might present its temptations to the senses, whatever the heart held dear in time and in eternity, was connected with its faith in Christ.

Ulrich von Lichtenstein speaks of himself as follows:—"They gave me a master who was rich in high virtue, the Margrave Henry of Austria, who served women with full loyalty, and spake ever nobly of them as a knight should. He was mild, bold, and of high heart, wise with the wise, and foolish with the foolish; he endured labour for the sake of honour, and his mouth never spake a bad word; to all his friends he was generous and faithful; and he loved God from his heart. This worthy master said to me, whoever would live well, must give himself up to serve a woman. He taught me much of his gentle virtue, how to speak of women; how to ride on horseback, and to compose sweet verses; he said, thereby will a young man endear himself to people when he can praise women with gentleness, and when he loves them dearer than himself; for, said he, that which arises from a flattering and lying mind can never succeed with the good. Had I fulfilled all that he said to me, I should have been worthier than I am." It is expressly recorded of Louis de Clermont, duc de Bourbon, that he would never remain in any place where words were uttered against a woman: and in his noble speech to the knights who were assembled at Moulins, to be invested with his new order of Hope, he said, "All who belong to this order must honour women, and never speak or hear evil of them, for those who so speak are cowards; under God, part of the honour of the world proceeds from women." Thus, in a famous romance, when the

Marshal of Myrpoys ridiculed Arthur for being led by the hand of ladies after the tournay, this knight replied, "Syr, yf these ladyes take me by the hand I thank them therof; for it is by their courtesye and not by my deservynge; therefore I love them the better, and wyll be the gladder for to serve them, and to be a faythful knyght to theym al in general: for, as God help me, so moche is a knyght worth as he can deserve prayse of ladyes and damoyselles":[1] they can even impart noble and generous sentiments,[2] so that their power exceeds that of kings, who can grant only the titles of nobility. The eyes of women were like a star to youth.[3] When Perdiras and Lionnel sent the two pages, whom they had saved in the forest, to Queen Idore, wife of Perceforest, the knights say of her, "sachez qu'elle est si tres bonne dame et si a en elle tout d'honnesteté et de courtoysie que il nest nuls jeunes chevaliers ne escuyers qui ne doyvent desirer a estre de son hostel pour le bien et l'honneur que on y aprent entour elle. Car il nest nul gentil homme qui tant soit nyce et rude qui en lui ne puist prendre la maniere de honneur et de courtoisie."

The general maxim was "perdu est tout honneur à cil qui honneur à dame ne refere," and Büsching remarks that everything in the education of boys tended to raise to the highest degree that reverence for women which had distinguished old Germany; to soften and refine the manners of youth; to make the mind generous, and the person graceful, by requiring a constant, and, at the same time, a willing and cheerful obedience. Tacitus says that the Germans thought there was something holy in women,

[1] Arthur of Little Britain, 393.

[2] Rolland, Recherches sur les Prérogatives des Dames, chez les Gaulois, sur les cours d'Amour, &c. Paris, 1787.

[3] Friedrich Schlegel's Gedichte, 1, 45.

and that they never despised their counsels or neglected their answers.[1] How remarkably was this spirit evinced by St. Louis, when the sultan inquired what money he would give for his ransom, and he replied, "it is for the sultan to explain himself; if his propositions are reasonable, I will make the queen acquainted with the terms enjoined." The infidels were lost in astonishment at such respect for a woman. "C'est," replied the king, "qu'elle est ma dame et ma compagne." To repeat the apology of Sir Philip Sidney, "it may seem superfluous to use words in praise of a subject which needs no praises, and withal I fear lest my unworthy tongue should utter words which may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honour," and yet how can one record the knights, the toils and ease, without making mention of the women, "who witched them into love and courtesy."[2] It is a far too noble and gracious subject to be attempted by my coarse pencil; but nevertheless, since I have put on the lion's skin, as Socrates used to say,[3] I must not flinch, but proceed.

The martyr Southwell thus describes a Catholic peeress. "She was high-minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection, and in the disdain of vice: in other things covering her greatness with humility among her inferiors, and shewing it with courtesy among her peers." What an example is furnished by Froissart in his description of the Countess of Salisbury. The dignity and grace with which this lady replied to the king, who was guest in her castle, cannot be surpassed by any passage in history or romance. "The king prepared to draw after the Scottes," says the historian, "and he toke leave of the lady, sayeng, my dere lady, to God I commende you tyll I returne agayne, re-

[1] De Moribus Ger. 8. [2] Dante. [3] Plato, Cratylus.

quiryng you to advyse you otherwyse than ye have sayd to me. Noble prince, quoth the lady, God the Father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylane thoughtes: Sir, I am, and ever shall be redy to do your grace servyce to your honour and to myne. Therwith the kyng departed all abasshed." After Queen Catherine has left the court, the king concludes his striking testimony to her virtues with these words:

> ——————— She is noble born;
> And, like her true nobility, she has
> Carried herself towards me.[1]

"When King Edward III, for love of the Countess of Salisbury, made a great feest and justynge at London, the king commanded expressly the Erle of Salisbury that the lady, his wife, should be ther; the earl granted the king as he that thought none yvell: the good lady durst not say nay. Howbeit she came sore agaynst her wyll, for she thought well ynough wherfore it was, but she durst not dyscover the mater to her husband; she thought she wolde deale so to bringe the kyng fro his opynion. This was a noble feast; there was the Erle Wyllyam of Heynalt, and Sir John of Heynalt, his uncle, and a great nombre of lords and knyghtes of hyghe lynage; there was great daunsynge and justynge the space of fifteen dayes. The lord John, eldyst son to the Vycount Beaumonde, in England, was slayne in the justes. All ladyes and damoselles were fressly beseene accordyng to their degrees, except Alys, Countess of Salisbury, fer she went as simply as she myght, to the intent that the kyng shulde not sette his regarde on her, for she was fully determined to do no manner of thynge that shulde tourne to her dyshonour nor to her husbandes."

[1] Hen. VIII, II, 4.

The first tragic poet of Greece would have deemed this scene worthy of his muse. "There is honour for the warrior, for the hero terrible to the foe, but I reverence the quiet hearth of a house, the retiring virtue of a woman."

ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ τευχεσφόρῳ,
ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ δῃοισιν ἐπικότῳ σέβας·
τίω δ' ἀθέρμαντον ἑστίαν δόμων,
γυναικείαν ἄτολμον αἰχμάν.[1]

Warton gives an analysis of the metrical romance called the Erle of Tholouse, by Chester, written in the reign of Henry VI. Dioclesian, Emperor of Germany, has a quarrel with Barnard, Earl of Tholouse, and contrary to the entreaties of the empress, who is extremely beautiful and of the most strict fidelity, he meets him in a pitched battle, in which he is defeated, losing many prisoners, among whom is Sir Tralabas, who so extols the beauty of the empress, that the Earl of Tholouse, by the promise of giving him his liberty, prevails on him to be his guide to the emperor's court, to which he travels disguised as a hermit. Upon arriving, Sir Tralabas treacherously imparts the secret to the empress, and proposes to take advantage of so fair an opportunity to kill the emperor's great enemy. She rejects the proposal with indignation, and desires him to be secret and to place the disguised hermit, next day, in the chapel, at mass, where she can see him. At leaving the chapel, the false hermit asks alms, and she gives him forty florins and a ring, which signifies that he must depart instantly or incur the punishment due to his boldness. He afterwards has occasion to fight as her champion, and finally, on the emperor's death, he is married to her. The fidelity of the

[1] Æschyl. Choephoræ, 617.

lady of Rossyllon to her lord, displayed in her treatment of Sir Delalaunde, who was afterwards led back to virtue by the confidence which her husband placed in him, was a celebrated passage of chivalrous romance.[1]

The following legend occurs in the annals of the monastery at Kempten. Taland, natural son of Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, fell in love with Hildegard, Charles's first queen, and during the absence of the king, in his Saxon wars, he had opportunity to disclose his design. After trying all the arts of persuasion, and even harsh threatenings, the empress at length pretended to consent, and appointed him to come to a chamber, where, as soon as he entered, the doors closed and he found himself a prisoner. Upon the return of Charles, she gave him his liberty, upon which he immediately accused her to his brother, whose love gave place to indignation, and he ordered that her eyes should be put out, and that she should then be executed. A generous knight resolved to save her, and hurried her off from the place intended for execution, after causing the eyes of a hound to be sent to the king, as a proof that his sentence had been obeyed. Hildegard fled to Rome, where she supported herself by her knowledge of simples and other medicines, with which she cured poor sick people. In the meanwhile, Taland became blind, and, in the year 773, he accompanied Charlemagne to Rome, when, after vainly applying to the best physicians, the fame of Hildegard, as an unknown woman, for whom the poor had great reverence, induced him to have recourse to her. She knew him instantly, performed the cure, and pardoned him. Charlemagne and the Pope hastened to see the stranger, who had effected such a marvellous cure. What

[1] Arthur of Little Britain, 71.

was the emperor's astonishment when he recognized his once beloved Hildegard. She related her history; obtained pardon for the wretch, Taland. The Pope bestowed the title of "the great" upon the happy pair, and, after her return from Italy, she founded the monastery at Kempten, to thank God for having manifested her innocence.[1]

Mr. Mills declines imitating the knight of La Mancha, who challenges to a joust, à outrance, any discourteous cavalier, who should have the audacity to defame the Queen Madascina; but he adds, "I think that our imaginations do not altogether deceive us in painting the days of chivalry as days of feminine virtue."[2] No, certainly—

> In former ages courteous ladies were,
> Who worshipt virtue, and not worldly gear;

who made real goodness their care, and steered not with the base; and who

> In this frail life were worthy to be blest,
> Held glorious and immortal when at rest.[3]

What a character for female virtue in the highest circles did the virtuous father of Montaigne give of his own age![4] Our ancestors might truly have said, in the words of Æschylus,

> ——— τί γὰρ
> Γυναικὶ τούτου φέγγος ἥδιον δρακεῖν,
> Ἀπὸ στρατείας ἄνδρα σώσαντος θεοῦ,
> Πύλας ἀνοῖξαι;[5]

So far was chivalry from subscribing to the official judgment ascribed to the Countess of Champagne respecting the question of love in marriage. Even when slain in battle, what Homer says of the

[1] Voght, I, p. 215.
[2] Hist. of Chivalry, I, 230.
[3] Ariosto, XXVI.
[4] Essais de Montaigne, II, c. 2.
[5] Agamem. 584.

Trojans could not be said of the knights of chivalry, that they lay on the cold earth,

——— γυπεσσὶ πολὺ φίλτεροι ἠ ἀλόχοισιν;

nor what Diomede predicts will be the fate of all who dare to encounter him, that they shall redden the earth,

οἰωνοὶ δὲ περὶ πλέες, ἠὲ γυναῖκες.[1]

"Down in yonder green field," says the old ballad, "there lies a knight slain":

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep;
His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There is no fowl durst him come nigh.

Then comes the faithful wife—

She hath lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red.
She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time.
Now God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman.[2]

At the siege of Dio, in 1546, a certain knight, of the order of the Cavaliers of Christ, being slain, his wife, Isabel Madeira, came into the trenches to bind up his wounds, and soon afterwards buried him with her own hands.[3]

When Eudes II, the gallant Count of Champagne, was surprised, in 1037, and slain in a bloody battle at Bar-le-Duc, by Gothelon, duke of Lower Lorraine, the next day the bishop of Chalons and the abbot of Verdun came to the conqueror to beg their lord's body; they were told that no one knew where his body lay, and that the slain had been already

[1] XI, 395.
[2] From Ritson.
[3] The Life of Dom Joam de Castro, by Jacinto Freire de Andrada, book II.

searched: so when these two prelates came back sorrowfully to Ermengarde d'Auvergne, his wife, this courageous princess undertook the examination, and went and turned over the slain on the bloody field, and at last, by some secret marks, discovered the Count of Champagne, in a headless trunk, horribly disfigured.

The beautiful wife of Adalbert, Count of Lützelburg Würfel, of the family of the French king, at the siege of Antioch, chose to suffer a cruel death with her husband;[1] and Umberga, wife of a pilgrim named Walo, during the same siege, on hearing that her husband had been cut in pieces, was struck motionless for a long time, till at length her torpor gave way to the most horrible madness![2]

Marsollier has written the life of the duchesse de Montmorenci, whose tragical history conveys such an example of fidelity and love. The last hours of the Duke Henry II at Toulouse, evinced the most profound piety. He made a general confession, and received the communion. "My father," said he to the Jesuit who assisted him, "when one has received the author of life within one's roof, one has no more fear of death." He wrote to his wife in these terms: "My dear heart, I bid you the last adieu with the same affection as we have always cherished for each other. I beseech you, by the repose of my soul, which I trust will soon be in heaven, that you will moderate your resentment, and receive this affliction from the hand of our sweet Saviour. I receive so many favours from his goodness, that you have great grounds for consolation. Once more, my dear heart, adieu!" Pope Urban VIII, the senate of Venice, the Duke of Savoy, Charles I of England, and Henrietta, his queen, all interceded for him, but his execution was

[1] Alb. Aq. 230. [2] Rob. Mon. 53; Balderick, 108.

hurried on before many of the letters could arrive. He heard his sentence with heroic tranquillity: "Gentlemen," he replied, "I thank you and your assembly. Assure it that I regard this sentence of the king's justice as a decree of God's mercy." He was glad to offer his life in expiation; he chose to be bound and to be meanly clad, that he might imitate Jesus Christ in the circumstance of his passion.[1] The duchess, the unfortunate Marie-Félice des Ursins, loved her husband with a passion which was never surpassed: no one dared to relate the event of the duke's execution, till two Capuchins brought her the letter which he had written to her in his last moments. Upon recovering her senses from a long swoon, after the first agony of her grief had subsided, she remembered his last charge to forgive their enemies, and she sought her only consolation at the foot of the crucifix. "O my God," she cried, "I loved only him in the world, and you have removed him, that I might love only you." Eight days after the execution, she received orders to leave Languedoc for one of three places, of which she chose Moulins. Passing by Lyons, she was reduced to the necessity of selling the horses in her carriage to enable her to continue her journey. On arriving at Moulins, she was shut up in the castle; but soon she was permitted to fix her abode in a large house, in a retired part, without the town. There she remained in a room hung with black and lighted only by a few tapers. Her only employment was in consoling the miserable. "I believe," she said, "that no one is more unhappy than myself, but this does not render me insensible to the sad condition of the unfortunate." Her family, one of the most illustrious in Italy, in vain endeavoured to prevail on her to return to Rome.

[1] Desormeaux, Hist. de la Maison de Montmorenci, III.

After ten years, Louis XIII passing by Moulins, sent a gentleman to compliment her. The messenger was struck with awe on entering this place of mourning. "Testify to the king," she said, "that I am surprised he should remember an unfortunate woman, unworthy of the honour he shews her; but fail not to describe to him what you behold": at which words she burst into tears. The Cardinal de Richelieu sent his page to visit the duchess: she replied with the same grief and moderation, "Dites à son Eminence que vous avez trouvé la veuve du maréchal de Montmorency pleurant encore après dix ans sur le tombeau de son époux." After the death of the king she built a noble church for the nuns of the Visitation at Moulins, in which she raised a superb mausoleum to the duke, and his remains were removed to it from Toulouse. She then took the veil, and became the abbess, and the great benefactress of the poor. She was destined to console a number of illustrious persons in misfortune. It was in her bosom that the Queen of England, Henriette of France, poured forth her sorrows for her husband; with her, Mademoiselle, and the duchesses of Longueville and Châtillon, sought the calm and peace which they could not find amid the agitations and intrigues of the court. She died in 1666.[1]

Ariosto supplies another instance where Isabella contrives that the brutal paynim should be her executioner rather than that she should lose her plighted faith to Terbino, esteeming more dear her chaste and holy name than her own life and her own blooming prime.

> Depart in peace, O spirit blest and fair!
> So had my verses power! as evermore

[1] Desormeaux, Hist. de la Maison de Montmorenci, III.

I would assay, with all that happy care
Which so adorns and points poetic lore!
And, as renowned should be thy story rare,
Thousands and thousands of long years and more!
Depart in peace to radiant realms above,
And leave to earth the example of thy love![1]

Nor was such love unreturned by men. Even in the heathen chivalry there were instances of faithful attachment:—Tiberius Gracchus chose to die for the safety of his wife, Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio; and how affecting is the address of Pompey to Cornelia, when he desires her to fly to Lesbos?

Sitque mihi, si fata premant, victorque cruentus,
Quo fugisse velim.——

How noble are the words of Achilles to Nestor:

Ἦ μοῦνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
Ατρεΐδαι; ἐπεὶ, ὅστις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων,
τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται· ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν
ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον, δουρικτητήν περ ἐοῦσαν.[2]

To the truth of which assertion Briseis bears elsewhere an affecting testimony.[3]

The Spartan ephors sent a message to their king, Anaxandrides, calling on him to divorce his wife because she brought him no children, but he answered that he would do no such thing, and that they were evil counsellors who called upon him to put away his blameless wife, and that he would not obey them.[4] Plutarch says, that "had not Cleombrotus been corrupted with the love of false glory he must have thought exile with such a woman as his wife a greater happiness than a kingdom without her." What a noble knight was Julius Cæsar at that critical moment when Sylla's proscription was raging against his nearest relations and friends!

[1] Cant. XXIX, Stewart Rose's Translation. [2] Il. IX, 340.
[3] Quintus Calaber, III, 563. [4] Herodotus, V, 39.

His aunt had been married to the elder Marius, and he himself was son-in-law to Cinna. All Sylla's authority could not however prevail with him to divorce his wife; he was therefore degraded from the office of flamen dialis, deprived of his patrimony, and forced to abscond to save his life. Cæsar was then a young man. These, however, are rare examples; and it is only under the influence of the Christian religion that the marital love derived stability and perfection. The tyrant Ezzelino, who had dominion over the whole country of Treviso in 1249, succeeded at length in subduing the spirit of Guglielmo del Campo di S. Pietro, who voluntarily placed his castle and his person in the hands of this tyrant, who had walled up his uncles, and starved them to death in the castle of Cornuta. The first night after this rash measure he saw his uncles, the lords of Vado, in a dream, whose cries of hunger made him reflect what a cruel master he had given himself. In 1249 Ezzelino ordered him to repudiate his wife because she belonged to a family whom he had proscribed. William refused, was cast into prison, and at the end of a year condemned to death. All his goods were confiscated, and all his relations and friends loaded with irons, without distinction of sex or age.

Gurnemanz von Grahars, an old knight, instructing young Perceval in his duties as a knight, says, "Let your wife be dear to you, for that love makes a young man estimable: be not inconstant; it is easy to deceive, but be that load far from you." Charlemagne, after the death of Fastrada, his third wife, whom he loved so dearly that the people thought a magic ring had been given him, left his palaces of Ingelheim, Mainz, Worms, and Frankfurt, which too forcibly recalled her image, and resided for the rest of his days at Aachen. "Let me never be loved by my lady!" was Sir Walter

Mauny's usual expression: and in the romance of Perceforest, when Tors and Troylus are in danger, they thought of their wives. "Toutefois leur souvenoit il aucunement de leurs femmes et disoient l'ung a l'autre: Haa que diroit Lyrioppe si elle scavoit maintenant en quel peril nous sommes avec la belle Zelandine. En verite je ne fais nul doubte quelles ne mourussent de dueil."[1] In another place we read, "Lyonnel demoura en son chastel avec Blanche sa femme quil aymoit loyalment, car pour lors il ne luy estoit de joustes et tournoys, tant luy plaisoit le sejour avec la bonne dame sa femme qui moult etoit belle discrette et gracieuse."

René d'Anjou and Isabella of Lorraine were examples of conjugal tenderness. "The noble king of Sicily," says a writer nearly contemporary, "was so afflicted with grief at the loss of his royal companion and wife, that never afterwards was he able to abandon himself to perfect gaiety. One day, as his private friends, thinking to console him, told him that he ought to forget his melancholy, and take comfort, the good Seigneur, weeping, led them into his cabinet, and there shewed them a painting which he had himself made, representing a bow with the cord broken, and below was written the Italian proverb, 'Arco per lentare piaga non sana;' and then he said, 'My friends, this painting is a reply to your arguments; for as the wound made by the arrow is not the sooner healed though you break the bow or its cord, so if the life of my dear wife is broken by death, pour ce plutot n'est pas guérie la playe de loyal amour; dont elle vivante navra mon cœur.' These broken bows appear on all his subsequent paintings, even those in churches, and in his palaces, and they are to be found in some of the illuminated books of prayer which he was ac-

[1] IV

customed to use.[1] The glorious hero, Sobieski, begins almost all his letters to his queen, Marie Casimire, in these terms :—"Sole joy of my heart, charming and beloved Mariette!" The king Don Pedro of Portugal, had the body of his murdered wife, the Lady Inez de Castro, whom he had privately espoused, lifted from the grave, solemnly crowned Queen of Portugal, and then interred with royal pomp in the monastery of Alcobaça. "Autre n'aurai!" was the device of Philippe-le-Bon when he married Isabella of Portugal, whom he dearly loved. The sublime religion of these ages exalted the marital love, and gave rise to a perfect union. Plutarch, indeed, says, that a wife must worship the same gods which her husband adores; but it was reserved for our holy women, with whom to believe and love constituted life, to effect and enjoy this unity. The pious Nonna had often implored her husband, Gregory, father of St. Gregory Nazianzen, to become a Christian. She would pray with a flood of tears for his conversion, and her humility and devotion were esteemed by her husband. Nonna had often besought him to sing with her the first verse of the 122nd Psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." One night he dreamt that he sang this verse with his wife, and this dream made such an impression on him, that in a little time he became a Christian. In Tancredus we have seen the devotion which distinguished women under the influence of the Catholic faith. Our religious ancestors never forgot that the first comfort which our dear Lord received in his sufferings, was when the devout women wept over him as he passed along to be crucified. The illustrious heroes of the house of Montmorenci would look back with the tenderest

[1] Hist. de René d'Anjou, II, 97.

interest to that female ancestor in the thirteenth century, dame d'Aisenville, who was so celebrated for her piety, obtaining from Geoffroi, bishop of Paris, permission to build a chapel in her castle, the charter of which grant in the convent of St. Martin-des-Champs, before the Revolution, bore testimony to her great piety.[1] St. Bernard's father, Tecelinus, is described as a warrior of ancient nobility, a servant of God, tenacious of justice, but his mother was one of these holy women. She expired while the clergy were chanting the psalms round her bed. When they sang the litany, and came to the words, "Per passionem et crucem tuam libera eam Domine," raising her hand, she signed herself, and her spirit departed.[2] In every house, at a certain stated hour, all the women assembled in the chapel with the mistress of the family, there to repeat the rosary aloud. "The infante Namfos," says Ramon Muntaner, "had for his wife one of the most charming persons of Spain, the daughter of the noble En Gonbau d'Entença. She was one of the wisest women in the world, and one might make a great book composed of the instances of her wisdom. She was a right excellent Christian, and one who did much good in her life for the glory of God; she passed away in the city of Saragossa, and was buried the following day, which was the festival of the blessed apostles St. Simon and Jude, in the church of the Friars Minors. God, in his goodness, receive her soul, as that of a blessed and holy woman! She had received all the sacraments as a good Catholic, and agreeable to God and to all the world."[3] But I must not retrace my steps. In these days, to point out Isabella, accompanied by the holy monk, travelling from Provence, intending

[1] Desormeaux, Hist. de la Maison de Montmorenci, I, 25.
[2] Vita S. Bernardi, Guillelmo auctore, I, 2.
[3] Chronica, chap. CCXC.

to forego the world and seek favour in her heavenly Father's sight, within the cloister, is only to expose what is divine and sacred to the impious criticism of men like the Saracen knight who met her. To him, indeed, she revealed her purpose; but—

> Loud laughed that godless paynim at the thought,
> Who every faith and worship held as nought.[1]

Nevertheless, when visiting the chivalrous courts of castles like Presburg and the Wartburg, one may be pardoned for having recalled the images of women like St. Elizabeth. Nor yet to others can we deny Chaucer's praise—

> Alas! how may we say on hem but wele
> Of whom we were fostred and ybore,
> And ben all our succour, and ever true as stele,
> And for our sake full oft they suffer sore.
> Without women were all our joy lore,
> Wherfore we ought all women to obey
> In all goodnesse, I can no more say.

Women, he continues, are the cause of all knighthood, the increase of worship, and of all worthiness, courteous, glad, and merry, and true in every wise.

> For this ye know wel, though I would lie,
> In women is all trouth and stedfastnesse,
> For in good faith, I never of hem sie,
> But much worship, bountie, and gentilnesse,
> Right comming, faire, and full of meekenesse,
> Good and glad, and lowly I you ensure,
> Is this goodly angellike creature.
>
> And if it hap a man be in disease,
> She doeth her businesse, and her full paine
> With al her might, him to comfort and please,
> If fro his disease she might him restraine,
> In word ne deed ywis she woll not faine,
> But with al her might she doth her businesse
> To bring him out of his heavinesse.

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[1] Ariosto, XXVIII.

Lo what gentilnesse these women have,
If we could know it for our rudenesse,
How busie they be us to keepe and save
Both in heale and also in sicknesse,
And alway right sorrie for our distresse,
In every manner, thus shew they routh
That in hem is all goodnesse and trouth.

What a beautiful picture does Sir Walter Scott give us of the Duchess of Buccleugh! When the old harper passes by,

The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well.

For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

Duke Philip, in an old romance, begs a knight to tell him what made him love his wife best. "Well, syr," said he, "I shall shew it unto you. I love her because she is gracious and gentle of heart, for her grace and gentyl heart hath me retayned unto her service; in so moch that I quyte all the world for her: for, as help me God, I have found in her, grace, gentylness, and sweetness."[1] How could they not have deserved this praise,

And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible.[2]

Women, like kings, never appeared unless where mercy was to be exercised. Edith, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the rough Godwin, would move him to pity the unfortunate, which gave rise to the line,

Sicut spina rosam, genuit Godwinus Eghitam.[3]

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[1] Arthur of Little Britain, 446. [2] Hen. VI, II. [3] Ingulf.

Mathilda is said by an old historian to have often softened the measures of William the Conqueror, and to have interceded successfully for the Anglo-Saxons. By the customs of Burgundy, a young maid could save the life of a criminal if she met him by accident for the first time going to execution, and asked him in marriage. "Is it not true," asks Marchangy, "that the criminal who can interest a simple and virtuous maid, so as to be chosen for a husband, is not so guilty as he may appear, and that attenuating considerations speak secretly in his favour?"[1] Many women refused even to appear at tournaments. The Duchess of Burgundy, wife of Philippe the Good, would never attend on such occasions. The Cid could not inspire his wife, Ximena, and her women, with his own spirit, for they were unable to look on from a tower when a battle was to be fought with the Moors; and even in Amadis de Gaul, Oriana always shudders at the sight of preparations for any hour of danger.

In Arthur of Little Britain, Florence calls a Master Stephen into her secret chamber, and says, "Fayre sweet mayster, I am ryghte sore displeased in my hert, bycause that the kynge my fader hath desyred my love Arthur to turnay again to-morrow in the company of the king of Mormal: for I see well he doth not consider the travaile that he hath endured this daye; for yf he were made of steel, he can not endure thus every day to travaile. Alas! yf ony yll or dyshonour shuld come to him, I shuld die for sorrowe. I see wel they that thus desyre hym to go forth agayne to-morrow, love but lytle his helth; wherfore I wil fynde some meanes to put of the tournay to-morrow." So she feigned to be sick, and had the tournament put off;[2] and when the Marshal of Myrpoys challenged Arthur,

[1] Tristan, tom. V, p. 148.

[2] LXXX.

the women said that he was of an outrageous wilful mind; wherefore they prayed unto God that he should speed the worse.[1]

"In women," says Castiglione, "their manners, words, gestures, and air, ought to be peculiar to their sex; for, as only solid and manly qualities become the man; so a more soft and delicate form recommends the woman. A certain female sweetness ought to shine in all her manner, that whether she walk, or stand, or speak, she may appear without any mixture of the masculine."[2] When they did appear at these dangerous diversions, their views were still gentle. Thus we read of a fierce joust: "Et lors les dames se prindrent à crier; et le tournoy commenca à cesser."[3]

It appears from the treatise which René d'Anjou wrote on the form of tournaments, that before commencing, the King of Arms was to lead some great knight or squire before the women, and to say, "Thrice noble and redoubted knight, or thrice noble and gentle squire, as it is always the custom of women to have a compassionate heart, those who are assembled in this company, in order to behold the tournament, which is to be held to-morrow, make known their pleasure, that the combat before their eyes must not be too violent, or so ordered that they cannot bear assistance in need. Therefore they command the most renowned knight or squire of the assembly, whoever he may be, to bear right to-morrow, on the end of a lance, this present kerchief, in order that when any one should be too grievously pressed, he may lower this kerchief over the crest of those who attack him, who must immediately cease to strike, and not dare to touch their adversary any more; for from this hour, during the rest of that day, the women take him

[1] LXXX. [2] The Courtier, III, 252. [3] Percoforest, I, 26.

under their protection and safeguard." With these words they then presented to him the kerchief. It was a kind of hood enriched with embroidery.

Even the ancients detested the Egyptian manners, according to which women aspired to imitate the rough exercises of men.[1] One that would make Hercules burn his club to boil her kettle, was not designed to merit the love of chivalry; but woman's gentle brain dropped not forth these giant-rude inventions, these Ethiop words of challenge and defiance, "blacker in their effect than in their countenance."

One woman had more humanity than the whole Roman people, as St. Augustin says of the sister of the Horatii, "humanior hujus unius feminæ, quam universi populi Romani, mihi fuisse videtur affectus."[2] Women were ministers of peace. The wife of Count Simon III of Spanheim, born of the noble house of Falkenberg, during a desperate feud, had taken repose, with her children, in the castle of Kastellaun, which was besieged, and on the point of being taken by storm, when with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, she left the castle with her children, and fell at the feet of the Archbishop of Mainz, beseeching him to save them. Baldwin was moved, drew off his forces, and restored her husband to his lands.[3] This event verified what the King of Mormal says to Florence, in an old romance. "Madame, there is not so hard a hearted man but that a woman shall molyfy hym; for there was never so great wrath but a woman may appease it."[4] When every one expected that the long hostilities between Edward III and Philippe de Valois would lead to a speedy engagement, a woman undertook to prevent the shedding of blood;

[1] Sophocles, Œdip. Col. 327. [2] Civ. Dei, III, 14.
[3] Voght, Rheinische Geschichte, III, 133.
[4] Arthur of Little Britain, 435.

Jeanne de Valois, widow of the last Count of Hainaut, sister of the French king, and mother of Marguerite, the wife of Edward. Since her husband's death, she had devoted herself to a religious life, in the Abbey of Fontenelles, and wept in the cloister for the quarrels of her family. She now left her retreat and presented herself among them to implore peace. She prevailed upon them to have a conference which led to a truce.[1]

It is true that women were often the cause of bloody deeds and of furious strifes, as Homer makes some one exclaim upon beholding Helen,

> Οὐ νέμεσις Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
> τοιῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·

which was certainly a more chivalrous feeling than what Herodotus expresses, when he says that Helen could not have been in Troy during the siege, for that, if she had been, doubtless, he says, the Trojans would have given her up in spite of Paris's teeth, rather than suffer loss on her account. Nay, he goes farther, and says, "I, indeed, hope that Priam himself, if he had adopted Helen, would have given her to the Greeks."[2] And it seems a strange reproach which Orestes addresses to Menelaus, saying

> ὦ πλὴν γυναικὸς οὕνεκα στρατηλατεῖν
> τἄλλ' οὐδέν.[3]

Undoubtedly our chivalrous ancestors felt very differently. The custom prescribed at the hunting the white stag, led often to dismal results. The language, indeed, of Bojardo, in defending Orlando and Rinaldo, who fight for the love of Angelica, may be justly condemned as profane and therefore heartless. "He who has never felt what they en-

[1] La France sous les cinq premiers Valois, I, 386.
[2] Lib. II, 120. [3] Eurip. Orest. 708.

dured," says the Italian, "may blame two illustrious nobles who fight with such fury, and who ought to have so honoured each other, being born of the same blood, and professing the same faith, above all the sons of Milon, who provoked the combat; but he that knows the power which impelled them, will excuse this knight. In sooth, it is stronger than prudence and wisdom. Neither art nor reflection can effect it. There is no remedy against it, as there is none against death."[1]

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Henry VIII, made the tour of Europe, in the spirit of an Amadis, proclaiming the unrivalled charms of his Geraldine, who was daughter of Gerald Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare. At the emperor's court, Cornelius Agrippa was said to have shewn him, in a mirror, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his sonnets, by a waxen taper. On his arrival at Florence, he challenged all knights who should presume to deny the superiority of her beauty. The lady, being of Tuscan origin, the Florentines were pleased, and the grand duke permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till the trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted and the earl proved victorious. The shield which he is said to have borne is still preserved at Norfolk House. But though we should multiply these examples, it will remain no less true, that the perfection of the female character was regarded as consisting in angelic mildness and delicate grace, incapable of a thought which bordered upon cruelty.

> Gentle maid should never ask
> Of knighthood vain and bloody task.

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[1] XXVIII Orland. Innamorato.

> And beauty's eyes should ever be
> Like the twin stars that soothe the sea.
> And beauty's breath should whisper peace,
> And bid the storm of battle cease.[1]

Chivalry even gave warning to women not to forget the softness and humanity of their character, in requiring any unreasonable service of danger from a knight. In Schiller's poem of the Glove, the knight Delorges obeys indeed, and, in the presence of Francis I, drops down into the horrible pit, and, from the midst of the wild beasts, takes up the glove, but it is only to toss it to the lady Kunigund and to turn from her for ever.[2] And, in the Morte d'Arthur, also, the knight performs the service, but the woman has no longer a servant. "If a woman obliged me to perform it," says an old officer in a famous romance, "I would perform it, but never see her more."

However, along with this tenderness, there was a noble spirit which, when occasions required, was capable of prompting those mild and gentle women to perform the most heroic deeds of chivalry;

βήμεναι ἐς πόλεμον, τόν περ τρομέουσι καὶ ἄνδρες.[3]

"A woman of rank in those times," says Godwin, "was proud" (the moderns must be excused for seeing pride in everything); "but her pride only tended to render her condescension more graceful, and the two qualities united, gave her eloquence and ease, and every winning and beautiful attraction; conscious of her worth, she spontaneously shrank from pusillanimity and weakness, and was consequently capable of great and heroic efforts when a great emergency called for it."

[1] Scott, the Bridal of Triermaine.
[2] Schiller's Gedichte, I, 139. The spot still gives name to the Rue des Lions.
[3] Quintus Calaber, I, 652.

Such was the spirit displayed in the noble address of the unfortunate Joanna, Queen of Naples, to the Provençal barons, who were permitted to see her in prison. "If ever it should be told you, that I have constituted him (Charles of Durazzo) my heir, believe it not; any writings that may be shewn you hold them false, or forced from me against my consent. My will is that you own for your lord Louis Duke of Anjou—to him go and render obedience. Take no more thought for me, but to perform my funeral service, and pray for my soul. And whosoever of you has most remembrance of my love for your nation, most pity for a queen fallen into so great calamity, let him avenge my death in arms, or address himself to God in prayer for my soul." Fernan Gonzalez was twice rescued from confinement by his heroic wife, Sancha, daughter of Garcia, King of Navarre. The Countess of Niths-dale effected the escape of her lord from the Tower of London. Francesco degli Ordelaffi, seigneur of Forli, one of the petty tyrants of Italy, held out alone against the church, which was endeavouring to suppress these despots: he confided the defence of Cesena to his wife, Marzia degli Ubaldini, daughter of Vanni, seigneur of Susignana. He divided with her his company, and charged her to hold the place to the last. Marzia was besieged in the beginning of 1357, with her daughter, an infant son, and two nephews, and the two daughters of Gentile di Mogliano, and five young demoiselles, with a garrison of about 400 men, to resist a force of ten times the number. During the period of the siege she behaved with the utmost gallantry; but, at length, the enemy had undermined all the walls, and the legate permitted her father to make the last offer of surrender. He stated the extremity to which she was reduced, reminded her that he was an old soldier, and begged her to accept honour-

able conditions. "My father," she replied, "when you gave me to my lord, you commanded me above all things to obey him; this I have hitherto done, and this I will continue to do till death: he has entrusted to me this fortress, and has forbidden me to abandon it without orders from him. Such is my duty, let it be danger or death I obey and judge not." The garrison, however, refused to hold out, and she accepted terms providing for the liberty of her brave troops, but omitting all demands of security for herself. There was found,

> In her a courage equal to the hour.
> Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs
> She in her children might be doomed to feel,
> Could never make that steady soul repent
> Its virtuous purpose.[1]

Vinisauf relates that when the soldiers of the Christian army were employed in filling up the trench of a Saracen town, a woman who exerted herself in the task, when mortally wounded, desired her husband and friends to leave her body there, that it might still be of service when she was dead.[2] In the battle of Dorylæum, the Christian women were of great assistance, carrying water to the crusaders, and even protecting the men while they drank.[3] How eminent was the service which the women of Saragossa rendered to their brave countrymen in our age, during the memorable siege of that city!

Anciently in England women were sheriffs of counties. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was a justice of peace. Sir William Dugdale says, that Ela, widow of William, Earl of Salisbury, executed the sheriff's office for Wiltshire, in the reign of Henry III. From Fuller's Worthies it appears,

[1] Southey's Roderick, XIV. [2] Cap. L.
[3] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, I, 155.

that Elizabeth, widow of Thomas, Lord Clifford, was sheriff of Westmoreland for many years; and, from Penant's Scottish Tour, we learn that for the same county, Anne, the celebrated Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, often sat in person as sheriffess. The wife of Honoré de Lascaris, Count of Tende, is called by Cesar Nostradamus, "Capitainesse du chasteau de Castellane"; and the monk of St. Denis, in the Chronicles, speaks of "une dame chevaleresse."

> Great feats the women of antiquity
> In arms and hallowed arts as well have done,
> And of their worthy works the memory
> And lustre through this ample world have shone.[1]

Sibylla, wife of Robert, Duke of Normandy, took care of his estates during his absence in Palestine, and the historian says, that under her rule the province was better governed than if he had been present.[2] The lords of the village of Chatenai, refusing to set free several unhappy villagers, who were languishing in prison, the pious mother of St. Louis, at the head of her people, went to burst open the gates, and before the Revolution the stick was still preserved with which she struck the door, and commenced the attack with her own hand.[3] Raymond Berenger, the last count of Barcelona, instituted the order of the Hatchet for women, to honour the bravery of the female champions who defended with that instrument the city of Tortosa when reduced to extremity. The city of Palencia being defended by women, John I, king of Castile, ordered that they should be admitted into the order of the Scarf founded by Alphonso, to enjoy all the privileges attached to it.

Sophia, daughter of Louis IV, Landgrave of

[1] Ariosto, canto XX.
[2] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, II, 28.
[3] Hist. du Diocèse de Paris, chap. Paroisse de Chatenay.

Thuringia, born in 1214, in the castle of Wartburg, built many castles, such as the Frauenberg, and took many by arms, such as that of Hohenlinden. When the Bretons rode before the Castel l'Archer, Du Guesclin sent to the lady, "wyfe to Sir Richard Dangle, who was then within, to yelde up the castel; and she desyred to have assurance that she might go to Poictiers, to speke with the Duke of Berry: the constable granted her desyre, and caused her to be conveyed thyder by one of his knyghtes; and whan she came before the duke, she kneled downe, and the duke toke her up, and demaunded what was her request. Sir, quoth she, I am required by the Constable of France that I shulde put me and my landes under the obeysaunce of the Frenche kyng; and Sir, ye knowe well that my lord and husbande lyeth yet prisoner in Spayne, and Sir, his lande is in my governance. I am a woman of small defence, and Sir, I can not do with the heritage of my husbande at myne owne pleasure; for peradventure if I shulde do any thynge agaynste his pleasure, he wolde can me no thanke therfore; and so shulde I be blamed; but, Sir, to appease you, and to set my land in peace, I shall compound with you for myself and all myne, that we shall make you no warr, so that ye wyll make no warr to us; and Sir, whan my husband is come out of prison, I beleve well he wyll drawe into Englande, then I shall send hym worde of this composicion, and than Sir, I am sure he wyll sende me his mynde, and then I shall answere you." The terms were accepted, and the lady had the happiness of beholding the constable and his army withdrawing from the castle.

Equally memorable, though of less celebrity, was the conduct of that excellent lady Offalia,[1] from

[1] This lady was the widow of Sir Robert Digby, the only

whom those of my house boast their descent, bearing the arms of her family, a field argent, a saltire gules, quarterly upon their paternal coat. This noble woman was besieged in her castle of Geashill, in the King's County, in Ireland, by an army of those faithful and injured men, whom intolerance and injustice had driven to insurrection. Her reply, upon their summons to surrender, evinced a noble spirit, and, at the same time, a degree of affection for the Irish army opposed to her, which, though rare in persons who were engaged against them, became nevertheless a feature in the character of her posterity.[1] She appeals to them as to her having been always a good neighbour amongst them, never having done any wrong to any of them; declares her resolution to live and die innocently and to defend her own, leaving the issue to God; "and though," she concludes, "I have been, and still am, desirous to avoid the shedding of Christian blood, yet, being provoked, your threats shall no whit dismay me, Lettice Offalia." One rejoices at the deliverance of such a woman. Philip Sidney, Lord Viscount Lisle, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, immediately upon landing at Dublin, undertook the relieving of this castle, which he effected with one hundred and twenty foot and three hundred horse.

Instances of this noble spirit in women might be multiplied so as to exceed the bounds of this book. How memorable are the examples of Marguerite of

daughter of Gerald, eldest son of Gerald, Earl of Kildare (who died before his father, brother of Thomas, beheaded 28th of Henry VIII.). She was entitled Lady Offalia, by the special favour of King James, in a ward betwixt her and George, Earl of Kildare; otherwise she could not have borne that title which belonged to the eldest sons of the Earl of Kildare.

[1] Vide Ware, and the proceedings of the House of Lords of Ireland.

Anjou, of Marguerite de Bethune, wife of the Duke of Rohan; of the Empress Maria Theresa, when she headed her Hungarian subjects; of the Countess of Montford, in the reign of Edward III, of whom Froissart says, in relating the battle of Guernsey, "the countess that day was worth a man; she had the heart of a lion"; of Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III, who, before an engagement with the King of Scotland, rode round the ranks of the English army, encouraging the soldiers, and unwilling to quit the field; of the lady Nichola, who held the Castle of Lincoln, in the reign of Henry III, and stoutly resisted the assaults of Gilbert de Gaunt and his army; of black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar, who so gallantly defended the Castle of Dunbar, in 1337; of Jeanne de Laval, in Brittany, widow of Du Guesclin, and of Gui XII, Sire de Laval; and of Denise de Montmorenci, wife of Lancelot Turpin, who defended Vihiers against the English; of Jeanne Hachette, who saved Beauvais in 1472, in commemoration of whose heroism, the women of Beauvais used to walk before the men in an annual procession in that city; of Mathurine Labrille, who saved St. Quentin; of Madame Beatrix, called by the Troubadour, Rambaud de Vaqueiras, "the Belle Cavaliere," who could wield so well the sword of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat; of the Lady Buccleugh, widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Branksome, who rode at the head of her son's clan, after the murder of her husband. Orderic Vitalis describes Isabella de Conches a generous and valorous woman; in war, mounting on horseback, armed like a knight, and equalling Camilla, Hippolyta, and Penthesilea;[1] so that the Bradamant and Marphisa of Ariosto were not ideal

[1] Lib. VIII.

characters. It was a woman who alone had courage to accuse the murderers of King Charles I; exclaiming from the gallery in Westminster Hall, after hearing the form of accusation stated in the name of the Commons, "Not half the people; it is false; where are they or their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor." This was a woman like Epicharis, who suffered for the conspiracy against Nero, from whom no torments could extort a confession, and to whose spirit Tacitus pays a solemn testimony, saying, "Clariore exemplo libertina mulier, in tanta necessitate, alienos, ac prope ignotos protegendo, cum ingenui, et viri, et equites Romani, senatoresque intacti tormentis, carissima suorum quisque pignorum proderent."[1] How admirable was the character of that noble lady Agnes, wife of Philip VIII, of Falkenstein, who in 1374, after that the Reiffenbergers had stormed their castle of Königstein, slain her husband, who was brave too late, and made prisoners her five children, Philip the younger, Ulrich, Werner, Kuno, and Anna, took up arms, and, sword in hand, delivered her children from the hands of those robbers, though her noble courage was unable to retrieve the decayed fortunes of the house of Falkenstein.[2] How noble is the spirit of the wife of Count Friedrich of Zweibrücken, who, after the escape of her husband from his castle of Bitsch, rode armed, with one of her women, and forced her way into her castle, seizing William of Lützelstein, who denied her admittance, by the beard, threatening him with death, and so embraced her two sons, who had been made prisoners by the Lüzelsteins, and brought them out in triumph, delivered from the hands of the astonished enemy. Erlande, the high-spirited wife of Hans

[1] An. XV, 57. [2] Vogt, Rheinische Geschichte, II.

Bromser von Rüdesheim, endured many wars after the death of her husband, and protected her people "from all emperors, kings, princes, counts, knights, and boys," as she herself testified. How celebrated was the noble spirit of Queen Amalaswintha, who ruled the Goths, in Italy; of Theodelinda, Queen of the Longobards; of Theodora, the Greek Empress; of the Countess Mathilda, in Italy! How many others were illustrious in the noble families of Montefeltro, Gonzaga, Este, and Pio! Where has the glory not reached of Margaretta, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian; of Isabel, Queen of Spain; of Anne, Queen of France; of the Hungarian queen of Matthias Corvinus; of Isabel, Duchess of Aragon, sister to Ferdinand, King of Naples; of Isabel, Marchioness of Mantua, and her sister Beatrix, Duchess of Milan; of Eleanora of Aragon, Duchess of Ferrara; of Joanna, Queen of Naples? As for the Amazons of old, their exploits will be found in Diodorus.[1] Perseus and Hercules made war upon them; the latter deemed it disgraceful, says Diodorus, "if after benefitting mankind by so many labours, he should overlook the nations of men who were conquered by women." Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of Penthesileia at the siege of Troy, Ajax gallantly declines to attack her; for Achilles was already opposed, to whom she would be an easy prey, ὅπως ἴρηκι πέλεια.[2] When she had fallen under the spear of Achilles, the hero is struck with remorse at beholding her, and grieves as if for Patroclus, and Thersites, with churlish ridicule, presuming to censure his lamentation, meets with the fate which he so long deserved.

Herodotus describes certain lady knights, among

[1] Lib. III. [2] Quintus Calaber, I.

the Ausenses, who met yearly to contend with each other in honour of Minerva.[1] The women of the middle ages were not so expert, if we may judge from an amusing instance related by Büsching,[2] from an old poet of the fourteenth century, respecting an event which happened in a fortress on the Rhine, where forty bold knights lived with their wives. During the absence of the men on Sunday, who had left their armour, the women laid a plan to hold a tournament: so they put on their husbands' armour, mounted their horses, and took each her lord's name, all but one young maid, who therefore called herself Herzog Waleran von Limburg, at that time one of the most renowned knights upon the Rhine. She tournayed with such skill that she sent most of the other women out of the saddle; then they rode home and put up the horses, and put the wounded to bed, and forbad the pages to mention what they had performed; but when the knights came back, they found their horses in a sweat, their armour out of its place, and many of the women in bed with bruises; so they asked their little noble pages, and they told them all about it; so they laughed heartily at their wives' folly; and the adventure soon getting wind, the duke Waleran determined to see the maid who had won such worship in his name. He accordingly came to the castle, and gave her 100 marks for dowry, a war-horse and a light hackney, and she was soon married to a man of honour.

At tournaments in Edward III's time, women sometimes appeared on horseback armed with daggers, and in armour. Ramon Muntaner describes a Spanish woman, in the reign of Peter of Aragon, who put on armour, and took a French knight prisoner, having killed his horse.[3]

[1] Lib. IV, 180. [2] Ritterzeit, I, p. 108.
[3] Chronica, chap. CXXIV.

Many women appeared in armour in the ranks of the crusaders. In Tirante the White, women are represented in steel armour. In 1628, a gardener digging up a tree on the spot in Paris where the Exchange now stands, found nine cuirasses which had been made for women, as their form denoted; and in the Musée de l'Artillerie at Paris may be seen the steel armour which was worn by Elizabeth de Nassau, mother of the Maréchal de Turenne, and that of Charlotte de la Marck, dame de Bouillon, who died in 1594.

Without affecting magic like Medea,[1] our female ancestors made no scruple of conducting the chariot, and even of discharging the office of the stable, as we read of Sir Launcelot in the old ballad:

> Ladies fair attended on him,
> High-born damsels dressed his steed.

So when Gadiffer and his horse, one winter's evening, were half perished, under the wall of the castle of Mallebranche, when the young demoiselle had got the old hag's consent to let him in, and had come down to invite him in, "Damoiselle," said he, "grant mercie: mais aydez mon cheval, car il mest plus de luy que de moy, il me creve le cueur quant je l'oys trembler." "Sire," said the demoiselle, "Laissez estre votre cheval: car il sera bien pensé."[2] Yet, I repeat it, under this hard mail, and in the exercise of these rough duties, they had not lost their woman's heart; still in the hour of danger and suffering they were ministering angels. Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe de Valois, is said to have died of the plague, which she caught in tending the sick. Thus the young and beautiful Lavinia della Rovere, relation of the

[1] Apollon. Rhod. III, 1150. [2] Perceforest, LIII.

duc d'Urbino, prepared the bandages for Tasso, when he was advised to undergo an operation, a favour which he attempted to repay by some verses; and the attentions of Hermione to the wounded Tancred, in the Jerusalem Delivered, will be remembered by every reader. Spenser describes this beautiful character,

> Into the woods thenceforth in haste she went,
> To seek for herbs that mote him remedy;
> For she of herbs had great intendiment;
> Taught of the nymph who from her infancy
> Her nourced had in true nobility.

Ariadne's love saved Theseus, which gives occasion to Plutarch to say that "the philosophers have not ill defined love to be a remedy provided by the gods for the safety and preservation of youth." How well did the female character in the middle ages verify this beautiful sentence! The emperor Otho besieged the castle of Eberstein, and after repeated failures had recourse to treachery, inviting the young count to a tournament in Spires. The count attended and won the victory, and in the evening danced with the emperor's daughter, the lovely Jetta. All was joy and pomp till his partner with a blush and hurried air whispered to him, "Sir knight, you seem joyful with the dance and the wine, and before to-morow's dawn your Eberstein is lost." "And when I lose you," he said, "shall I draw your favour after me? thanks, my gentle lady." The count disappeared from the assembly, and upon inquiry, it was found that he had mounted in haste, and was returned to Eberstein. The next day, when the emperor's army advanced, and the count appeared on the walls ready in his post, the emperor's fury gave place to admiration, and, unable to oppose so much virtue and honour, he admitted him to favour, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

In the time of Duke Robert, Raoul was imprisoned in a dungeon of the abbey of Mont St. Michel. The gaoler of the dungeon was gone to the fair of Vire, leaving his gentle wife, Aloïse, to take charge of the prisoners. Raoul was little more than a child, and was confined on a frivolous charge, though a horrible design was laid against his life. The good woman consoled him to the best of her power, sitting for hours in his prison, telling him of all the wonders of the Mont St. Michel, and the deeds of the good St. Aubert. The gaoler returning from the fair was overtaken by a stormy night, and as the tide was flowing he could not proceed to Mont St. Michel, so he stopped to sleep in an inn at Avranches; and as they were dressing some slices of wild boar for his supper, he was accosted by an old woman, who was before hid in the chimney-corner, who asked him if it was not dangerous to leave his wife alone in the dungeon, "avec charge de garder les beaux pages de messire." In an instant the gaoler, all on fire, insisted on an explanation. This old hag had resolved on the destruction of Raoul, and so she went on to exasperate the gaoler still more, who vowed vengeance, till the old hag reminded him that the duke would not suffer him to put any prisoner to death. She however prepared a stratagem, which was thus practised. The gaoler, on arriving, told his wife that the prisoner was to be executed next day. Meanwhile the old hag visited the good woman as if in secret, and gave her a cord, which she was to convey privately to Raoul, with directions to fasten one end to the bars of the south gallery, and to let himself down by means of the other, to a spot which would be within six feet of the ground: she was to tell him also, that when he saw a light below upon the neighbouring rock, it would be a sign that his friends

were near with a boat. As soon as it was night, Aloïse opened the door of the stone gallery, gave Raoul the cord, embraced him and parted as for ever. Raoul opened the casement, fastened the cord, and let himself down; but just as he was going to jump, thinking he was within a few feet of the ground, his foot struck against a great stone, which rolled down farther with a tremendous crash, and after a pause, a splash of water was heard far below as it fell into the sea: it was plain that he was betrayed: he had not let go his hold; but the old hag who watched finding that he was still there, hastened up to Aloïse: "He is safe," cried she, "now let us remove the cord"; and so saying, she untied the knot, the poor page fell, and was drowned in the dark waters: his body was found next day washed upon the beach, and Messire wept "que le jouvencel étoit mort de male mort, en voulant s'evader."

In an ancient church at Erfurt, I saw the tomb of a knight in the attitude of a crusader, placed between the figures of his two wives; that on his right bearing the coronet of a German countess; that on his left the insignia of a princess of Egypt. The history of this knight is an example to verify the saying of Plutarch. In the wars with the Saracens he had been taken prisoner, and was conducted to Egypt. Here, after a long time, his skill in gardening obtained for him the charge of superintending the gardens of the Sultan, whose daughter determined secretly to enable him to escape, though she was aware that he had a wife in Germany, to whom he had vowed a constant fidelity. The plan succeeded, and the knight and the princess escaped and sailed for Venice. Upon landing on the pier, the knight instantly recognized an old servant, who came up and embraced him with transports of joy: he had been sent to Venice

by the countess in search of news respecting her husband. The knight immediately dispatched him to his castle, to acquaint his wife with the circumstances of his escape, and to assure her, that while he owed his freedom to the princess of Egypt, his affection for his faithful wife was the same as ever. This good lady overjoyed at his return, hastened to assure him that the woman who had saved her lord should ever be dear to her as a sister, and the worthy knight is said to have returned to his castle in company with the fair Egyptian. I do not know how the truth may be, but there they are all three represented on his tomb.

The employment of Penelope was the favourite amusement of these noble women in the absence of their husbands. The Anglo-Saxon lady is described as weaving on curtains the actions of her lord.[1] Cavendish says, that when the cardinals waited upon Queen Catherine, she came out to them "with a skaine of white thread about her neck." When Brithnod, the Anglo-Saxon warrior, was slain in battle against the Danes, to honour the memory of her husband, his widow Ethelfleda embroidered in silk the history of his exploits, and gave it with several other presents to the monastery which contained his ashes; and, during the absence of William the Conqueror in England, his queen Mathilda, "fœminam prudentiæ speculum, pudoris culmen," as William of Malmsbury says, was employed in weaving that famous tapestry which is still preserved at Bayeux, to strike every beholder with admiration, which, though representing thirty events illustrative of the Conquest, is designed evidently with a view not so much to commemorate the glory of her husband, as the justice of his cause.

[1] Turner's Hist. of Anglo-Saxons, III, 48.

Women in the middle ages frequently added to the ordinary accomplishments of their sex a considerable degree of learning. Anna Sforza, Duchess of Ferrara, was an example of a woman uniting all female graces with extensive learning; for, says the old chronicle, "elle estoit belle, bonne, doulce et courtoise à toutes gens. Elle parloit espaignol, grec, ytalien et François, quelque peu tres bon latin. et composoit en toutes ces langues." Cervantes describes the duchess as quoting certain Latin verses of Politian, and in his time many Spanish women of high rank were well skilled in classical learning. The Spanish Academia Domestica de Buenas Letras, received its formation and its statutes from a noble countess. In 1459, Pope Pius II was complimented by Hippolyta Sforza, daughter of Francis Sforza, in a Latin speech.

The sophist, in Plato, that would make woman a mere domestic drudge,[1] was more opposed to the ideas of chivalry than Plutarch, that would have her skilled in geometry. Cicero ascribes to Cornelia the pure language of the Gracchi, saying of them, "in sermone matris educatos";[2] and Plato says that women are the chief preservers of the ancient words which are the strength and beauty of languages.[3] When women maintained the influence with which chivalry invested them, the languages of Europe had a grace, a natural and poetical expression, which they have lost when submitted to the heartless judgment of the academy and the tribune. Where could a youth learn to speak

> His language purer; or to tune his mind
> Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,
> Than in the nurseries of nobility?

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[1] Meno, III. [2] Brutus, 58. [3] Cratylus.

"Goodness gave the greatness, and greatness worship," continues Ben Jonson:[1] every house became an academy of honour, where they learned

To make their English sweet upon their tongue,

as reverend Chaucer says. Women in these ages imparted to youth the traditionary maxims of genuine taste along with the love of innocence and the habits of veneration. This is what the Romans clung to in Agrippina, calling her "unicum antiquitatis specimen."[2]

We have already seen how the education of youth was designed to extend the influence of women. To serve and protect them was found a privilege which enabled men to develop all that was generous in their nature. See how they were obeyed. It is a cold winter's night when the Lady Lyriope advises her mother to send a boy out of the castle by a postern, to swim across the ditch, in order that Sir Tors might not perceive him, who stood before the wall. "Or tost dist la dame au garson, Va-t-en. Dame dist il voulentiers, lors descend en la posterne et entre en l'eaue et passe oultre a naige": and the poor fellow was killed afterwards going through the forest.

It was not merely the young and beautiful who were thus served: the gallantry of these ages resembled that which is praised by Elia, that which was evinced by Jason, when he carried Juno over the flood, though she appeared in the form of an old woman.[3]

When Queen Isabelle prepared to return into England, whence she had been forced to fly by the faction of the Spencers, Sir John of Heynaulte, with certain young knights, his friends, determined

[1] New Inn. [2] Tacitus, Ann. III, 4.
[3] Apollon. Rhod. III, 67.

to accompany her, albeit they were warned of great peril, and it was doubted that "they shulde not retourne agayne with honour. But howe so ever they blamed or counsailed hym, the gentle knyght wolde never chaunge his purpose, but sayd he hadde but one dethe to dye, the whiche was in the will of God: and also sayd, that all knyghtes ought to ayd to their powers all ladyes and damozels chased out of theyr owne countrey, beyng without counsaile or comfort." Upon the queen's departure from Valenciennes, "Sir John, with great payne, gatte leve of his brother, the Erle Guyllaume, of Heynaulte, saying to hym, 'My lorde and brother, I am yong, and thynke that God hath pourveyed for me this entrepryse for myn advauncement. I beleve and thynke verely, that wrongfully and synfully this lady hath been chased out of Inglande, and also her sone; hit is almes and glory to God and to the worlde, to comforte and helpe them that be comfortless, and specyally so hyghe and so noble a lady as this is, who is daughter to a kyng, and desendyd of a royall kyng. We be of her bloode, and she of ours. I hadde rather renounce and forsake all that I have, and go serve God over the sea, and never to retourne into this country, rather than this good lady shuld have departed from us without comfort and help. Therefore, dere brother, suffer me to go with your good wyll, wherein ye shall do nobly, and I shall humbly thank you thereof, and the better thereby I shall accomplyssh all the voyage.' Then the earl gave him leave, and so they departed."

During the insurrection of the Jacquerie, when a hundred thousand armed peasants resolved to exterminate the nobility, ravaging the country, burning the castles, and laying hands upon all knights, and squires, and gentlemen, and, like the English Parliament-men in our civil wars, not sparing even

women or children, the Duchess of Normandy, wife of the regent (afterwards Charles V), the Duchess of Orleans, and three hundred women of quality, were at Meaux with the Duke of Orleans, where they were exposed to danger. Some detachments of these desperadoes, accompanied by ruffians who had come from Paris and its environs, were regarding their prey as certain. The inhabitants of the town were in concert with the plunderers. They had opened their gates, and had obliged the women to take refuge in the place which is called the market of Meaux, which is separated from the rest of the city by the river Marne. The danger was extreme. There was no excess that was not to be expected from these lawless banditti, whom nothing could appease, and who respected nothing. It was at Chalons that the Count de Foix and the Captal de Buch were informed of this fatal event; and although they had only sixty lances, that is, sixty knights with their usual suite, they immediately resolved to march to the assistance of the small troop which defended the fortress of Meaux. The honour of the women did not permit the Count de Foix to reflect upon the danger, nor the Captal de Buch to consider that he was a subject of the King of England; he anxiously availed himself of the liberty which was afforded by the treaty between France and England, to follow that sentiment which was more deeply rooted in the heart of a knight, than all national enmity. They were both near the Duke of Orleans, when the Jacquiérs in a body prepared to make an attack from all sides, and to gather the reward of their labours. Our brave knights and their suite had no other prospect than certain death, nor any other ramparts to oppose to the rebels than the banners of Orleans, and de Foix and the Captal's flag. They ordered the gates to be opened, and marched boldly against

the enemy. At this spectacle, terror seized the troops of the Jacquerie; the knights charged through their broken ranks, and then returned in triumph.

Schiller, in his poem on the journey to the Iron-forge, has revived the history of the faithful page of Queen Isabella of Portugal. Another instance of this affectionate service occurs in the Chronicle of the Cid, where the young man, Felez Muñoz, protects the daughters of the Cid when left in the forest by their husbands. "Upon being discovered by the page, Doña Sol said to Felez Muñoz, 'Cousin, for all that our father hath deserved at your hands, give us water.' Felez Muñoz took his hat, and filled it with water, and gave it to them: and he comforted them, and bade them take courage, and besought them to bear up. And he placed them upon his horse, and covered them both with his cloak, and led them through the oak forest into the thickest part thereof, and there he made a bed of leaves and of grass, and laid them on it, and covered them with his cloak; and he sate down by them, and began to weep; for he knew not what he should do."

It is in a similar hour that Matilda, speaking with kindness to O'Neal in Rokeby Castle, lamenting the fate of her house, gives occasion to a beautiful passage in Sir Walter Scott's poem:

> Her word, her action, and her phrase,
> Were kindly as in early days;
> For cold reserve had lost its power
> In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
> Young Redmond dared not trust his voice,
> But rather had it been his choice
> To share that melancholy hour,
> Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,
> In full possession to enjoy
> Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

When the Argonauts were driven by a tempest

against the shore of the Troad, Hercules had an occasion of discharging the most grateful office of chivalry, the deliverance of a beautiful maid, who was fastened to the ground to be the prey of a sea monster, having been drawn by lot to appease Neptune.[1] The conduct of Alexander to the wife of Darius and the women of her court,[2] was worthy of our Paladins, and it must be confessed, that even the Athenians evinced a chivalrous spirit when they exempted the house of Callicles, the son of Arrhenides, from being searched, because he was lately married, and his bride was in his house; and when being at war with Philip, having seized his letters, they sent him one addressed to Olympia, with the seal entire, having opened all the others. The reply of Achilles to the unfortunate Clytemnestra, who supplicates him to save her innocent daughter, is a noble model of the knightly style:

> Σὲ δ', ὦ σχέτλια παθοῦσα πρὸς τῶν φιλτάτων,
> Ἃ δὴ κατ' ἄνδρα γίγνεται νεανίαν,
> Τοσοῦτον οἶκτον περιβαλὼν καταστελῶ,
> Κοὔποτε κόρη σὴ πρὸς πατρὸς σφαγήσεται,
> Ἐμὴ φατισθεῖσ'·————————[3]

Hector feared the reproaches of the Trojan women more than the spears of the Greeks;[4] and the affecting testimony which Helen bears to his gentleness when lamenting his death, is a proof that in his delicate regard for women, he was a most perfect knight.[5] One would think that he must have heard the lessons of our chivalry, as delivered in the fable of Constant du Hamel, where it is said, "I cannot pardon you for having ridiculed women; all one's life one is bound to honour and serve them, and never to speak to them but with the utmost courtesy. Qui agit autrement est un vilain."

[1] Diodorus, lib. IV, 42.
[2] Arrian, lib. II, 12; IV, 20.
[3] Eurip. Iphig. in Aulid.
[4] Il. VI, 443.
[5] Il. XXIV, 762.

Many of the heroes of ancient Rome present a sad contrast to this picture. The plain account of Polybius takes away all the beauty of Scipio's conduct to the fair captive.[1] With what feelings can we regard this same Scipio, when he is represented preaching a sermon upon continence to the young prince Masinissa, with murder and treachery in his heart, endeavouring to persuade him either to murder the beautiful woman he had just married, or to give her up to be murdered by the Romans? The Numidian had not the courage to resist the inhuman minister of democratic tyranny; he had not the virtue to protect the helpless princess who had thrown herself upon his mercy. Overcome by persuasion and terror, he sent a trusty slave who had charge of the poison, which was kept ready against unforeseen adversities, and bade him, when he had prepared a potion, to carry it to Sophonisba, with this message: "Masinissa would gladly have fulfilled the marriage engagement, the obligation of a husband to a wife; but since to do this is denied him, by those who have the power to hinder it, he now performs his other promise, that she should not be delivered up alive to the Romans. Sophonisba, mindful of her father, her country, and the two kings whose wife she has been, will consult her own honour." When the minister of death came to the queen, and with the message presented her the poison; "I accept," said she, "this marriage gift; nor is it unwelcome if my husband could indeed do nothing kinder for his wife. This, however, tell him—that I should have died with more honour if I had not married at my funeral." She spoke these words with a resolute countenance, took the cup with a steady hand, and drank it off. The wife of Syphax had sacrificed her honour when

[1] Lib. X.

she sought life and safety from the hands of Masinissa; but was it for the man who murdered, or for the slave who betrayed a beautiful and helpless woman, to talk of virtue and fidelity? The voice of his country proclaimed the glory of the Roman conqueror, and the prince who consented to be the base instrument of his vengeance, was soothed by the honours of a kingly crown, and by the assurance from the lips of Scipio, that "he was the only foreigner the Roman people thought worthy of them." But the fate of that unfortunate queen will excite the pity of all generous hearts; while every man of honour will regard with execration the policy which persecuted, and the cowardice which betrayed her.

But to return to the middle ages. Before a tournament, the candidates hung up their shields in some public place, and if one of them was known to have spoken lightly of any woman, she had only to touch the shield in token of demanding justice. It was not a duel which ensued; but the knight guilty of this defamation, was beaten soundly by his peers, "tant et longuement qu'il crie mercy aux dames à haute voix, tellement que chascun l'oye en promettant que jamais ne luy adviendra d'en mesdire ou villainement parler." By the establishments of St. Louis,[1] a woman guilty of slander, or parole vilaine, was only fined three sols, whereas a man had to pay ten. This was the spirit of chivalry. What punishment did not Matthew Paris deserve, and those who have copied him, for calumniating the virtuous Queen Blanche and Count Thibaut of Champagne? The charge at first was perhaps advanced in sport!

> Ah! base the sport that lightly dares defame
> The sacred honour of a lady's name![2]

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[1] Lib. II, c. 24. [2] Camoens, Lusiad, VI.

King Charles V of France banished from court a man who had spoken lightly in the presence of women; such respect had men for female virtue. The right hand was given to a woman, to shew her honour; yet the ingenious gallantry of those ages provided for every case, by remarking, that she on the left was nearest the heart of him who conducted her.[1] It was not alone in England that the law of hospitality required women to kiss the stranger who arrived. In the Nibelungen,[2] Rüdiger desires his wife and daughter to kiss with all discretion the noble kings who arrive, and their attendants; and when the Countess de Montfort received Sir Walter Mauney, after his taking the castle of Goney, in the forest, "she came," says Froissart, "and mette them, and kyssed and made them great chere, and caused al the noble men to dyne with her in the castle." Governor, in one history, gives his horse, "worth a hundred pounds," to the porter of a castle, that he may but obtain a view of the peerless lady who inhabits it; and it is to the grace of women, that these forests of romance owed their enchantment, such as that of Darnant in Perceforest, full of rivers and sweet fountains, and noble castles, where King Alexander and Floridas, in quest of their friend, are entertained by the beautiful Sebille in a princely castle for fifteen days, which they think to be one day. "Par ma foy, Floridas," said the king, on departing, "I think that Sebille is une damoiselle de moult grant honneur et de grant beaulté et sage merveilleusement. Dieu garde la damoiselle qui nous à gueries si tost," for their wounds were cured. When they were once out of the castle, the king said, "Truly, Floridas, I know not how it has been with me, but certainly Sebille is a very honourable

[1] Aliénor de Poitiers, Honneur de la Cour de Bourgogne, in Ste. Palaye, II, 189.

[2] 1591, Lachmann.

lady, and very beautiful, and very charming in conversation." "Sire," said Floridas, "it is true; but one thing surprises me, how is it that our wounds have healed in one night? I thought at least ten or fifteen days were necessary." "Truly," said the king, "that is astonishing!" Now King Alexander met Gadiffer, King of Scotland, and the valiant knight Le Tors. "Well," said the king, "have ye news of the King of England? Ten day have we hunted for him, and cannot find him." "How!" said Alexander, "did we not separate yesterday from each other?" "In God's name," said Gadiffer, "what means your majesty? It is ten days." "Have a care what you say," cried the king. "Sire," replied Gadiffer, "it is so. Ask Le Tors." "On my honour," said Le Tors, "the King of Scotland speaks truth." "Then," said the king, "some of us are enchanted. Floridas, didst thou not think we separated yesterday?" "Truly, truly, your majesty, I thought so; but when I saw our wounds healed in one night, I had some suspicions that we were enchanted."

How many enchantresses among us! Oh.[1]

"There is a kind of superiority," says Ségur, "which women should preserve over us, arising even from their weakness and the respect which it inspires: there is another kind which belongs to the dignity of man, which not only women recognize, but for the abandonment of which they never pardon him." It was from losing sight of this latter that arose the absurd and pernicious cases of base influence which, at a later period, were the scandal of certain courts; but chivalry was directly opposed to this abuse of female influence. It approved not of the love to which Orlando, in Ariosto,

[1] Ariosto.

sacrificed the safety of his emperor and of his country, but that of Lovelace, who said,

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.[1]

"Now attend," says the troubadour Cigala, "I am going to relate a fine adventure which befell two Castilian knights, lords of a rich castle. They were brave, handsome, and young, and they loved two beautiful noble ladies, for whom they performed many good services, such as are done for the noble love of women, that is to say, they held courts and tournaments, made presents, gave good reception to all comers, and made themselves beloved by all the world. These ladies, who inhabited a castle distant" about three English leagues, "sent an invitation one day to the knights to visit them, and each without informing the other promised to do so. The knights were brothers, and as they were at war with all the great barons of the country, fearing to lose their castle, they had both sworn never to leave the castle both together at a time, and that one should always remain to keep garrison, and to do the honours to all brave knights who might pass by. So each sent to beg the other's permission to be absent, and each replied that he could not stay at home. In vain they besought each other, and so, come what would, both must needs set out together. Now you must know, it was dreadful weather; it snowed, and it blew, and the night was as dark as pitch. All that could be done was to leave strict orders to guard the castle. They had not gone far when they heard knights riding up, so they drew to one side and stood close. 'God send us good herberough this night,' said one of the strangers, to which the other replied, 'God

[1] Percy's Relics of English Poetry.

preserve the two brothers from mischief. We shall find them in the nick of time: we shall be well received, well honoured, well served, for there never were more gentle and courteous knights, otherwise we should have more than three leagues further to make before we could find a lodging.' The two brothers were pleased and sorry on overhearing this conversation; pleased to hear their praise, sorry not to be at home. Each besought the other to return quickly, and for a long time they disputed. At last one of them said that for the love of his lady he was ready to return, and so he went back."[1] The ghost of Agamemnon gave a lesson to Ulysses perfectly conformable to the spirit of chivalry, which abhors every unnatural subjection.

> Τῷ νῦν μή ποτε καὶ σὺ γυναικί περ ἤπιος εἶναι,
> Μηδ' οἱ μῦθον ἅπαντα πιφαυσκέμεν, ὅν κ' εὖ εἰδῇς,
> Ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν φάσθαι, τὸ δὲ καὶ κεκρυμμένον εἶναι.[2]

Xenophon and his army arriving at a certain village on the Carduchian mountains, in the beginning of winter, found the chief man of the place remaining with his daughter, who had been married only nine days, and yet her husband was already on a hunting expedition.[3] And Crœsus's son, entreating his father to permit him to pursue the usual laborious exercises of youth, urges as a motive, that were he to remain at home, he would appear contemptible τῇ νεογάμῳ γυναικί.[4] The constant occurrence of τηλυγέτης in the ancient poems indicates the manly habits of the heroic age. When Sir Tristram refused to attend King Arthur's feast at Pentecost, because La Belle Isold declined his invitation to accompany him, that lady ex-

[1] Hist. des Troubadours, II, 163. [2] Od. XI, 440.
[3] Anab. IV, 5. [4] Herodotus, I, 37.

claimed, "God defende, for thenne shall I be spoken of shame amonge alle quenes and ladyes of estate, for ye that ar called one of the noblest knyghtes of the world, and ye a knyghte of the round table, how maye ye be myst at that feest? What shalle be said amonge alle knyghtes? See how Sire Tristram hunteth, and hawketh, and coureth within a castle with his lady, and forsaketh your worshyp. Allas, shalle some say, hit is pyte that ever he was made knyght, or that ever he shold have the love of a lady. Also what shall quenes and ladyes saye of me, hit is pyte that I have my lyf that I wylle holde soo noble a knyghte as ye are from his worship"; a reply similar to many passages of real history, which prove that women of quality disdained those affected proffers of attention which render the makers unworthy of the favour they would conciliate. We are told by Froissart "how the lady Ellyanour of Comynges, nere cousyn to the erle of Foix, came to Ortaise to the erle with her yonge daughter, who made her good chere, and demaunded her of her busyness, and wheder she was goying. Sir, quod she, I am goying into Arragon to myne uncle and aunte, there I purpose to abyde, for I have great displeasure to abyde with my husbande, Sir Johan of Boloyne, for I thought he wolde have recovered myne enherytaunce of Comynges, from Therle of Armynake, who kepeth it fro me, and he hath my sister in prisone, and he wyll do nothynge in the mater: he is so softe a knyghte that he wyll do nothynge but take his ease, and eate and drink, and so to spend that he hath folysshelye, and I thynke when he is erle he wyll take his pleasure more." The proper consequence of marriage was not the being deprived of freedom, and bound to an unmanly domestic service; but the mountains were still to be traversed, and the herds to be

driven, and the rivers to be swum across, and the face to be embrowned with the beams of summer sun, and wet with the drifting of the winter snow. It was in this way that men secured the interest of their wives' virtue and felicity. Paris was a man of pleasure, and Helena was an adultress: but Ulysses was a warrior and a wanderer, and he conformed his wife into such imagery as he desired, and she was as chaste as the snows upon the mountains. It is a modern writer who thus beautifully describes the perfection of the marital state. It was with husbands who resembled young lovers rather than indolent, selfish persons, like the prince in Tirante the White, who was afraid to follow the king's daughter, lest he should sully his robe, that women partook in their hearts of all joys and sorrows; and though the variation of each soil had stained their limbs, and the sun had drawn a cypress over their foreheads, yet they deemed them comely and fair. Women, sustained by the hand of chivalry, in the place appointed by their Creator, prompted man to the pursuit of virtue.

> For love does always bring forth bounteous deeds,
> And in each gentle heart desire of honour breeds.

When the Scots besieged Werk Castle, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury, "ther was a sore assaut and a perylous," says Froissart. "Ther might a ben sene many noble dedes on both partes. Ther was within present the noble Countesse of Salysbury, who was as then reputed for the most sagest and fayrest lady of all England.—This noble lady comforted them greatly within, for by the regarde of such a lady, and by her swete comforting, a man ought to be worthe two men at nede."

At Merida, the officer who has written his recollections of the Peninsula, was lodged in the

house of a lady, who treated him with the affection of a mother. Her youngest daughter "was, without any exception," he says, "the most lovely, the most beautiful woman I saw while in Spain. To a very perfect form, she added a faultless and most expressive countenance: never shall I forget her graceful, elegant movements, and the natural yet chastened animation with which she spoke. I have never seen her since the moment that we mounted our horses to return: she leaned gracefully over the balcony, and kissed her hand to us as we rode off, wishing us success and honour in war, with all that noble enthusiasm which stamps the Spanish heroine. In the course of our conversation, she had expressed herself warmly about the profession of arms, saying repeatedly, that she would accept the hand of no man who had not fought for his country, and who was not a true Spaniard. Was Spain a country to be subdued when such was the spirit of her daughters?"

This is a favourite subject of romance. When Sir Palomydis looked up and saw La Belle Isold at her window smiling, "he seemed at that time, that had Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot been both against him, they would have won no worship of him."[1] And when the emperor, in Tirante the White, sees his daughter conversing with Diofebo, "matters are going on well," he said, "for when women discourse upon chivalry, knights become more worthy." This was the charm which enabled Jason of old to conquer. Without this, the castles of chivalry were but ill fortified: as King Alexander says to Sibille, "Ung hostel est moult desolé ou il y a deffaulte de femme."[2] It was easily understood why Maximilian proved his chivalry so well, when Mary of Burgundy,

[1] Morte d'Arthur, X, c. 70. [2] Perceforest.

daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, preferred him for his personal qualities from among the crowd of royal and noble suitors, King Louis XI demanding her for the dauphin; Edward, King of England, for his brother-in-law, the Earl of Rivers; the Duke of Cleves and other princes for themselves. Castiglione says that "many persons have ascribed to women, in a great measure, the victory gained by Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain over the King of Grenada; for the queen and her women were in the field till they came within sight of the enemy."[1] Hence it was, as Plato shews, that the ancients derived ἥρως from ἔρως; for, without love, there can be no hero.[2] But, as the historians of chivalry observe, we must be careful not to attach to ancient words a modern sense, forgetful of the meaning with which our ancestors used them in an age of simplicity,[3] in an age when the whispering paths of lovers, ψιθυροὶ τρίβοι τ' ἐρώτων,[4] led to the sanctuary, and to the temple of noble honour. Ginguené assigns, as one cause why the poem of Amadis, by Bernardo Tasso, is so little known in France, "the corruption of manners, great in the time of its author, which has not since diminished, and the perfection, the elevation, and the constancy of those chivalrous loves contained in it."[5] In those ages, love was the handmaid of religion and of manly virtue; it was not the cold impiety or the morbid sensibility of the calculating and repining wretch, who dared to dress it in such base disguise; well might he wish for a more virtuous age than that which would delight in such a counterfeit of the human heart; but he that sang the loves of chivalry had a noble

[1] The Courtier, III, 318. [2] Plato, Cratylus.
[3] Papon, Hist. de Provence. Le Grand, Fabliaux des XII et XIII Siècles, Préface. [4] Æschyl. Supplices, 1043.
[5] Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, V, p. 108.

and a heart-inspiring theme, unworthy of man in no condition to which he is destined on this side of eternity.

"Who," cries Tasso, "can be discouraged in a high enterprise, that puts his confidence in love? What cannot love effect, which can even enchain the heavens? It draws Diana, smitten with the beauty of a mortal, from the height of the celestial spheres; it raises to heaven the comely youth of Mount Ida."

> I say, I said, and while I live, will say,
> He who is fettered by a worthy chain,
> Though his desire his lady should gainsay,
> And, every way averse, his suit disdain;
> He, if his heart be placed well-worthily,
> Needs not lament, though he should waste and die.[1]

Such was the sentiment of Amadis when he sat under a tree at Windsor, and looked towards the towers of the high walls, and said, "The flower of the world is there! and thou castle containest now the woman that hath no peer for goodness and beauty."

How many a sorrowful tower has echoed back the tearful complaint, expressed in the few words of "Autre n'aurai"; or "nul q'ung," the ancient cry of the house of Digby. Such was the sentiment of him who is described in the history of Guillaume de Palerme et de la belle Mélior, as maintaining a constant air of sadness, saying to those who asked him why he never sang or spoke, "Je vis seulement de menues pensées qui me nourrissent." It is in a picture of this kind that we have one of the most beautiful proofs of the romantic genius of Schiller. "The knight of Toggenburg, after fighting in the holy wars, returns home with a heart still wounded. A weary

[1] Ariosto, XVI.

pilgrim, he knocks at the castle gate, and alas! he is struck dumb with the reply, 'She whom you seek has taken the veil, and is heaven's bride; yesterday she was dedicated to God.' Then for ever he turned from his ancestral hall, and threw away his arms, and abandoned his faithful horse, and clothed himself in sackcloth; and he built him a hut, whence he could see the convent out of the wood, and there waiting from morning dawn to evening close, with a calm hopeless countenance, he sat alone; and for hours he would look towards the convent, towards the window of his love, till the casement should open, till the beloved one shewed herself, till the dear form came down into the valley, gentle, angel-mild; and then he lay down to rest, and without hope expected the return of day; and so he sat many years without complaint or murmur, and there at length was he found a dead knight, still towards the window his pale face turned." The solemn holy cloister, as well as the forest of Toggenburg, may have witnessed the secret tear, but why are we offended at this? "Woe to that society," says Bonald, "which leaves to the unhappy no other retreat from the world but self-slaughter! You harshly accuse the victim, and yet the poet makes it the resolution of our first parent, in his state of innocence!"

> She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
> To find her, or for ever to deplore
> Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.

But holy lessons and the solemn song may have changed vain sighs into a fruitful flood of penitential tears, reflecting the rays of heaven.

What gift of nature has not the folly of man abused? The courts of love, which continued for two centuries and a half, from the year 1120 till the death of Queen Joanna of Naples, were presided

over alternately by King Richard I of England, King Alphonso of Aragon, the Dauphin of Auvergne, and the Count of Provence.[1] The work of Benoist de Court, on the edicts of Martial d'Auvergne, in the sixteenth century, is a mere fiction.[2] Master Andrea speaks of the courts of love in the twelfth century, of the ladies of Gascony, Ermengarde vicomtesse de Narbonne, of Queen Eleonore, the countesses of Champagne and Flanders. The castles of Pierrefeu and Signe, near Toulon, were famous for similar courts. The Germans had the Minnesingers, but no courts of love. At the castle of Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia, who died in 1228, flourished the celebrated Wolfram von Eschenbach, Henry of Ofterdingen, and Walther von der Vogelweide; and here was the scene of the poetic tournament of Wartburg. Similar triumphs were held at the courts of Austria, Bohemia, and Suabia. One praise, however, it must be confessed, is due to the legislators of this ideal world, that of having confirmed the minds of youth in the contempt of riches, and of having branded with the additional infamy of violating the edicts of noble women, the base ambition that would raise itself by submitting the noblest sentiments of the heart to the influence of a mercenary calculation. This intention fully compensates for the extravagant language in which their sentiments were conveyed, as when the offer of rich presents was said to be a kind of simony. Homer's *παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι* was an expression which they would not have tolerated. That love which inspired the greatest of the Grecian poets with his most exquisite song, *Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν*,[3] that pure first love of youth, which was associated in

[1] Moreri.
[2] Renouard's Choix des Poésies des Troubadours, t. II, p. 79.
[3] Antigone, 777.

the mind of Schiller, with the solemn tones of the bell, which wailed for the dead, and summoned the living, and raised the soul to the company of the angels,[1] was preserved from the infection of base sordid earth. Why were the maxims of the selfish slaves of gold to prevail over the voice of nature?

> Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
> Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
> Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

The religion of these ages did not teach the lessons of commercial sophists. St. Augustine, speaking of female beauty, says, "quod bonum Dei quidem donum est. Cum enim bona sit, bene potest amari."

> A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
> That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
> To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Suffolk had been bred in the ancient school:

> ——— Henry was well pleased
> To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

And Sidney deemed that Edward the Fourth deserved the first place among the English kings, not for that he had gained a kingdom, not that he had awed the crafty Lewis,

> But only, for this worthy knight durst prove,
> To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.[2]

Yes, it was the pride of youth, when left to the chivalrous sentiments of the heart, it was written with beams of purple light, "Nature's sanction and her first decree," that riches could neither

[1] See his beautiful song of the Bell.
[2] Sir Philip Sidney, Astrophel and Stella.

secure nor prevent the attainment of what it loved.

> Love gave a grandeur to created things,
> Kings it made gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Regnault, the hero portrayed by René d'Anjou, says "qu'il n'y a pas au monde de royauté comparable an bonheur d'être aimé d'elle."[1] It may be that

> The course of true love never did run smooth:
> But either it was different in blood,
> Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.

The annals of the middle ages were darkened with such examples. The Gieremei were at the head of the Guelfs at Bologna, in 1273; the Lambertazzi were chiefs of the Ghibelin party, and both families had been long opposed to each other in the administration of the republic. Their mutual hatred was mortal; yet two young persons, Boniface Gieremei, and Imilda, daughter of Orlando Lambertazzi, had forgotten all this, and loved one another with the greatest affection. Their mutual attachment was discovered: the brothers of Lambertazzi stabbed Boniface to the heart with a poisoned dagger, (the invention of the Saracens). They hid the body in a deserted court, but Imilda traced it by the blood, and sucked the wound, as Eleanora had done for Edward of England three years before, and she was found by her women lying dead over the body of her lover. Who could not furnish other instances? Yet nature and virtue were still, and have been always, triumphant. When Pierre de Provence received the crown from the fair Maguelone, Princess of Naples, he was only known at that

[1] Regnault et Jeanneton, a pastoral poem. Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, II, 230.

court as a young and poor French chevalier, for he had followed the advice of the old knight, who had said to him, on leaving Provence, "concealing for some time your high birth, perhaps you will obtain the beautiful Maguelone by means of love alone." It was with the poor man's son, who threw in her way a garland of roses, that the fair Rosamond lost the race. "The squire of low degree," who loved the King of Hungary's daughter, was a favourite romance, and the same lesson is supplied in the "Nutbrown Maid," in the lines—

> And though that I of auncestry
> A baron's daughter be,
> Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
> A squyer of lowe degre.

Perdigon, whom Raimond Berenger enabled to marry a daughter of the house of Sabran, one of the noblest in Provence, was the son of a fisherman. It was Sir Kenneth, an obscure stranger, not David, Earl of Huntingdon, the young heir of Scotland's crown, that could move the proud heart of Edith Plantagenet. Rambaud d'Orange wrote a discourse in verse, to prove that great lords deserved better than others to be loved; but his argument was, "if any one maintain the contrary, je repondrai de façon à lui fermer la bouche." Azalaïs de Porcairague, however, formally taught the contrary.

Florence had little thought of the emperor, when the master by his astrology, told her that there was "an other free knyght, sweet and fayre, who is the fountayne of all chyvalry."[1] And the Countess of Brewle said to Arthur that as for the Duke of Orgoule, named Malaquys, who sought her daughter Alyce's hand, "Gladder would I be to gyve

[1] Arthur of Little Britain, p. 57.

her to the poorest grome or page in all my house than to hym."[1] The beautiful daughter of the great king Altistrates refused the hand of three young noblemen, and chose Apollonius, whom she found a stranger youth, shipwrecked and in poverty.

When the kings and knights entreated King Emendus to give his daughter Florence to Arthur, "'Why, syrs,' sayde the kyng, 'and will ye have me to gyve my daughter and heyre unto a straunge knyght, and we know nothyng of his gentylness or parage? for he may be of such lignage, that it should be quite vylany to me and to al my relme to gyve her unto hym, and all ye that counsail me thereto shold be gretly blamed.' Then the king of Valefound sayd: 'Syr, a man ought not to demaunde for good wyne where as it groweth, nor a wyse valyaunt man fro whence he cometh: we see and know wel the hye surmountyng beauty of hys bodye; for, syr, in all your realme there is not a goodlyer man at all poyntes; and also we may see his great gentylness, how that he giveth all aboute unto knights, horses, and harnes, robes, and golde and sylver gret plentye; and he is endued above all other wyth thys noble vertue of lyberalyte: and, syr, the sweetness and grace that is in hym can not be recounted, and the redoubted chyvalrye that is in hym is incomparable. Syr, yf there were noo thyng elles in hym, it were suffycyente ynough for hym to attayne thereby unto gret excellent honoure and noble dygnyte.'"[2]

The Infanta replies to Tirante, when he spoke of the royal birth of Philip of France, his companion, "What you say may be very good, but if nature has not co-operated, and if all the world laughs at him, how can a reasonable woman love him? To

[1] Arthur of Little Britain, p. 104. [2] Ib. p. 439.

speak naturally to you, I had rather the prince possessed a little more spirit and less nobility; I should wish that he were not avaricious, and that his ignorance were not extreme." What gentle heart does not decide for Turnus, against him who can only promise painted purple and the sceptre of Priam?[1]

Vainly had Offa, king of the Mercians, demanded the hand of Berthe, the daughter of Charlemagne; vainly did the Empress Irene send ambassadors to her sister Rotrude to conduct her to the throne of Constantine. The one preferred Rovicus, the other Archambault, both simple knights. It was to Godwin, the son of a herdsman, only known as the faithful and high-spirited lad who guided Ulfer, the Danish chieftain, after the battle of Scearstan, between Canute and Edmund Ironside, through a long and inhospitable wood, refusing to accept the reward of a gold ring which he offered him, that the sister of Ulfer gave her hand in marriage; and not till afterwards was he raised by Canute to the dignity of an earl. Finally, it was William, the stranger, not the lord of Rosna-hall, who wooed and wed the pride of minstrel's song. It was Sir Cauline, "the comelye youth of humble fortune, the stranger wight whom no man knew," who won the desire of

> Manye a kinge and manye a duke,
> And lords of high degree.

And who does not remember that the joy which fled from the splendour and affluence of Federigo came to visit him in his poverty; that the killing of a hawk, the last treasure of that ruined lover, gained a heart which prosperity could not dazzle, nor luxury command, which preferred "a man

[1] Æneid, VII, 251.

who stood in need of riches to riches without a man?"

I have not multiplied these examples without a view to exalt the moral character of those ages, and to pay a tribute of admiration to the wisdom which inspired them. They have served to shew what generous sentiments were then in honour; how little comparative value was attached to riches; how free the minds of men were from the infection of those base and selfish ends which in later times have been proposed with all the gravity which belongs to the teachers of wisdom. If they recall ideas of human weakness, it was a weakness which could triumph over wealth and empire, and which proved that there was something in the world which gold could not command: at least they bring back images which belong to soul-sustaining songs and sweet debates of ancient lore. The ancients were aware of the importance of preserving noble love. Some persons who had contracted themselves to the daughters of Lysander fell off from their engagements when he died poor. The Spartans punished them by a fine; for at Sparta there was a law which punished those who made a bad alliance, by marrying into rich rather than into good families.[1] Plato charges the young to respect birth and not riches in their marriages.[2] Love, according to Socrates, is inconsistent with riches and self-sufficiency; "born from Poverty, who approached Porus, the god of abundance, to solicit food: he partakes of the nature of his parents: in the first place he is always poor, and far from being fine and delicate, as is commonly supposed, but lean and neglected and barefooted and without a home, having no bed to lie upon but the ground, sleeping on the thresholds and on the public roads

[1] Plutarch, in Vit. Lysand. [2] De Legibus, VI.

under the sky, and having so much the nature of his mother that he is always a fellow-lodger with poverty."[1] In many Greek authors love is spoken of as a source of wisdom and virtue:

> Παίδευμα δ' Ἔρως σοφίας, ἀρετῆς
> Πλεῖστον ὑπάρχει.[2]

There was nothing changed in the nature of man to render our ancestors disdainful of such lessons. Love, they thought was given,

> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for this end:
> That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream opposed to love.[3]

The language of life might sink with the spirit of the age, but that of the heart was still triumphant. Who did not catch the enthusiasm inspired by this noble reply?

> ——— Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
> The gold, though precious, equals not the heart;
> But he did well to give his best, and I,
> Who wished a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.

Yet with what tenderness does she express her affliction?

> Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
> For whom I lived, with whom my soul expires.

How dearly did they love! If the queen was not on board the vessel returning from Cornwall, the sailors were to hoist black sail: Tristan, who awaited its arrival, was told that the ship was in sight, carrying black sails, then he exclaimed, "Haa doulce amye a Dieu vous commende—jamais ne me veerez ne moy vous; a Dieu je vous salue. Lors bat sa coulpe et se commande a Dieu et le cœur luy

[1] Plato, Conviv. [2] Athenæus, XIII, 24. [3] Wordsworth.

creve, et l'ame s'en va." How admirable to witness such a passion respected in the bitterest foe! When the Portuguese assisted the king of Melinda against his enemy of Oja, they defeated the Moors, and drove them through a forest. During the pursuit Silveira saw a Moor leading off a beautiful young woman through a bye-path, for women used to attend them to battle; the knight pursued, and the Moor perceiving his danger, evinced the most violent agitation of fear for her safety, entreating her to fly while he should fight; but she, with equal emotion, refused to leave him, and persisted in her resolution to share his fate. Silveira, struck with this tender strife of affection, generously left them, exclaiming, "God forbid that my sword should part such love!" "O noble chose que l'amour à qui bien en sait user, quoique à tort aucuns le blament, car si mal en prend à ceulx qui à droit n'en savent user, ce n'est pas la coulpe d'amour, car de soi il est bon." Such was the love of men in those ages; for the present, inspiring them with courage and self-devotion, and every virtue, and with regard to what was to come, associating itself with the brightest hopes of religion and the most solemn aspirations of the soul: as when

> He spake of love, such love as spirits feel,
> In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
> No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
> The past unsighed for, and the future sure.[1]

XVIII. The preceding remarks will have prepared us for meeting the objection, founded upon the pressing realities of life, which no doubt, in all ages, presented themselves, in a greater or less degree, to discourage men in their efforts towards every perfection. They were born to chivalry, or

[1] Wordsworth.

they had risen to its honours by their merit; but it did not follow that they were born rich, or that their merit had gained them riches. This last is difficult to suppose, because the merit which could have made them noble had nothing to do with avarice, or with the pursuit of wealth. It was not the art of seeking or of accepting interest, but it was rather the merit of the brave and generous, the disinterested and sincere, which is too often that of the poor unknown and neglected child of hardship and poverty. Dantur opes nulli nisi divitibus. But if this were their fortune in the world, there was nothing to appal or afflict them as long as they cherished the sentiments of their birth, or practised the virtues which had made them noble. As true and faithful Catholics, they were of course, in a religious point of view, independent of the world. I must endeavour to shew that, in a worldly point of view, they were alike independent. In the first place we have already seen that the spirit of chivalry accommodated itself to the lowest conditions of life, that it even delighted in obedience, in suffering, and inferiority.

Was it the knight only who was satisfied with honour, or was not the youth who depended upon him for subsistence, who served him at the banquet, who had the charge of his horse and armour, who was bound to obey his commands, and who was continually reminded and perfectly willing to acknowledge that his life was comparatively but of little value, was not he also proud and happy? Froissart records of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, that he excused himself to the king, who proposed to make him constable, until he "sawe well that any excusacyons that he coude make shoulde not avayle; than finally he accorded to the opinion of the kynge, ryght sore agaynst his wyll." In like manner it is related of Bayard, that he never desired to have a

high command, but rather to serve in a subordinate character, that he might have liberty to expose his person, and be exempt from responsibility. He resembled the generous Roman, who was ever ready to concede honours and rewards to his colleague, but when the question was of difficulties and dangers, could never willingly yield them either to his friend and consul, or to any other. "Postremò se collegæ honores præmiaque concessurum; quum periculum, quum dimicatio proposita sit, neque cèdere sua sponte neque cessurum."[1] "Quant au commander," says Montaigne, "qui semble estre si doux, je suis fort de cet advis, qu'il est bien plus aisé et plus plaisant de suivre que de guider, et que c'est un grand sejour d'esprit de n'avoir à tenir qu'une voye tracée et à respondre que de soy." The father of the Maréchal de Boucicaut, "qui fut moult preud'homme, et de grand sçavoir, ne luy chailloit de tresor amasser ne de quelconques choses fors d'honneur acquerir." It was this valiant gentleman who replied to his relations, when they were blaming him for not endeavouring, through his interest at court, to obtain lands and dignities for his children, "je n'ay rien vendu, ne pensé à vendre de l'heritage que mon pere me laissa, ne point acquis aussi n'en ay, ne vueil acquerir, si mes enfans sont preud'hommes, et vaillans, ils auront assez, et si rien ne vaillent, dommaige sera de ce que tant leur demeurera." The saying of Seneca was well known: "Si ad naturam vives, nunquam eris pauper, si ad opinionem, nunquam eris dives." Of the Maréchal de Boucicaut, the old historian says, "oncques en sa vie n'achepta ne acquist seigneurie, terre, ne heritaige, et mesmement de ce qu'il a de son patrimoine peu de compte en tient. Si monstre bien semblant que ailleurs sont ses pensées"; and

[1] Livy, X, 24.

his biographer is reminded of what happened to the philosopher Anaxagoras, who was blamed by his friends, when, after a long absence in the search of knowledge, he returned to his estates and found them gone to ruin, deserted and uncultivated. "I am better pleased," said he, "to have made myself than my fortune." "Et ainsi ensuit les vaillans preux qui oncques nul compte ne teindrent d'amasser avoirs." When Arthur, Comte de Richemont, was made Constable of France, Charles VII desired him to accept of the county of Touraine for himself and his descendants, but the noble Breton refused the present, disdaining to acquire riches at the expense of an unfortunate king.[1] Such too was the disdain for money shewn by Turenne, though in an expensive age. When he died, there were only five hundred écus found in his casket. He expended his money in charity and in munificent presents.

Among the Norman warriors who came over with William, was Guilbert, son of Richard. He refused to take either lands or gold, or wife, or any spoils of the conquered; he said he came over because it was his duty to follow his lord, and that now he would go back to his own heritage in Normandy: "de rapina quicquam possidere noluit, suis contentus, aliena respuit."[2]

Galon de Montigny, who bore the French royal standard of fleurs-de-lys in the memorable battle of Bouvines, so glorious to the French and Philip Augustus, is particularly specified by Guillelmus Armoricus, as having been a poor and brave knight. While the king was deliberating about who should bear it, the Duke of Burgundy said, "I have among my knights one named Galon de Montigni, pas riche home d'avoir, mais riche de pröece: he has pledged

[1] Vies des Capit. François du Moyen Age, VI, 52.
[2] Orderic Vital, 606.

his last acre of ground to purchase new arms and a good horse." The king chose him. Two queens of England and France, and a titular Empress —Margaret, wife of St. Louis; Eleanor, married to Henry III of England; Sancha, to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, elected King of the Romans, the daughters of Raimond Berenger, Count of Provence—had each a marriage portion of but 10,000 marks of silver.

The fortune and fate of Bayard presented a memorable example to direct and encourage youth. It seems that an astrologer had drawn his horoscope, and had predicted that he would never arrive at opulence. "Thou shalt be rich in honour and in virtue," were his words, "but you will never possess the goods of fortune." A wonderful account is given of this person in the histories of the time. "It was a little man, black and withered, about sixty years of age, who astonished all the world by the account which he gave of what would happen to every one, without ever having had any acquaintance with them, and still more after the result which verified his predictions." The philosopher will smile at such relations, and will find no difficulty in accounting for a verified prediction that riches are not the consequence of virtue. Camoens, in chains at Goa, or at Lisbon, after his return from the Indies, is equally destitute of riches; but what are the treasures of the East to the immortality of his renown? Don Joam de Castro had not money to rebuild the fortress of Dio, which was to save India, and to be the foundation of his glorious renown. In this emergency he wrote from Dio to the council of Goa, stating his distress, and concluding thus: "I earnestly beg of you to lend me 20,000 pardaos, which, as a gentleman, I promise, and on the Holy Gospel swear, before a year's end, to see you repaid. I commanded the

taking up my son, Dom Fernando, whom the Moors killed in this fortress (fighting for God and our Lord the king), to pawn to you his bones, but they were found so as it was not fit to take them out of the ground, by which I am without any other pawn, but part of my beard, which I here send you by Diego Rodriguez de Azevedo; for as you know I have neither gold, plate, nor anything of value to secure your estate, only a plain and naked truth given me by God Almighty, I recommend myself, gentlemen, to your goodness. Dated at Dio, the 23rd of November, anno 1546." The merchants furnished him with more than he demanded. After his glorious triumph as Viceroy of India, he wrote to the king, desiring leave to return to Portugal, and begging for two acres of ground which rose into a hill above his country house at Cintra, which to this day is called the Mountain of Good News. The infante Dom Luis, in his letter to him, implies that he only wanted these tops of the rocks of Cintra, that he might build chapels upon them. It was the king's wish, however, that he should continue for three years longer in India; but his long exertions and hardship caused him to sink suddenly under the pressure of so arduous a command. When seized with his mortal sickness, he summoned the bishop and the chancellor of the state, and the chief magistrates of the city, the guardian of St. Francis, and St. Francis Xavier, before whom he made this speech: "I am not ashamed, gentlemen, to tell you, that the Viceroy of India wants, in his sickness, those conveniences which the meanest soldier finds in the hospitals; I came to serve, not to traffic in the East. I would to yourselves have pawned the bones of my son, and did pawn the hairs of my beard, to assure you I had no gold or plate. There was not this day money enough in the house to buy me a dinner; for in the fleets I

set forth, the soldiers fed upon the governor's salary before the king's pay, and it is no wonder for the father of so many children to be poor. I request of you, during the time of this sickness, to order me a proportionable maintenance." Then asking for a missal, he took his oath on the Gospel, that he was not debtor one crusado to the king, nor to any Christian, Jew, Moor, or Pagan. As soon as he found that he was in danger, he secluded himself with St. Francis Xavier, who prepared him for his end: having received the sacraments of the church, he gave up his soul to God, on the 6th of June, 1548, in the forty-eighth year of his age. In his study were found three pieces of small money, a discipline, and the locks of his beard, which he had pawned. This was the sum of his riches, after he had governed India with such glory and benefit to his king. So devoutly did he reverence the cross of Christ, that he rather chose to build a temple to its memory, than raise a house to his posterity, leaving it, on his father's blessing, to his son, Dom Alvaro, that if he found in the king's favour any recompense for his services, he should with that build a convent for the Franciscan Recollets on the mountain of Cintra, and name the house after the Holy Cross. His son faithfully performed his intention.[1]

The Chevalier Bayard, too, had been for nine years lieutenant-general for the King of France (the highest office in the French army), and immense ransoms and treasure had passed through his hands, and he left upon his death a revenue not exceeding four hundred livres. Yet was Bayard the object of affection and of honour wherever he was present; and it would be difficult to produce any desirable object of which his poverty deprived him.

[1] The Life of Dom Joam de Castro, by Jacinto Freire de Andrada.

Edward III would have knighted Collart Dambreticourt, his own body esquire, "mais le dit escuyer s'excusa," says Froissart, "et dit qu'il ne pouvoit trouver son bacinet." Many men refused the honour of knighthood for a similar reason, and enjoyed equal esteem with the most wealthy.

Religion in these ages had, in many instances, healed the wounds of life, in preserving men from the love of riches. The monks and hermits furnished a continual lesson to teach men to respect poverty. The great prelates of the church expended their revenues in alms and religious foundations. St. Augustin kept himself disengaged from all burden of lands and houses, that his mind might be free from all temporal cares. Eusebius Nieremberg relates many particulars to shew the love of poverty which distinguished Andrea Oviedo, an illustrious prelate. On one occasion the chief men of a great city prepared for him a magnificent apartment, but he persisted in his resolution to take up his lodging with the poor in a hospital or house for holy poverty.[1] In Tancredus there are many similar examples. Great princes and nobles were often reminded that when God was pleased to visit the royal house of David, and to raise it up as a blessing to all the nations of the earth, it was in a state of the greatest poverty. The high-born dame remembered that a stable was the only asylum for the blessed Mary. The knight or baron was contented with a hard bed when he considered Jesus laid in a manger. No religious Catholic was ashamed of innocent poverty, of which many saints made vows, and of which the holy Jesus made election, and his Apostles after him public profession. "He who does not want is rich," said Roger of London, "poverty consists in want: nam

[1] Doct. Ascet. lib. V, III, 18.

cui cum paupertate bene convenit, non est pauper, cum sit in Christo ditissimus." But it is in the great institutions which were established by the spirit of religion that we should observe how men were delivered from the burden of riches, and how riches were possessed with innocence. The monastery was rich for the poor, and provided with means to benefit the country by noble works and by encouraging genius; but the monks had not acquired riches by their own labour, and consequently did not love them like the men who regard the fortune which they have made for themselves, with the same affection as fathers look upon their children. The religious orders of knighthood furnish an illustration which more immediately belongs to chivalry. Men of noble birth, who might have received the homage of the world, and availed themselves of all its pleasures, upon entering the Teutonic order, or that of the Temple, were from that moment to consort with the companions of poverty. Within the majestic walls of Marienburg, water and bread and an old cloak were all that the new knight received in exchange for his worldly possessions; a small cell or a chamber which he had to share with a brother of the order, which no fire ever warmed in winter, was his habitation; a sack and a pillow of straw formed his bed:[1] the holy offices of the church were to be attended both night and day; tournaments and all the expensive diversions of the world were strictly denied him,[2] his amusement was that which belonged to poverty; to assemble with his companions in a great hall and practise games which required strength and agility; here, indeed, he enjoyed the happy world of friendship and nature. The statute book of his order reminded him that he would have this reward, where

[1] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs, p. 50. [2] Ib. 62.

it said, "Love is the foundation of spiritual life; it is its fruit and its recompense: without love neither orders nor deeds are holy. Love is a treasure; the poor man who can obtain it is rich, and the rich man who is without it is poor." But what a life of apparent sacrifice and privation was that of the knights! Yet these were the men who accomplished those prodigies; who drained those immense plains; raised that prodigious bank against great waters; constructed that stupendous aqueduct, and built those magnificent churches which assuredly gave rise to a debt of gratitude which their posterity can never discharge. Well may later ages regard their mode of life as hardly supportable, inconceivable, and even full of terror; nevertheless, for this life did the sons of princes and the first nobles of Europe renounce the pleasures and the splendour of the world, receiving in exchange for riches and secular pomp, by means of a spotless life of purity and obedience, a treasure even of present happiness, and a title to everlasting renown.

In a religious point of view, men had indeed reason to look with horror upon the spirit of riches. The alternative laid down, "God or Mammon," was profoundly felt and understood. Even Plato had said, "*οὐκοῦν δῆλον ἤδη τοῦτο ἐν πόλει, ὅτι πλοῦτόν τιμᾷν, καὶ σωφροσύνην ἅμα ἱκανῶς κτᾶσθαι, ἐν τοῖς πολίταις ἀδύνατον, ἀλλ' ἀνάγκη ἢ τοῦ ἑτέρου ἀμελεῖν ἢ τοῦ ἑτέρου.*"[1]

Pausanias, speaking of the sacrilege committed by Menophanes, a general of Mithridates, says, "Every man who is possessed by the love of riches, counts religion for nothing."[2] Experience proved the justice of the divine sentence, that "the love of riches is the root of all evil." Was it the oppression of the poor by a few great men, the infernal

[1] De Repub. lib. VIII. [2] Lib. III, 23.

end of obstructing the propagation of Christianity in America by calumniating the Jesuits, by seizing and selling the poor savages who embraced religion, as related by Muratori and Father Martin Dobritzhoffer in his history of the Abipones—the overthrow of the Catholic religion by ministers and nobles, as related by Strype—the love of riches was the cause of all. How it infects all the thoughts and tastes of men! how these commercial people hate the religious orders! how they despise philosophy, everything but profit! for if they think of their soul it is only how to keep it with the least expense. The admirer of Plato is edified when the old critic who seems to hate his sublime philosophy so cordially, and who makes a jest of his wisdom, goes on in the next page to praise Telemachus and Pisistratus, because after supper the young men did not talk to one another about the grace of the servants who received them, but about the riches and heaps of money that their host must have in his house,

Ζηνός' που τοιαῦτα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται;[1]

"It is hard for any person in great worldly wealth and much prosperitie, so to withstand the suggestions of the devil, and the occasions given by the world that they should kepe themselfe from the deadly desire of ambitious glory, whereupon there folowith, if a man fal thereto, a whole floud of all unhappy mischief, arrogant maner, high solleine solemne port, overlooking the poore in worde and countenaunce, displeasant and disdainous behaveour, ravine, extortion, oppression, hatred, and crueltie." This is what Sir Thomas More said, who lived in an age when avarice had infected the whole heart of his unhappy country.[2] Hence they concluded, as

[1] Athenæus, V.
[2] Sir T. More on Comfort against Tribulation.

the same learned knight continues to shew, "that continual wealth, with no tribulation, was a very discomfortable token of everlasting damnation. Whereupon it followed that poverty was one cause of comfort unto a man's heart, in that it discharged him of the discomfort that he might of reason have taken of overlong lasting wealth." Clemens Alexandrinus wrote a book, intituled "Quis dives salvetur?" In our age, after hearing the magnifiers of industry and wealth, one is tempted to ask, according to their principles, "quis pauper salvetur?" True, he shewed that it was the abuse and not the possession of riches which endangered men; but his exposition of the just use would lead them to the same end of not allowing their hearts to be fixed upon riches. In perfect harmony with these views were the lessons and the spirit of chivalry; so that even on worldly grounds men were independent of riches.[1] "Dies deficiat," exclaims Cicero, "si velim paupertatis causam defendere."[2] It was not unfrequently the pride of a gentleman to be destitute of the riches of fortune; that was counted but a poor dignity which exposed its possessor to the reproach "generosus es ex crumena." Orlando replies to the duke,

> I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
> His youngest son; and would not change that calling
> To be adopted heir to Frederick.[3]

The poorest hidalgo of Old Castile had all the majestic air of a Duke of Infantado; for, in his opinion, human nature was not to be outweighed by gold, according to the wish of money-changers, who have a creed of but one line—"credo in argentum." As the stranger says to Œdipus, he was noble in appearance, πλὴν τοῦ δαίμονος,[4] doubly noble if,

[1] L'Horloge des Princes, lib. III, 22.
[2] Tuscul. V.
[3] Shakspeare, As You Like It, I, 2.
[4] Soph. Œd. Col. 75.

surrounded with the infectious air of an avaricious people, he had been able to preserve his soul pure from their baseness, as the poet says to his friend—

> Cum tu inter scabiem tantam, et contagia lucri,
> Nil parvum sapias, et adhuc sublimia cures.

Of Bayard, the old writer of his life says, "Il estimoit en son cueur ung gentil homme parfait qui n'avoit que cent francs de rente, autant que ung prince de cent mille; et avoit cela en son entendement que les biens n'anoblissent point." If a knight was but ill-mounted, he could console himself with remembering that the valiant Riccar Loghercio rode a mule to battle,[1] and that, at the battle of Antioch, many of the noblest Crusaders rode upon asses.[2]

It happened on one occasion that the country of Edessa suffered extreme distress, while the lands of the Lord Josceline, on the other side of the Euphrates, abounded in corn and wealth. This nobleman, however, made no attempt to relieve the misery of Count Baldwin, his neighbour and relation. Certain messengers of the Count, on their way to Roger, son of Richard, prince of Antioch, passing through the territory of Josceline, were insulted by the vassals and servants of the latter, who said that Baldwin was not a proper person to rule that country, and that it would be much better for one like him to sell his possessions to their lord, and go back to France. These words were told to Baldwin, who instantly traced their origin to Josceline himself. William of Tyre says that he felt highly indignant on this discovery, that a count like him, abounding in wealth, should have despised the poor estate of his neighbour, "et contra bonos

[1] Cent. Novel. Antic. 32.
[2] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, I, 206.

mores, paupertatem tanquam vitium exprobraret."[1] The opinions and practice of the ancients might be appealed to in arguing with the commercial sophists of the present age, who revile the spirit and institutions of Christian antiquity. Plato said that to be very rich, and at the same time virtuous, was impossible.[2] That he who trusted in riches, καταλείπεται ἔρημος θεοῦ.[3] "Let no man," he says, "lay up money for the sake of his children, that he may leave them rich, for neither they nor his country will be better for it: but let children inherit modesty and not gold."[4] It is not so much the possession as the acquiring of riches, which is injurious to the soul; for they who make their riches, doubly love them as their own work, in the same manner as poets love their poems, and fathers their children. These men are offensive in society, οὐδὲν ἐθέλοντες ἐπαινεῖν ἀλλ' ἢ τὸν πλοῦτον.[5] In his republic he preserves the minds of men free from the pollution of gold, from which so many impious evils arise to the many.[6] "The love of riches," he says, "leads the higher classes to degenerate, and the poor to despise them, thence to rebellion, and so a democracy is the result."[7] The first honours of a state are due to those who excel in qualities of soul; the second to those who are skilled in bodily accomplishments; the lowest to those who have money; and if any legislator should reverse this order, and pay the first honour to the rich, οὔθ' ὅσιον οὔτε πολιτικὸν ἂν δρῷη πρᾶγμα.[8] Socrates charged his countrymen with his last breath to punish his sons if they should appear more covetous of money than of virtue.[9] And Plutarch records the admonition of

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, 809.
[2] De Legibus, V.
[3] De Legibus, IV.
[4] De Legibus, V.
[5] De Repub. I, 9.
[6] De Repub. lib. III.
[7] De Repub. VIII.
[8] De Legibus, III.
[9] Plato, Apolog.

Agesilaus to his friends, desiring them to seek not the riches of fortune, but those of manhood and goodness. The ancients were fully sensible of the baseness of the love of money.[1] The friends of Pelopidas admonished him to be more careful of his fortune, saying that the money which he neglected was a very necessary thing. "It is indeed necessary," was his reply, adding, "for Nicomedes there," pointing to a blind cripple. "Some men," says Demosthenes, "are fearfully liable to be corrupted by riches."[2] A Spartan child could discern the danger of listening to him who offered them, and his simple remark reminded a king, and saved Sparta.[3] Aristotle describes riches as the characteristic of an oligarchy; that is, of a state which has no regard for either virtue or freedom.[4] Conformable to these views are the great examples of antiquity. Xenophon, after conducting the retreat of the 10,000, was more esteemed in his poverty, which obliged him to sell his favourite horse, than if he had been enriched by the treasury of the Thracian king, and had become lord of the shores of the Propontis: L. Tarquitius, the friend of Cincinnatus, and the bravest among the Roman youth, was constrained by his poverty to serve on foot.[5] "Neither do riches move me," cried Cicero, "in which all the Africani and Lælii are outdone by many slave-sellers and merchants.—Neither splendid habits, nor gold nor silver carving, in which our ancient Marcelli and Maximi are excelled by many eunuchs from Syria and Egypt."[6] Euryalus despises Ulysses, when he declines engaging in the games, and compares him to a merchant or pirate; for in the heroic times of Greece, as with the northerns of

[1] Athenæus, IV, 119.
[2] In Midian. 38.
[3] Herodotus, V.
[4] Polit. IV, 7.
[5] Livy, III, 27.
[6] Orator. 70.

the middle ages, the two professions were united. The Spartans fined a young man for purchasing an estate at advantage: since, besides deeming him unjust in obtaining it for less than its value, they judged that he was too desirous of profit, since his mind was employed, in acquiring, at an age when others think only of expending. Epaminondas died so poor that the Thebans buried him at the public charge; for at his death nothing was found in his house but an iron spit. There were no less than sixteen of the Ælian family who had only one small house and farm among them, and in this house they all lived with their wives and children. "The best of the Greeks," says Ælian, "were the poorest: Aristides, Phocion, Epaminondas, Pelopidas, Lamachus, Socrates, Ephialtes."[1] "Silendum de facultatibus puto," says Pliny in praising a young friend. If he had written in our age, he would have found it the only thing on which information was essential. Plutarch remarks that the Homeric heroes, when they meet, do not compliment each other for being rich or powerful, but for being well-born, wise in council, a glory to their country, and in reproaching others their epithets have only regard to vice, as in drunkards, stag-hearted, insolent of countenance, foolish, loving contention, and garrulous. Homer forgot himself when he prefaced the story of the exchange of armour between Glaucus and Diomedes, with saying that Jupiter had deprived the former of understanding.[2] Horace affects to philosophize, and ascribes cowardice or inferior chivalry to Glaucus;[3] and even Pliny talks of the cunning of Diomedes in making the exchange.[4] "Let us leave to merchants," says Maximus of Tyre, "the comparisons between the value of gold

[1] Var. Hist. II, 43.
[2] Il. VI.
[3] Serm. I, 7.
[4] Epist. V, 2.

and brass armour; far different are the thoughts of poetic men, disciples of Calliope. It became Glaucus, who had Hippolochus for his father, Bellerophon, Sisyphus, and Æolus for his ancestors, to estimate the exchange by the occasion and not by the worth of the armour."[1] "Homer," he continues, "seems to condemn Glaucus for his offering the golden in exchange for the brass armour; yet if we estimate the two rather by the mind of the giver than by the value of the gift, they are equal: but now commerce infects all things, and everywhere are hard bargains, in markets, on sea and land, with strangers and fellow-citizens, in the provinces and beyond the sea, ransacking the earth and the ocean, upwards and downwards, searching for what is hidden, examining what is obscure, pursuing whatever is distant and rare, digging up what is buried, heaping up stores: now the cause of all this is want of confidence in friendship, and the love of gain, and the fear of want, and habits of vice, aud the thirst for pleasure."[2] But Homer ascribed a different mind to his heroes. Andromache told Hector that when Achilles slew her father, the great Eëtion, in battle, he did not take off his armour for spoil, σεβάσσατο γὰρ τόγε θυμῷ· but he burned his body with its mail, and threw up a tumulus over the ashes.[3] But to return to our chivalrous ancestors. "O le vilain et sot estude, d'estudier son argent, se plaire à le manier et recompter: c'est par là que l'avarice faict ses approches."[4] These words of Montaigne express the sentiments of all Christian antiquity. George Chastellain says, on occasion of the charge brought against Charles the Bold, "certes sur tous vices je blasme, et à juste cause, en ung grand prince, vile maudite avarice,

[1] Dissert. XXXIX.
[2] VI, 3.
[3] Il. VI, 416.
[4] Montaigne, III, 9.

qui est mère souveraine de tous grans maux, et qui oncques en cuer d'omme ne fut seule, et sans avoir détestable compaignie assez pour perdre ung monde. O pensent bien grandement que c'est d'avarice, et mettent peine je prie, à assapier quelles sont et peuvent estre les dépendences et les conséquences."[1]

"When few are rich," said Sir William Temple, "few care for it; when many are so, many desire it; and most in time begin to think it necessary. When this opinion grows general in a country, the temples of honour are soon pulled down, and all men's sacrifices are made to those of fortune,—the soldier as well as the merchant, the scholar as well as the ploughman, the statesman as well as the lawyer. Avarice is of all passions the most sordid, the most clogged and covered with dirt and with dross, so that it cannot raise its wings beyond the smell of the earth." "It was the property of the churl," as the knight of La Mancha says, "to regulate his word not by honour but by profit." They who are conversant with Portuguese literature are moved at the complaint of the noble poet, Saa de Miranda, touching the insatiable spirit of trade, which was spreading in his native country. He declares his opinion that danger was not to be apprehended from the extended love of the arts and sciences, but from "the perfumes of the Indian spices," which had the melancholy effect of enervating the old national character. For whom had the wealth of India charms, when one remembered the fate of Don Emmanuel de Souza and his beautiful wife, Leonora de Sà? If nobles were reduced to such a condition, that they were under a necessity of engaging in some profitable employment, they were recommended to work at glass-furnaces or in the mines, where heat and misery shorten life, that

[1] Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne, chap. CCLXXXVIII.

it might be evident they were not actuated by the hopes of sordid gain,[1] though it was an extreme necessity which drove them to the search of gold. When Brehus sans Pitié found the old Gyron and his son, the father and grandfather of the famous Gyron le Courtois, these old knights were obliged to apologize for their meagre appearance in the cave, to which they had entered to lead a tranquil life, saying, "car nous mangeons si pourement en cesluy lieu ou vous nous voyez, que a grant peine en pouvons nous soubstenir nostre vie."

When men in this condition were induced to enter upon an exact view of the circumstances in which they were placed by fortune, every consideration tended to remove the error of the vulgar and to confirm them in the lessons of virtue.

"You desire to be at court with me," says Alain Chartier, in the book which he terms "Le Curial," "es-tu ennuyé de vivre en paix? Telle maleurté seuffre nature humaine, qu'elle appete ce qu'elle n'a pas, et se fuyt du bien qu'elle a sans aultruy dangier. Ainsi mesprises tu la paix de ton courage, et de leur estat de ta pensée: et par l'erreur du mesprisement que tu en as acquis, les choses qui de leur mesme condition sont plus à mespriser, que par vices d'autruy à priser, tu loues et exauces. Je me merveille moult comme toy qui es prudent et sage deviens si forcené de toy oser exposer à tant de perils. Et se tu veux user de mon conseil, ne prens de riens example à moy à poursuivre les cours et publicques murmures de hauts Palais: ainçois te soit mon peril exemple de les fuyr et eschever. Car je n'oserois affermer que entre le bruit de ceux qui y tournoyent, y ait chose seure ne salutiere. Tu cuideras pouvoir trouver exercice de vertu en misere ainsi publique: et aussi certes les y trouveras.

[1] Tristan, IV, 120.

tu, se tu fais veu de batailler constamment contre tous vices. Mais donne toy garde que tu ne soyes de premiers vaincus. Car je te dis que les cours des haux Princes ne sont jamais desgarnies de gens desloyaux par beaux langage decevans, ou par menaces espouventans, ou par envie contendans, ou par force de dons corrompans, ou par flaterie blandissans ou par deliz aleichans, ou en quelque autre maniere le bon vouloir des preuds hommes empeschans. Car nostre poure humanité est de legier enclinée à ensuir les meurs des autres, et à faire ainsi comme ils font. Et à peine peut eschapper celuy, qui est assiegé et assailly de tant d'adversaries. Or prenons que tu perseveres en ta vertu, et que tu eschappes la corruption de tels vices; encores en ce cas n'as tu pas rien vaincu sinon toy mesmes; mais c'est à plus grant ahan que tu ne l'eusses faict en ton secret et privé. Et soyes certain, ou que ta vertue te y fera mocquer ou ta verité te y fera hayr, ou que ta discretion te y rendra plus suspect à mauvaises gens, qui mesdisent de ceux que ils cognoissent estre sages et loyaulx." And after exposing the vice and dangers of the court to his brother, he observes, how happy his condition should render him: "Car qui a petite famille, et la gouverne sagement, en paix, il est Seigneur. O fortunez hommes qui vivez en paix! O bieneuree famille, ou il y a honneste poureté, qui se contente de raison, sans manger les fruicts d'autruy labeur! O bieneuree maisonnette en laquelle regne vertu sans fraude ne barat, et qui est honnestement gouvernee en crainte de Dieu et bonne moderation de vie! Illecques n'entrent nulz pechiez, illec est vie droicturieure, ou il y a remors de chacun peché, et ou il n'a noise, murmure, ne envie. De telle vie esiouyst nature et en telles aises vit elle longuement, et petit à petit s'en va jusques à plaiante vieillesse et honneste fin."

——— ——— O vitæ tuta facultas
Pauperis angustique lares! O munera nondum
Intellecta Deum![1]

Do we wish to behold an example of this happiness? Let us hear Eustace describe a scene at Procida. "The moon rose, a table was placed before me, covered with figs, apricots, and peaches. The man and woman, who took care of the palace, a young couple, the husband strong and comely, the wife handsome, seated themselves opposite to me: their son, a smart lively boy, served at table. After a little conversation, the man took his guitar and accompanied his wife, while she sung the evening hymn, in a sweet voice, and with great earnestness. Occasionally the man and boy joined in chorus, and while they sung, the eyes of all three were sometimes raised to Heaven, and sometimes fixed on each other, with a mixed expression of piety, affection, and gratitude. I own I never was present at an act of family devotion more simple or more graceful. It seemed to harmonize with the beauty of the country and the temperature of the air, and breathed at once the innocence and the joy of Paradise." After such a picture, how delightful are these lines of Spenser.

——— Through foul intemperance
Frail men are oft captived to covetise;
But would they think with how small allowance
Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joys;
At the well-head the purest streams arise;
But mucky filth his branching arms annoys,
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloys.

If virtue was alone nobility, and if riches presented temptations on every side, to mislead and overcome it; if they hardened the heart to the im-

[1] Lucan.

pressions of generosity, and inspired the mind with a contempt for the sentiments of honour; if they were indeed the

> ——— Root of all disquietness;
> First got with guile, and then preserved with dread,
> And after spent with pride and lavishness,
> Leaving behind them grief and heaviness;

If, as the same sweet poet sings,

> Infinite mischiefs of them do arise;
> Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
> Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetise,
> That noble heart (as great dishonour) doth despise;

If it was difficult to unite them with the service of God, and with the exercise of virtue; O how glad were brave men to be delivered from such an inglorious contest, where it was no honour to be victorious, and where it was ruin, eternal infamy, to be overcome!

How loathsome the vanity, the affectation of those who admire riches! Athenæus describes a man who, though he had but a drachma of silver plate, used to cry out to his slave, when any guest arrived, "Do not bring the winter plate, but the summer."[1] What importance is now attached to a residence in the west end of a capital, as if the minds of men were to be measured by the place they live in! All ends were alike to men of honour in former time. Our Lord entered Jerusalem by the golden gate, which was towards the east. What a burden, and what miserable trammels accompany riches! Dives, with many servants, is like the millipede, the slowest of reptiles: a young man, with his two natural feet, will outstrip these thousand artificial limbs.[2] How favourable was poverty to the love and enjoyment of nature, to poetry, to

[1] Lib. VI, 385. [2] Dion. Chrysost. Orat. X.

wisdom! As Belarius says, when he comes out of the cave—

> ——————— Stoop, boys: this gate
> Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
> To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
> Are arched so high, that giants may go through
> And keep their impious turbans on, without
> Good morrow to the sun.[1]

How much better the wildness of the forest, and the freshness of the mountain-side, than the artificial beauty of parks! When the whole earth is full of charms, why should we confine our attachment to a few acres?[2] Pheraulas, the Persian, confessed to the youth Sacas, that, when he was poor, he had more enjoyment of his life.[3] Plato says, that no one but a woman or a child would say that riches conduced to happiness;[4] and there are reasons assigned, in proof of this assertion, in Xenophon's book of Hiero, which were enough to satisfy even the calculating mind of Paley. Fénelon asked one, who was about to build a magnificent palace, whether he expected to find happiness and peace of heart in a pile of stones? This was not mere oratorical declamation. What! if he had riches and a palace, but he found afterwards that he wanted the τὸ χαίρειν,[5] as Sophocles says. What if he should find that his castle and splendour were like the magic palaces, which are seen from the shores of Naples, on the horizon of the sea, which, when you approach, prove to be nothing but stagnant vapours and pestiferous exhalations!

The page and squire were often more free from sorrow than the great baron: witness what the poet says—

[1] Cymbeline.
[2] Plato, Theætetus.
[3] Xen. Cyropæd. VIII, 3.
[4] Epist. VIII.
[5] Antigone, 1155.

His thoughts I scan not, but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

"Felices enim vel nos vel filios nostros," says St. Augustin, "non divitiæ terrenæ faciunt, aut nobis viventibus amittendæ aut nobis mortuis à quibus nescimus, vel fortè à quibus nolumus, possidendæ, sed Deus felices facit, qui est mentium vera opulentia."[1] The feelings of chivalry, like those of youth, rendered men careless of the pleasures resulting from riches. "Fiat modo copia nandi," might have been its cry on days of recreation. Friendship was the dearest of its worldly treasures, and poverty was a bond and a test of friendship. "Desine nunc amissas opes quærere," says Boethius,[2] "quod pretiosissimum divitiarum genus est, amicos invenisti." Tirante the White, in poverty, learns who it is that loves him, and it is with this consideration that Pompey, after his defeat, consoles Cornelia:

——————— erige mentem
Et tua cum fatis pietas decertet, et ipsum
Quod sum victus, ama: nunc sum tibi gloria major
A me quod fasces, et quod pia turba senatus,
Tantaque discessit regum manus: incipe Magnum
Sola sequi.[3]

Poverty was even compatible with the pleasures which were congenial to chivalry. The pomp of the chariot-thronged Thebes[4] was despised for the hills and groves of Arcadia.

μή μοι μήτ' Ἀσιήτιδος
τυραννίδος ὄλβος εἴη,

[1] De Civit. Dei, V, 18.
[2] Consol. Phil.
[3] Lucan, VIII, 76.
[4] Soph. Antig. 149.

μὴ χρυσοῦ δώματα πλήρη
τᾶς ἥβας ἀντιλαβεῖν!
ἃ καλλίστα μὲν ἐν ὄλβῳ,
καλλίστα δ' ἐν πενίᾳ.[1]

"For what," says St. Augustin, "if it were told to me of any one whom I loved, that when grown up to be a bearded man, he said, in the hearing of many, that he loved the age of boyhood, and swore that he would wish to live in the same way as then, and this were proved to me, so that I could not deny it with any face; ought I to be condemned if I were to suppose, that, in saying this, he wished to imply that he loved innocence, and a mind alienated from the cupidity and passions in which the men with whom he lived were involved, and if, on that account, I should love him more than ever, even although perchance he loved foolishly that certain freedom in playing and recreation, and that rest, which belong to youth?"[2] You see again how religion fell in with all the views and inclinations of chivalry, with the

High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime.

In matters of taste too, poverty was no obstacle to our ancestors. The dark figure of the templar without any gold on spurs or bridle,[3] had as imposing an air as the splendid panoply of a Duke of Burgundy mounted on his white charger, with trappings of embroidered velvet, bordered with golden bells. "No poet makes mention of golden spurs," says Petrarch; "with iron, indeed, I am familiar." Amanieu des Escas gives minute instructions to a young squire respecting his dress. "If you are not rich enough to have a handsome

[1] Eurip. Hercul. 634.
[2] S. Augustin, liber de Utilitate Credendi.
[3] Regula Pauperum Commiliton. Templi, § 37.

robe, let there be nothing slovenly in your girdle, stockings, and shoes; and then you need not be troubled, provided your locks be neatly dressed. Your robes had better be torn than unsewn; for the first only indicates a slender fortune, whereas the latter denotes a bad education. Nothing pleases so much, or has more the air of courtesy, than to be dressed well at a small expense, when one has not a great fortune, and you will arrive at that perfection by keeping good company."

It is singular to remark, that the taste of the Troubadour, in this instance, was according to the rules of a religious life. St. Ignatius Loyola prescribed cleanliness as the perfection of dress; Cassianus[1] and St. Bonaventura[2] condemn the neglect of it as highly improper. Goffridus says of St. Bernard, "In vestibus ei paupertas semper placuit, sordes nunquam."[3] The taste for fine apparel was less prevalent, because it was generally understood that a poor and coarse raiment was more becoming and favourable to grace and beauty than any other. To men of such simple views, utterly insipid and wearisome were the luxuries attendant upon wealth. The constable de Montmorenci refused the honours of the cauopy offered him on his entry to Toulouse, in similar language to that of Agamemnon, when he reproved Clytemnestra for the pomp with which she prepared to receive him on his return from the siege of Troy.

> Καὶ τἆλλα μὴ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις ἐμὲ
> Ἄβρυνε, μηδὲ, βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην,
> Χαμαιπετὲς βάαμα προσχάνῃς ἐμοὶ,
> Μηδ' εἵμασι στρώσασ' ἐπίφθονον πόρον

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[1] Lib. I, c. 3. [2] Spec. 8.

[3] Vide Martinus Damiens. lib. de Virtut. Card.; St. Basil, Ser. de Ascensi., Serm. ad Claust.; P. Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. V, 6, 41.

Τίθει· θεούς τοι τοῖσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεών·
Ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θνητὸν ὄντα κάλλεσιν
Βαίνειν, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἄνευ φόβου.
Λέγω κατ' ἄνδρα, μὴ θεὸν, σέβειν ἐμέ.
Χωρὶς ποδοψήστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων
Κληδὼν ἀϋτεῖ· καὶ τὸ μὴ κακῶς φρονεῖν,
Θεοῦ μέγιστον δῶρον.[1]

While Godfrey of Bouillon lay before Arsuf, certain eastern chiefs from Samaria came to present him with gifts. They found him sitting upon some straw, expecting the return of some knights, whom he had sent out to seek provisions. The chiefs did not conceal their astonishment to behold a prince, before whom the whole East trembled, not surrounded with any pomp, neither clad in costly apparel; but Godfrey answered that a mortal man may well be content to have the earth for his seat while alive, which after his death will be the habitation for his body. The easterns praised this humility, and affirmed that Duke Godfrey was worthy to rule all nations of the world.[2]

It was well that chivalry and youth disdained to concede the privilege of enjoying such sentiments to the base world which surrounded them, still craving and insatiable in its demands. Had these been sacrificed at its unholy shrine, there would been fresh calls to conform. The world would have persuaded youth that it must put away, not only its simplicity, its freedom, its joyous temper, its generous amusements, its love of danger and manly exercises, but also its contempt for riches, its confidence in virtue, its disregard for consequences, its poetry, its philosophy, its religion, its trust in God, its loyalty to heaven. It would have said that, while a child, these things were allowable and not disgraceful, καὶ οὐκ αἰσχρὸν μειρακίῳ ὄντι φιλοσοφεῖν·

[1] Æschyl. Agam. 892.
[2] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, II, 37.

but that, when become a man, still to retain and pursue them, *καταγέλαστον τὸ χρῆμα γίγνεται.*[1] Never was poverty opposed to the objects which excited the noble ambition of men in these ages. They were desirous of honour, and poverty rendered them more worthy of it. Hence Plutarch calls poverty "that dear and excellent instructress of youth."[2] As the church sings in the Holy Week, "Bonum est viro cum portaverit jugum ab adolescentia sua." William of Paris, in a sermon on the text of, "There was a ruler's son sick," justly observes, that the sons of the rich are often sick, sick in mind as well as body; sick from riches, luxury, and pride.[3] "Pauper sum ego et in laboribus à juventute mea," said David.[4] Poverty says, in the old play, that the Athenians fled from her because she would have made them better men. She does more for them than Plutus:

——— *παρὰ τῷ μὲν γὰρ ποδαγρῶντες.*
καὶ γαστρώδεις, καὶ παχύκνημοι, καὶ πίονές εἰσιν ἀσελγῶς·
παρ' ἐμοὶ δ' ἰσχνοὶ, καὶ σφηκώδεις, καὶ τοῖς ἐχθροῖς ἀνιαροί.

Therefore she conduces to wisdom and virtue of mind, activity and grace, and beauty of person.[5] Æschylus says that justice shines in smoky houses, and honours the righteous life.—

Δίκα δὲ λάμπει μὲν ἐν
Δυσκάπνοις δώμασιν.[6]

Protagoras, a youth bearing his load of fagots as when Democritus first saw him, was happier, and wiser, and better, than when he had become a famous rich sophist and insincere philosopher, able to teach men, *τὸν ἥττω λόγον κρείττω ποιεῖν.* And when King Charles VII, in the year 1428, was so

[1] Plato, Gorgias.
[2] De Socratis Genio.
[3] Serm. Dom. XXI. post Trin.
[4] Ps. LXXXVII.
[5] Aristoph. Plutus.
[6] Agamem. 749.

poor that he could hardly find enough to entertain La Hire and Saintraille, he was more the object of affection than after his coronation at Rheims. The brave Lyonnel, in Perceforest, replied to his friends speaking of the poor strange knight whom they met in the forest—"Beaulx amys chascun ne peult pas avoir villes, citez ou chasteaux, mais seulle suffisance fait l'homme enrichir." The rich in these ages knew how to respect the poor and devoted youth.

Car se n'estoit chevalerie
Petit vauroit Nossignourie.

The captain of one poor trireme of the Tenians, Panætius, the son of Sosimenes, was able to save the honour and to immortalize the name of his country, by deserving that it should be inscribed upon the tripod at Delphi, in the list of those who had fought against the barbarians.[1] Achilles had it in his power to live and rule the Myrmidons, to till the land of Thessaly, and to nurse the old age of Peleus. Nestor might have governed in peace and grown old in wealth, and Ulysses might have remained at home, in the fruitful Neritum, which nourished his youth, or have enjoyed immortality with Calypso, in the shady grotto, cooled with running streams, and waited upon by nymphs; but he did not even desire to be immortal in a state of inaction, that would prevent his exercise of virtue.[2]

Men who were profoundly excited by the hopes of another world, and who had a deep sense of the uncertainty of all temporal prosperity, were the less disposed to regard poverty as an evil. They were the first to feel assured, that, as to Fortune's wheel,

Some up, some down, is none estate nor age
Ensured more, the prince than the page.[3]

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[1] Herod. VIII, 82. [2] Max. Tyr. V, 7.
[3] The Quair of James I.

And to judge by the noble monuments which remain of their dead, it would seem that they resembled the old Egyptians in despising the shortness of life, and considering that it was more noble to prepare a tomb than a house.[1] It is true, however, that, in all ages, poverty has been an obstacle to the advance and reception of merit, while the admiration of riches has grown with the vices of civilization. "Corrupti mores depravatique sunt admiratione divitiarum," is the complaint of Cicero, which has been repeated by all successive friends to the virtue and best interests of mankind. The Greek and Roman poets have incessantly laboured to expose and deprecate the baneful influence of wealth, in tending to remove the more important distinction among men. In their writings we are ironically told that without riches there can be neither virtue nor an ingenuous birth;[2] that no poor man is nobly born;[3] that riches make the man;[4] that rich men are the most noble;[5] that the poor man can with difficulty find relations;[6] that poverty even exposes men to insult;[7] that in the purchase of beasts we look to their pedigree and intrinsic goodness, but that, in forming human connections, men only regard riches, and that, therefore, wealth has confounded the just distinctions of mankind.[8] "You shall not persuade even though you persuade," says the old man to Poverty.[9] Heraclitus even maintained that honour consisted in having riches. Marcellus, the descendant of illustrious men, was not of manners to be despised, says Tacitus: "nisi quod paupertatem præcipuum malorum credebat."[10] Descending even to better times, we are still pre-

[1] Diodorus Sic. I, 51.
[2] Eurip. Electra, 37.
[3] Phœnissæ, 438.
[4] The saying of Aristodemus.
[5] Athenæus, IV, 121.
[6] Menander.
[7] Juv. Sat. III.
[8] Theognis.
[9] Aristoph. Plutus.
[10] An. XIV, 40.

sented with similar complaints. The poet Eustache Deschamps laments in bitter language the disorders which had been introduced in the established orders by the insolence of the rich. The fears of the young page, Jean de Saintré, which were confessed with much simplicity to the lady who took pains to instruct him, or the complaint of the knight of fortune to his squire, Selviam, related in the Palmerin of England, or the discourse which the young man, who is too poor to raise his banner, holds with his own heart, as described by Ulrich von Lichtenstein, or the difficulties opposed to Sir Balin of Northumberland, in his first adventure, as related in the history of King Arthur, will serve as examples to prove that the world was still the world.

"Ah, child, without lands and without lineage!" cried a famous hero, when he thought of his own condition, "how hast thou dared to place thy heart upon her who excels all others in goodness, and beauty, and parentage?" Lyonnel, in Perceforest, utters a still more desponding complaint. "J'ai oui dire autrefois que les chambres vuydes font les sottes dames." But in all these instances it is a complaint, an evil, a degradation: there is no base sophistry employed to prove the practical advantages of banishing from the mind all the sentiments of youth, the visions of poetry, and the memory of religion. The same lesson of wisdom presented itself in every age. "Indue magni viri animum et ab opinionibus vulgi secede paulisper." Was it a baron or a gentle knight who aspired to the praise of chivalry? He found a portrait of himself in Cicero: "quam contemnet, quam despiciet, quam pro nihilo putabit ea, quæ vulgo dicuntur amplissima!"[1] The saying of the great Roman might have been his cry: "Ego—malo

[1] De Legibus, I, 22.

virum qui pecunia egeat, quam pecuniam, quæ viro": the rule which he lays down for determining the dignity of a house was precisely the very sentiment of chivalry. "Ornanda est enim dignitas domo, non ex domo tota quærenda: nec domo dominus sed domino domus honestanda est." [1]

Every man of honour was ready to repeat the triumphant words of King Henry V.

> By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
> Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
> It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
> Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
> But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
> I am the most offending soul alive.[2]

"I am not the king of gold," said the Emperor Maximilian to his father, "but of men." The epithet of "Maximilian the moneyless" might indeed have indicated a culpable neglect of economy, which was dangerous in a sovereign; for though it is but little to learn that it was used as a reproach by the vulgar class of mankind, we are obliged to respect the judgment of the impartial historian: but it must be repeated, as it was again and again proclaimed by every man who wished to promote the virtue of his fellow-creatures, that the temper of mind which despises money, which regards it as an instrument, not as an object, which is neither overjoyed at its presence, nor afflicted at its loss, is a virtue of the very first importance in the human heart; that it will for ever be the pride and the badge of nobility, and that it will ensure to the possessor a more sovereign command and a more proud dominion than even the crown of the empire, and the sceptre of the Cæsars.

We have, however, already seen in Tancredus, that, under the influence of religion, riches, "inno-

[1] De Off. [2] Act IV, 3.

center paratæ," as Tacitus says, "et modeste habitæ," were made instrumental to the increase of virtue and to the triumph of chivalry. The hospitality and generous munificence of those ages required affluence. If an emperor like Frederic II was censured for his avarice, and ridiculed by Troubadours:[1] if a contempt for gold argued nobility, as when King Escariano, to prove whether Tirante came of gentle blood, conducted him into a tent where there were great heaps of money, and also many suits of armour and ten barbed horses, with three hawks, and said to him, "I have a custom of giving to all ambassadors who arrive here permission to choose what they like best among these treasures, take, therefore, what you think best"; and Tirante choosing the hawks, the king had no more doubts of his nobility; still the spirit of chivalry was not inconsistent with any profession which did not compromise virtue. Plato, it is true, styles a mercantile seaport town a salt and bitter neighbour, ἁλμυρὸν καὶ πικρὸν γειτόνημα,[2] alluding to the corruption which prevails in it; and Marseilles was said to have been the only city which preserved its virtue with its trade.[3] Yet the profession of merchandise had its honourable names; such as Protus, who founded Marseilles: Thales also, and Hippocrates, the mathematician, and even Plato, are enumerated by Plutarch, in his Life of Solon. The most chivalrous king that ever reigned in England, Edward III, was a distinguished patron of merchants. Homobonus, ranked by the Church in the number of the saints, was a merchant of Cremona.

The opinions respecting merchants and mechanics which prevailed in the middle ages were no

[1] Millot, I, 461. [2] De Legibus, IV.
[3] Soirées Provençales, I.

invention of that time. Herodotus does not determine whether it was from the Egyptians that the Greeks learned to prefer all persons to handicraft workmen, seeing, as he says, that Thracians, and Scythians, and Persians, and Lydians, and nearly all the barbarians, thought this kind of people, and those sprung from them, to be of an inferior quality, *τοὺς δὲ ἀπαλλαγμένους τῶν χειρωναξιέων, γενναίους νομιζομένους εἶναι.* This opinion all the Greeks held, the Lacedemonians carrying it farthest, the Corinthians to the least extent.[1] The unquenchable laugh of the Homeric gods was at their brother, who had turned himself into a mechanic.[2]

The Castilian proverb, "Poverty is no disgrace," was accompanied with a comment, "provided men have not squandered their patrimony in extravagant living.[3] Diogenes, the Babylonian, in his book on nobility, says that the Athenians detested Phocus, the son of Phocion, for having reduced himself to poverty by his luxury, and that they used to cry after him, *ὦ καταισχύνας τὸ γένος.*[4]

In the middle ages men had no respect for a knight like "Vyciers, lord of the castle called the Tower, who led an extravagant life, spending and wasting his goods largely, to the intent to get him laud and praise, so that at the end he became thereby very poor, and then was fain to sell and to make shift of all that he had, both of his own and of the good lady his wife, and so died in great poverty, and his lady and daughters fled to the woods."[5] "Falluntur, quibus luxuria specie liberalitatis imponit," says Tacitus.[6]

Aristotle held that nobility was *ἀρχαῖος πλοῦτος*

[1] Herodot. lib. II, 167.
[2] Guesses at Truth (Il. 22). Vide Cicero de Officiis, lib. I, 42.
[3] Le Combat de seul à seul, par Marc de la Berandiere. Paris, 1608.
[4] Athenæus, IV, 154.
[5] Arthur of Little Britain, 4.
[6] Hist. I, 30.

καὶ ἀρετή.[1] With the staff and wallet of Diogenes, one might have been as miserable as Sardanapalus, while Aristippus, clothed in purple, and anointed with odours, might have been justly counted as temperate as Diogenes.[2] Cephalus, in Plato,[3] shews that riches are of advantage to a good man; though in general it was the opinion of the wise ancients that it was not easy for a rich man to be religious.[4] In Tancredus we have seen how Christianity in the middle ages furnished the world with examples of a character which was before unknown in practice, and deemed ideal. We have seen that religion in those ages pointed out the true object on which riches should principally be employed. It remains in this place but to make mention of the liberality and munificence which accompanied this devout application of wealth. It is quite delightful to remark the simple views of antiquity on this subject. "Comment le roy doibt avoir et user de richesses il sera dit cy apres au chapitre de largesse," says Gilles de Rome, in his Mirror of Chivalry. When the poor youth desired food for a twelvemonth, at King Arthur's court, "Wel, sayd the kyng, ye shale have mete and drynke ynouz; I never deffended yt none, nother my frende ne my foe." The Duc de Montmorenci, passing by Bourges, where his nephew, the young Duc d'Enghien, was at college, took occasion to make him a present of a hundred pistoles for pocket-money. Upon his return he again paid him a visit, when he inquired to what use he had applied the money. The young duke shewed him the purse full as he had received it, upon which the Duke of Montmorency took the purse and threw it out of the window, saying to his nephew, "Apprenez, Monsieur, qu'un aussi grand prince que vous ne doit

[1] Polit. IV, 7.
[2] Max. Tyr. VII, 9.
[3] De Repub. I.
[4] Soph. Ajax, 1350.

point garder d'argent." The pupil of Fénelon knew to what purpose money might be well employed. When the young Duke of Burgundy heard that La Fontaine was converted, and had renounced the profit arising from an edition of his Tales, he sent to him a purse of fifty livres, with an assurance "that his liberality was not to terminate with that first present." It was the practice of the rich to receive poor gentlemen and their families with the greatest marks of honour; to entertain them in their castles; even to present them with houses and lands, with fiefs and pensions; to give money to one, a horse to another, arms to a third, and whatever the particular necessities of each might demand. The munificence of Pelopidas, the illustrious son of Hippoclus, was characteristic of every prince. Charles VI being at Toulouse, Gaston Phœbus, Comte de Foix, made his public entry with 600 horse, comprising 200 knights and squires, the people paying him great honours as their protector, while he rode bareheaded, with his long hair floating in the wind. After the entertainment which he gave to the Duke of Touraine and Bourbon, and other princes of the court, he presented the knights and squires with more than 60 horses. Giraud Riquier says that he will accompany his benefactor, Alphonso X, of Aragon, who is to give him a charger, a hackney, a horse for burden, and the rest of the equipage fit for a man of his condition. Godfrey of Bouillon and Count Robert of Flanders, in the battle of Antioch, were mounted on horses which they had borrowed from Raimond, Count of Toulouse. The seal of the order of St. John of Jerusalem represented two knights upon one horse, an emblem of poverty and friendship. King Arthur, in Lancelot du Lac, is thus charged: "La ou tu verras les chevaliers en pouretó, et que prouesse de cueur ne sera pas ou-

blié, et il sera laissé entre les poures hommes, si ne l'oublie pas pour sa poureté d'avoir souvent grant richesses de cueur," &c. "Why, sir, quoth I, hath he so great plenty of florins?" (it is Sir John Froissart who thus addresses a knight that was describing the Earl of Foix), "Sir, quod he, there is no lorde lyvenge as now that is so large and lyberall in gyveng of gyftes as he is. Then I demaunded of hym to what maner of peple he was so lyberall?" He answered, and said, "To straungers, to knightes, and squyers comyng through his countre, and to heraldes, and mynstrels, and to every man that speketh with hym; there is none departeth fro him without some rewarde; for if any refuse his gyft, he is not content." The valiant Savari de Mauleon, who knighted Aubert de Puicibot, not only gave him a horse and arms, but a house and lands, and a fortune. Mark the delicacy with which Bayard exercised his generosity. "In order that he might give with more courtesy, he used often to change with one of his men a hunter or a Spanish charger worth two or three hundred escus, for a hackney not worth six escus, and he would let the gentleman understand that the horse which he thus obtained was exactly the kind of animal that he wanted." His liberality in giving portions to poor young women, and his courteous munificence to the family at Brescia, who took care of him when wounded, are celebrated examples.

The spirit of chivalry was as well displayed in refusing, as in employing money. When Joseph Bonaparte entered Madrid, the money which was scattered among the people lay in the streets where it fell, for the French themselves to pick it up. "Mechanicorum est lucra captare," says Petrarch, "honestarum artium generosior finis est."[1]

[1] Fam. Epist. lib. I, 6.

"When the Earl of Lyle laid siege to Auberoche," says Froissart, "the lordes within the town demaunded among their varlets if there were any, for a good reward, wolde bere a letter to therle of Derby to Bordeaux; one varlet stepped forthe and sayd, he wold gladly bare it, not for the advauntage of his rewarde, but rather to helpe to delyver them out of daunger." This was the spirit of the great father of chivalry, the pride of heroic times, εὐηργέτησε τὸ γένος τῶν ἀνθρώπων, οὐδένα λαβὼν μισθόν.[1]

It happened once upon a sudden swell of the waters in the Adige, that the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the centre arch, upon which stood a house with its inhabitants, who were seen supplicating for assistance, while the foundations which supported the building were visibly giving way. The Count of Spolverini proposed a reward of about a hundred French louis to any person who would venture to deliver them. A young peasant offered himself from the crowd, seized a boat, and pushed off into the stream; he gained the pier, and received the whole family into the boat, with which he returned in safety to the shore. The count was about to give him the reward; "No," said the young man, "I do not sell my life; give the money to this poor family, which has need of it."

Sir Raymond of Marnell, on his journey from Paris, fell among a band of English, led by a knight of Poitou, and so he was taken prisoner, and brought to the said knight's castle. This knight, Sir Geoffrey Dargenton, was about to deliver him to the King of England, who had written expressly to desire him; Sir Raymond, justly alarmed, discovered his sorrow to his keeper, who was an Englishman, to whom he promised, "on his faythe

[1] Diodorus Sic. IV, 14.

and trouthe," the half of all his lands. The keeper, who was a poor man, had compassion on him, and delivered him from the tower, making his escape at the same time. "And Sir Raymond," says Froissart, "wolde have delyvered to hym the one half of his herytage, accordynge as he had promysed to hym before, but the Englisshe squyer wolde in no wyse take so moche; and so he took all only but cc.li. of yerely revenues, sayinge it was sufficient for hym to maynteyne therwith his estate."

So it was not sufficient to be generous, if men had been previously grasping for the means. "Quis in rapacitate avarior? Quis in largitione effusior?" says Cicero of Catiline.[1] Here is a proof that liberality may accompany avarice.

After the battle of Poitiers, Sir James Audley assigned to his four squires the yearly revenue of 500 marks, which had been then presented to him by the prince as a testimony to his gallant conduct; and when the prince inquired why he renounced his kindness, the knight replied that he could do no otherwise, for that his squires had repeatedly saved his life that day, and enabled him to accomplish his vow to be one of the first assailants.[2]

When Du Guesclin, having provisionally obtained his liberty, was riding out of Bordeaux, he had hardly proceeded a league when he met on the road a poor gentleman, who accosted him with reverence, wishing him joy of his escape from the hands of the Prince of Wales. Du Guesclin recognized him as one who had served in his troops in the late war; he inquired "why he was travelling on foot, and where he was going to sleep." The gentleman replied, "that he was returning to Bordeaux, to go into his prison again, because he had not been able to obtain money enough to pay for his ransom."

[1] Pro M. Cœlio, 6.

[2] Mill's Hist. of Chivalry.

"How much do you want?" said Bertrand. "Sire, I have to pay a hundred francs." "That is not much," said Bertrand; "in addition to that you must want fifty to purchase a good horse, and another fifty to provide yourself with arms." With these words he called to his chamberlain: "Give him two hundred francs; he is a good man for service, and I know him well; he will come to serve me if I should ever want him." At another time Du Guesclin paid the ransom of ten knights whom he accidentally met in an inn, where they were treated by the host gratuitously, out of affection for Du Guesclin, whom they had happened to name in conversation. Not content with paying their ransom, he gave them money to purchase horses and equipments. When approaching Bordeaux, they were arrested and brought before the seneschal, on suspicion of having committed robbery, there being no other apparent way of accounting for their sudden change of fortune; but their story was soon told, to the astonishment and admiration of the whole English court. Du Guesclin was soon enabled to raise the sum required for his ransom, the Seigneurs de Craon, the Viscomte de Rohan, Robert de Beaumanoir, Charles de Dinan, the Bishop of Rennes, and other friends subscribing for the purpose. With this money he recommenced his journey to Bordeaux, where, however, he arrived penniless, having spent it in paying the ransom of different poor prisoners whom he found confined in the prisons of La Rochelle. The Prince of Wales unjustly accused him of extravagance in this liberality, since Du Guesclin knew well that his friends would again supply the sum required for his own ransom; in which confidence he was not disappointed. It only remains, in concluding these remarks, to observe, that the whole spirit and character of the great in these ages partook of the free and generous

nature of the religion which animated all classes of men. The love of selfish appropriation was but little felt. The neighbourhood of the rich, if we except giants, and such men as Louis XI, was not indicated by terrible denunciations and murderous contrivances for the protection of property; for it was the pride of nobility to smile upon the stranger and the poor. The opinions of later times were condemned even by a Moor. It is thus that Hixem, the Arabic king of Cordova, expressed his mind:—"The hand of the noble is open and liberal: the love of gain is incompatible with greatness of soul. I love the flowery garden and its sweet solitude: I love the zephyr of the fields, and the smiling beauties of the meadow; but I do not desire to be the proprietor, for heaven has given me treasures only that I may dispense them."

Riches, as well as youth and valour, were then devoted to works of beneficence; and to whatever tended to the glory of religion. Like the old heroes of Rome, our great men did not collect precious and beautiful works of art for their own private glory and enjoyment. We may say of their houses what Cicero affirmed of those of Marcellus, Scipio, Flaminius, Paullus, and Mummius, "quorum domus cum honore et virtute florerent signis et tabulis pictis erant vacuæ";[1] not because they were insensible to the admirable excellence of such works of art, but because they had presented them to churches and monasteries, where they were displayed in all their sublime beauty, free as the light of heaven and the loveliness of nature, to declare like them the glory of God, and to excite the piety of his people; for religion was the fire which kindled genius, and it was for the eye of religion alone that it dipped the pencil. Had the fine arts been estranged from

[1] Cicero adv. Verr. I, II, 21.

religion, the noblest minds would have found them unworthy of study and time. Genius can only be employed for the highest and best ends. The great Catholic masters of the middle ages did not devote their lives to art in order to please and flatter a rich patron or connoisseur, but to spread the noble enthusiasm of devotion, and to serve and glorify their Creator. The great, in their employment of riches, were careful that a holy object should be evinced in all the circumstances of their bounty. Louis VIII, by his will, ordered that the gold and precious stones of his crown, which formed then part of the personal property of the king, should be sold, to furnish means of erecting an abbey dedicated to St. Victor.[1] In Tancredus there are a number of similar examples. It was impossible, however, to speak of the manner in which chivalry employed riches, without pointing in conclusion at the fountain from which it drew its generosity and disinterested munificence, as well as every other virtue which ennobled its character.

XIX. Men who had so little regard for riches were disposed to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with nature. Accordingly these devout ages were ages of poetry, when men loved nature and clothed it in the mantle of their religion. Education began with the muses and Apollo, as Plato recommended,[2] according to the precepts of traditionary wisdom. The Catholic religion, by imparting to men the innocent simplicity and the spirit of reverence which belong to children, according to the precept of our Lord, was highly favourable to poetic genius, which loves to raise up even the figures of past years,

[1] La France sous les cinq premiers Valois, I, 221.
[2] De Legibus, I.

> Treading their still path back to infancy,
> More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer
> The quiet cradle.

Never did men forget the fancies of their youth; it was only in proportion as objects approximated to their standard that men had pleasure in them. The moderns, by adopting the sentiments of Manes, have made a separation between the object of their adoration and the God of nature. To them poetry is but the amusement of an idle hour, or a criminal dissipation of mind. "If a boy have a poetic vein," says Locke, "it is to me the strangest thing in the world that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings or business, which is not yet the worst of the case; for it is very seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. It is a pleasant air, but barren soil, and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by anything they have reaped from thence. Poetry and gaming usually go together."[1] Aristophanes would say that such men can only learn the Doric music.[2] Our Catholic ancestors had a very different idea of the nature and effects of poetry.

> Glory and light of all the tuneful train!

cries one whose studies in the schools of heavenly wisdom had not taught him to despise Virgil.

> May it avail me that I long with zeal
> Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
> Have conn'd it o'er.

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[1] Essay on Education.

[2] Equites, 990.

Even Lord Bacon, who followed hard upon the track of Catholic wisdom, says, "Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation; and, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the power of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things." According to another philosopher, "that which makes poesy in some way a gospel in the midst of the world, is the interior satisfaction with which it inspires us, the faculty which raises us above ourselves, and disengages us from the yoke of earthly necessities." It is not wonderful that, to the sophists who flattered an avaricious people, all was bad in poetry as well as in the Catholic religion.

Ἀ μοῖσα γὰρ οὐ φιλοκερδὴς
Πω τότ' ἦν, οὐδ' ἐργάτις.[1]

"It is not possible," says Strabo, "to be a good poet without being first a good man."[2] The reason is obvious. The wings of the soul, as Socrates said, are strengthened by virtue, corrupted and weakened by a vicious life.[3] The Muses were so called from their initiating men in divine mysteries, from embodying the great primitive traditions of mankind, opposed to the theories of men's isolated reason, from teaching religious truth, as Diodorus says ἀπὸ τοῦ μυεῖν τοὺς ἀνθρώπους.[4] Aristotle ascribes poetry to the divine nature.[5] When dull censors had dragged the satyrs of Greece from their native woods[6] to the crowded assemblies of profane men, the Muse stayed behind and left them uninspired. Still less would she have assisted their impious

[1] Pindar, Isth. Od. 2, 9. [2] Lib. I.
[3] Plato, Phædrus. [4] Lib. IV, 7. [5] Rhetor. III, 8.
[6] Guesses at Truth.

designs against the good. The moderns do not appear to feel like the old Frenchman, who said of poetry,

> C'est un sçavoir tant pur et innocent
> Qu'on n'en sçauroit à creature nuyre.

Poetry is not censure; it is not the power of description; it is not the being mighty in destroying itself. "How little do some great masters of modern times want to be poets, and how is this little, which they want, more than all their great talents!" This is the observation of a great German, who judges of the modern writers of England. Plato says that men who have reason to fear the grasshopper, lest they should observe their worldly life, are not to judge poets. These little animals, according to the Platonic allegory, once upon a time, before there were Muses, were men. On the birth of the Muses, when the ode was revealed, they were so transported with delight, that, singing continually, they forgot to eat and drink, and it escaped their notice that they were dying. So they died, and the τέττιγες sprang from them and enjoyed this gift from the Muses, that they should sing all their life long, and stand in no need of eating or drinking, and that, when they died they should return to the Muses, and report to them who among men revered them. Plato says that a man who loves the Muses should not be ignorant of their history.[1] Most certainly there is something more in poetry than what is required to gain the applause of the multitude. Poets formerly ὅσοι θεῖοί εἰσιν, as Plato says,[2] were more in danger of being condemned as eccentric persons, of being not understood, and even of being unknown, since, as Plato says, a man of such a mind ἐνθουσιάζων λέληθε τοὺς πολλούς. It is a grievous error to urge

[1] Phædrus. [2] Meno.

the authority of Plato against poets. At the point of death that great philosopher congratulated himself upon his having been the contemporary of Sophocles. Plato was the disciple of the ancient muse, and "I do not fear to affirm," says Maximus of Tyre, "that Plato is more like Homer than Socrates"; that is, considering Socrates as a reasoning philosopher. "Homer, the prince of philosophers, is now passed over, as not being in the number of philosophers, and Greece is invaded by the sophisms and follies of Thrace and Cilicia. We have the atoms of Epicurus; the fire of Heraclitus; the water of Thales; the air of Anaximenes; the discord of Empedocles; the sieve of Diogenes, and a thousand opposite contending systems; filling all things with words and detraction." [1] Poetry and philosophy are one and the same in reality, though separate in name. Poetry is the philosophy of ancient times expressed in harmonious metre. Philosophy is the poetry of a more recent age, more succinct than the other, but both treat of things divine.[2] It is ungenerous and foolish in Ælian to say that "Plato began by being a poet, but despairing to rival Homer, he forsook poetry." [3]

"The lyric poets do not deceive us," says Plato, "when they recount to us all that their imagination makes them behold; when they describe those gardens of the Muses, those fountains of sweetness, those rich valleys, where they gather their verses, like bees flying from flower to flower." This is not the language of one who had forsaken the Muses through envy. Socrates cites Pindar as one of the divine poets from whom he had learned the mode of acquiring virtue.[4] Chrysippus held that man

[1] Max. Tyr. Dissert. XXXII, 2.
[2] Id. X, 1.
[3] Var. Hist. II, 30.
[4] Plato, Meno, 14.

was born to contemplate the world and to imitate nature.

I have elsewhere shewn how the philosophy of the Christian Church harmonized with this ancient wisdom; and it remains to observe how favourable it must have been to the genius of the poet. Laurentie, in his treatise on the study of literature, has well remarked the intimate union which exists between the Catholic religion and the perfection of learning and the arts; the nourishment of genius and the triumph of poetry and eloquence.[1] It was the spirit of Christianity which gave origin to romantic and sentimental poetry. While the heathen poetry had only regard to the relations of men with the external world, the Christian took its seat in the inward breast, and sung the woe and the joy of the human heart. The religious expression of the middle ages was not confined to the public adoration of God in temples. Poetry as well as the ordinary language of life was essentially religious. The love of nature was deeply engrafted in hearts. From all antiquity this love was deemed an indication of goodness. "The country life," says Columella, "is the cousin-german to wisdom." Xenophon speaks of the pleasure of agriculture and its suitableness to good and brave men.[2] Among its chief advantages, he reckons the habit of rising early; he says that the earth itself teaches virtue, gratitude, the need of piety, and of looking to heaven for protection. The monks of the middle ages tilled the ground. Albertus Magnus gives advice respecting the burning of the soil. How Socrates could enjoy the beauties of the country, may be seen in the Phædrus, where he rejoices in sitting down under the plane-tree, near the clear

[1] De l'Etude et de l'Enseignement des Lettres.
[2] Œconomica.

water, inhaling the sweet air which came from the meadows. Descartes, indeed, preferred Amsterdam to the most delicious country; but learning, and a false philosophy, in more instances than one, have drawn men aside from an intercourse with nature. It was a beautiful fancy of the Athenians, that the Muses should have a temple on the banks of the Ilissus.[1] Our Catholic ancestors placed their abbeys in similar situations; affording to men that most perfect pleasure of enjoying, at the same time, the loveliness and peace of a country life with the delights of solemn worship, amidst affecting solemnity and holy song. Their surrounding woods, too, contained oracular trees like those of Dodona, which could pronounce lessons of wisdom. O what a moment was that, when, on the dewy lawn, in some natural amphitheatre of wooded hills, as day arose, that sweet hour, one heard the chant of lauds from some abbey, mingled with the liquid tones of the nightingale! What more could have been found in those happy islands, which were thought to lie in the ocean—so delightful, that they seemed intended for gods, not for men—so greatly did they abound in beauty and joyful inspiration! St. Bernard, at Clairvaux, used often to go out after the office of the night was sung, and walk through the wood which surrounded the monastery, till it was time to sing the matutinal lauds; and this interval he would spend in prayer for his brethren. Once, at this hour, he had a vision of angels, descending into the valley from the mountains.

These holy men, living in the bosom of nature, were examples to the world of the excellence of uniting a love of nature with the Christian faith. Don Bruneo, when wounded in the forest, sends his squire to seek some hermit, so common was it to

[1] Pausanias, I, 18.

discover religious men in the woods. Milton, in one of his most inspired hours, sighed after the peaceful hermitage, the mossy cell, where he might sit and watch the stars, and observe every herb that sips the dew.[1] Such was the life of the hermits on Mount Valerian, near Paris, who cultivated bees; such that of the many hermits from all nations, who lived on the Black Mountain to the north of Antioch;[2] such, doubtless, was the life of the bishop of Nancy, who fled from France in the Revolution, passed into Spain, and became a hermit at Montserrat, where, after many years, he died a saint. The description which a modern writer gives of this famous sawed mountain in Catalonia, will convey an idea of the state which was deemed, in the middle ages, so favourable to sanctity and wisdom. "Montserrat stands single, towering over a hilly country, like a pile of grotto-work or Gothic spires. Its height is 3,300 feet above the sea. The convent is placed in a nook of the mountain, on the eastern face of the rock, in a cleft of which is a platform, upon which stands the monastery. The Llobregat roars at the bottom, and perpendicular walls of rock rise from the water's edge. Upon these masses of white stone rests the small piece of level ground which the monks inhabit. Close behind the abbey, and in some parts impending over it, huge cliffs, in the form of cones and pillars, shoot up in a semicircle to a stupendous elevation; and their interstices are filled up with forests of evergreen and deciduous trees and plants. Fifteen hermitages are placed among the woods; nay, some of them on the very pinnacles of the rocks, and in cavities hewn out of the loftiest of these pyramids. This is one of the forty-five religious houses of the Spanish congregation of the order of St. Benedict.

[1] Il Pensieroso. [2] Jacob. de Vitr. 32.

They are bound to feed and harbour, for three days, all pilgrims." In the sacristy, Mr. Swinburne was shewn the sword of St. Ignatius. "Having seen the convent," he says, "we set out for the hermitages. The way was up a crevice, between two huge rocks; we counted 600 steps, so steep, that from below we did not discern the least track. Passing through a wilderness of evergreens, we arrived at the narrow platform where the first hermit dwells. His cells, chapel, and gardens are romantic. The view from it is wild and most delightful. The hermit seemed a cheerful, simple old man, in whose mind forty years' retirement had obliterated all worldly ideas. The hermits,

——οἱ γ' ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων ναίουσι κάρηνα
ἐν σπέσσι γλαφυροῖσι——

as Homer would say, are all clad in brown habits, and wear long beards. They rise at two every morning, ring their bell, and pray till it is time to go to mass at the hermitage called the Parish; it is always said at break of day; some of them have above two hours' walk down to it. A mule carries up their provisions twice a week. They get some helps from the convent in return for flowers, greens, &c., which they send down as presents. They never eat meat, or converse with each other; their noviceship is severe, for they must undergo six months' service in the infirmary of the abbey, one year among the novices, and six years' further trial, before they are suffered to go up to an hermitage. They do not enter into orders. We continued our walk; and wherever the winding paths are level, nothing can be more agreeable than to saunter through the close woods and sweet wildernesses that fill up the spaces between the rocks. It is impossible to give you an adequate idea of the sublime views from different parts of the mountain. A painter or a botanist might wander here with

intense pleasure. The second hermitage stands on a point of the rock, over a precipice, which descends almost to the bed of the river. The prospect is inimitably grand, extending over the northern and eastern parts of the province, which are hilly and bare, bounded by the mountains of Roussillon, with the Pyreneans appearing through breaks in that chain. Manresa, where St. Ignatius made his first spiritual retreat, is the principal town in the view. In a clear day you can see Majorca, which is 181 miles distant."[1]

Cardinal Pole's letters from Liége, describing his excursions on the Meuse, and many of Fénelon's pages, exhibit the feelings with which religious men held converse with nature. Juan de Castaniza, the Spanish Benedictine, draws many lessons, in his Spiritual Combat, from the beauties of nature, from the scent of flowers, and from the melody of the groves. "We have had some beautiful days," says Fénelon, in a letter to the Abbé de Beaumont. "We have taken many walks: I always walk when my occupations permit me. I am amused; I walk; I find myself in peace in silence before God. O what good company! one is never alone with Him." The Count de Maistre describes fine evenings at St. Petersburg. "Perverse hearts," he adds, "have never fine nights or beautiful days. They can have dissipation, but never real enjoyment." It is the nature of desire to be boundless; and the multitude, says Aristotle, live only to accomplish their desire.[2] Such men cannot have peace. But what charms had nature, and every object of the world, for the religious! "Qui malitiam omnem abjecerant, et ad sanctæ pervenerant mensuram infantiæ."[3] See how religion puts those beautiful chaplets into the hands of youth, like a tender mother, who rejoices to give

[1] Swinburne's Travels through Spain.
[2] Polit. II, 4.
[3] Beatæ Esaiæ Abbat. Orat. Bib. Pat. XII.

pleasure to her children; and young Christians have still the simple loves of childhood; witness the first victims—the flower of the martyrs, described by Prudentius, in the hymn of the church; who were cut off, like budding roses, and who played before the altar with their palms and crowns. The love of nature was entertained to such a degree by men of holiness, that even sickness, and pain, and death, entered into their view of universal love. When the surgeon was about to burn St. Francis with a red-hot iron, the saint addressed the fiery instrument. "My brother, the Most High created thee beautiful and useful, and gave thee grace and power. Be propitious to me in this hour; be healing. I beseech the great Lord who created thee, that for me he may temper thy heat, so that I may be able to endure thy gentle burning." He suffered the operation, and felt no pain.

It is God who made the world; and all that it contains of beauty and power should obey him. "O what sorrow," cried Pope Gregory, when he heard of the young English slaves being Pagans, "that the author of darkness should possess men of such bright faces, that such a beautiful frontispiece should contain a mind deprived of internal grace." The author of Gesta Romanorum says, that "all corporal beauty originates in the soul's loveliness, and that mental excellence adapts the mass of matter to itself." "Je ne puis dire assez souvent," says Montaigne, "combien j'estime la beauté.—Non seulement aux hommes qui me servent mais aux bestes aussi je la considere à deux doigts pres de la bonté." "In hoc vos pudore, judices," said Cicero, in pleading for P. Sylla, "tanto sceleri locum fuisse creditis? adspicite ipsum; contuemini os." Τυφλοῦ τὸ ἐρώτημα, replied Aristotle to one who inquired gravely why the countenance was said to indicate character. In

the crowded streets of a commercial and manufacturing city, or even in the walks of men who are engaged in the drudgery of a learned profession, or in the harassing pursuit of distinction or wealth, or of any end which excites the base passions of the human heart, with what ease and pleasure does the eye recognize a countenance which denotes an exemption from these evils, the "ingenui vultus puer," the true, frank, and courteous spirit, the look of ease and sweetness, of cheerfulness and dignity, such

> ——— as virtue always wears,
> When gay good nature dresses her in smiles!

The wisdom of nature, like that of religion, was a folly to the world, yet with what justice might such folly have repeated the honest boast ascribed to her by Erasmus. "Who does not know that the first age of man is by much the most joyful and the most gracious? And whence does the grace of youth proceed, unless from me? For is it not by shunning the pretensions to knowledge, that it is preserved from care? Once grown to man's estate, having acquired its attendant knowledge, then beauty, and alacrity, and grace decline more and more, until at length τὸ χαλεπὸν γῆρας arrives." "Majorum nugæ, negotia vocantur," says St. Augustin, while boys are punished for their amusements, "et nemo miseratur pueros."[1] But while men conformed to the prescriptions of nature, the prospect of advancing years was not thus clouded with darkness.

Arnaldus Villanovanus wrote a book "De Conservatione Juventutis." The secret might have been found, in a simple obedience to those principles, which are productive of immortal youth, constituting the spring and flower of the mind.

[1] Confess. I.

Age has no power over those who regard them, for what Cicero says of Q. Maximus is perfectly true of every man who preserves this spirit and these sentiments, "nec senectus mores mutaverat." "Here is the fountain," says Erasmus, "which not only restores past youth, but which preserves it for ever." That which Huon de Bordeaux found—

> La Fontaine de Jovent,
> Qui fit rajovenir la gent.

Phylarchus said, that there is a fountain from which they who have drunk, can never again endure the smell of wine.[1] What was this but the clear stream on every mountain-side, nectar to the simple taste of youth?

> What transport to resume our boyish plays,
> Our early bliss, when each thing joy supplied!
> The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
> Of the wild brooks!

In these ages it was remembered, that Christianity is the becoming young again. What, then, asks a blessed abbot, are the works of youth? He answers, "It cares not for being the heir of possessions; it goes to law with no one; it contends not for fortune; it hates no one; if poor, it is not sad; if rich, it is not proud; it judges no one, it commands no one, it envies no one; when it is ignorant, it makes no boast; it derides not what is strange; it never dissembles; it seeks not the dignities of the world; it does not desire to make money; it is not obstinate, it is not easily cast down; it does not defend its own will; it does not fear wicked men. Such are they whom our Lord requires us to imitate; who, as he grew in years and stature, increased in favour with God and man."[2] Such was the disposition which St. Am-

[1] Athenæus, II, 6.

[2] Beatæ Esaiæ Abbat. Orat. 25.

brose ascribes to his departed brother: "How shall I describe his simplicity? Grant me pardon, if I indulge my sorrow, that I may at least speak of him with whom I can no longer speak. His blessed soul was all simple, insomuch that changed into a boy, he displayed all the innocence of manners and simplicity which belongs to that harmless age. Therefore hath he entered into the kingdom of heaven; since he believed the word of God, and like a little boy, rejected the art of adulation; was more prompt to express his feelings, than to deceive; ready to give satisfaction, inaccessible to ambition, and holy in cherishing modesty." [1]

Upon this principle, an instant answer might be given to the desponding question of a modern author.

> Can we reverse the general plan,
> Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; if men disdained the wisdom of Christians, they could not reverse this general plan; but if, like their Catholic ancestors, they learned to become as little children, or to adopt that spirit which seems folly to the world, they would escape, like them, both misery and degradation, and be young and happy to the last. All the happiness which the world could give to those who sacrificed at its unholy shrine, was not, at the moment of its greatest deceit, worth one quarter of an hour of the pleasure and freedom of youth, of the pleasure and freedom of a Christian. Happy the man who, retaining this wisdom in all stages of his life, may have reason to say, at the last, like a prince of heroic fame, that when a boy he had enjoyed what was deemed excellent and noble in a boy; when a youth, what was excellent and noble in young men; and when grown to man's estate, what was excellent and noble in that age.

[1] De Obitu Fratris.

It cannot be too often remarked, how the holy men of Catholic times loved and studied nature. Every object furnished them with lessons of wisdom. St. Gregory Nazianzen, walking on the sea-shore, took notice how the waves threw up shells and weeds, and then returning, took part of them back, and swallowed them up again; while the rocks continued firm, though the billows beat against them with violence. "Such," said he, "are those feeble souls who suffer themselves to be at the mercy of the inconstant waves of fortune, while firm souls are like those rocks, unmoved by storms"; and then he cried out, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come even to my very soul. O Lord, deliver me out of these deep waters." "Behold," cried the holy Pope Innocent, "the plants and trees, they produce flowers, and leaves, and fruit; they furnish us with oil, and wine, and balsam. What is the human condition by nature, if compared to these?" The splendid assembly of Roman nobility, when addressed by Theodoric, inspired Fulgentius with a religious sentiment. St. Francis drew a devout reflection from seeing a sheep alone in a flock of goats. St. Francis Borgia, while Duke of Gandia, was inspired with a religious thought while hawking, and observing the obedience of the falcons. St. Basil was moved to reflection on plucking a rose; another saint, on beholding the stars in a brook during a clear night; another, on watching the swift course of a river; another, on beholding the trees in blossom; another, on seeing the pansy flower, fair to the eye, but without fragrance. The mere sight of a flower would fill St. Ignatius Loyola with the most devout feelings of love and admiration for the author of nature. St. Patrick describes his early piety while a captive on the mountains of Ireland, where he had been carried by pirates in his

sixteenth year. "While watching the flocks I used often to pray, and the love and fear of God and faith increased in me more and more, so that I used to pray an hundred times in the day, and as often during the night while in the woods and on the mountains, and before light I used to pray, in snow, and frost, and rain, and I felt no harm, nor did I experience any torpor. And, one night, in a dream, I heard a voice saying, 'You have fasted well, soon you shall go to your own country, and the ship is ready.'[1] The country life," he says, alluding to these years of his captivity when he learned the Irish tongue, "is created by the Most High, the spirit of the living God bearing testimony; for I was at first a rustic and refugee, unlearned, who could not even see one day before me; until I had been humbled, I was like a stone which lies in deep soil, but He who is mighty came, and in his mercy raised me up, and placed me in the lofty wall." The love of nature furnished them with language to express their ideas concerning future existence. "There, no less than here, I shall meet with generous companions." What was there in this thought unworthy of a Christian? "Here, on earth, we dwell in a sombre and profound abyss, while we fancy we walk on the surface; as if any one inhabiting some deep hollow at the bottom of the sea were to suppose that he was at the top, and seeing the sun and stars through the water, were to suppose that the water was the sky, having never risen to the surface; but if he were at last to rise, and put out his head above the water, how much fairer would everything seem to him on this beautiful earth, than what he had left below at the bottom! This is what we experience; for, inhabiting an abyss of the world, we think that we are on its

[1] Confessio S. Patricii, Acta Sanctorum, XVII Martis.

surface, and we call the air heaven, from beholding the stars through it, but from our weakness and gravity, we are unable to rise to the upper air: if, however, any one were to escape to the top, or being winged, should fly up thither, and, as a fish emerging from the sea, were to behold things there; and if his nature were competent to endure that vision, he would perceive that what is there was the true heaven, and the true light, and the true earth, and that the ground below, and the stones, and the whole place are corrupted and eaten away, like things at the bottom of the sea, by reason of the salt, and that nothing grows there worth beholding, and, in short, that nothing pure or perfect is seen there, but only hollows and sands, and unfathomable mud and bog. So will the loveliness of that upper region surpass all terrestrial beauty. The first view of that world resembles what we see in the dodecaedron, which displays the colours that painters faintly imitate: the whole earth there is more resplendent than these: partly purple, of astonishing beauty, and partly golden, and partly whiter than snow, and similarly adorned with more and still brighter colours, than were ever seen by our eyes; and there grow trees, and flowers, and fruits corresponding; and there mountains are composed of bright transparent stones, of which we have particles here in the cornelian, and jasper, and emeralds; but there the whole is of still greater beauty, so that to see it is the vision of the happy; and the air is to the creatures which inhabit this earth, what the water and sea are to us; so that their islands are separated by air from the continent, and the seasons are of such a nature that there is no disease, and lives are longer than here, and the sight, and hearing, and understanding as much surpass what we possess, as the air is purer than water, and the æther than the air; and moreover, there are temples and sanc-

tuaries of the gods, in which the gods actually dwell, and there are responses, and prophesyings, and visions of the gods, and there is a familiar intercourse with them." [1] It was not enough for Plato to deck his sweet world with material beauty —with amaranthine bowers and streams of nectar— with aëry cliffs and glittering sands, but his sublime imagination still required him to seek God amidst the pleasant haunts of the garden: for Plato had drunk deeply at the fountain of primitive truth, and had heard of Paradise, and how God had once walked there with man as his friend. Happy, indeed, the sage, could he have foreseen the restoration of this glorious union in the adorable sacrament of the Christian altar; could he have believed that a period was approaching when men would no longer be left alone in the world, but would possess sanctuaries, where God would be pleased to descend once more amongst them, and to dwell under humble veils, to be ever present with them. Like Stolberg, when first brought to this celestial light, he, too, would have exclaimed, "My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God: the sparrow hath found a dwelling, and the turtle-dove hath made a nest for her young ones: thy altars, O God of my strength; thy altars, O my King and my God, are the place of my peace and my joy, from henceforth and for ever." Nor was it only the clergy and men set apart for divine contemplation, who loved and studied nature. The Catholic religion kept men in communion with all that is innocent and sublime in nature. A modern writer, describing the character of the Portuguese peasantry, expresses astonishment at the accuracy of taste with which the youngest and simplest among them would point out the finest views, and the most

[1] Plato, Phædo.

picturesque objects, in order to oblige and amuse the stranger. The higher classes had not separated themselves from this great source of enjoyment. It was a hasty sentence of the poet,

> Emblazonments and old ancestral crests
> Detained your eye from nature.

How could this be true of men who would all have admitted the maxim of the Douglasses, "that it is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep"; that the woods and hills are better than walls; to whom the epithet ὀρειβάταν, mountain-wandering, was as applicable as to Theseus himself.[1] The hero of La Mancha was never so happy as when his only lodging for the night was under a spreading cork-tree; and even his honest squire could find company in the trees. To sleep upon straw in some goat-herd's cabin, to wash in the stream at sunrise, and then, "like a roe, to bound over the mountains, by the sides of the deep rivers and the lonely streams wherever nature led," was a life most dear to chivalry. A soldier of modern times, describing his adventures in the last war in Spain, says of himself, "An enthusiastic admirer of Nature, I was glad to move and dwell amid her grandest scenes, remote from cities, and unconnected with what is called society. Her mountains, her forests, and, sometimes, her bare and bladeless plains, yielded me a passing home; her rivers, streams, and springs cooled my brow and allayed my thirst. I saw the sun set every evening; I saw him rise again each morning in all his majesty; and I felt that my very existence was a blessing."

Take a picture from the Viscount de Villeneuve's delightful history of René d'Anjou.

[1] Sophocl. Œdip. in Col. 1054.

The old king loved to rise at daybreak and walk in the sweet groves and gardens, which he cultivated with his own hand, hearing the harmonious concert of the birds in spring, or the murmur of a waterfall. Here he would review his past life: and if a succession of misfortunes passed before him, he could still solace himself with some happy days. Often, amid these innocent retreats, the visit of a prince or an ambassador would be announced. Always affable and accessible, René would receive them in these green shades, with a simplicity that recalled the image of the olden times. Then he would shew them the flowers and plants which he had naturalized, or first introduced into France, and then changing the conversation to subjects of high philosophy, he would say, "Qu'il aymoit la vie rurale sur toutes les aultres, parce que c'estoit la plus seure façon et manière de vivre et la plus loingtaine de toute terrène ambition." He would say that the force of the soul was strengthened in solitude, which is dangerous only to the false or wicked; that in solitude time is the sage's, and the sage is at his own disposal; that all stormy clamour faintly expires there as a distant echo; and that the presence of Nature seems to inspire us with its independence and its peace. It was such a man, nursed in the schools of Catholic wisdom, "impressed with quietness and beauty, and fed with lofty thoughts," who could truly feel what the poet says,

> ——— That Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy.[1]

Anne de Montmorenci, constable of France, on retiring from court, passed his time at Chantilly,

[1] Wordsworth.

occupied with agriculture and the care of flowers.[1] The taste of such men would not have advised them

> ——————— To paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet.

They did not learn to speak a metaphysical language, conveying abstract ideas, but what they loved arose and fashioned itself out of their souls. As Johann von Müller says, "We strive to know nature: the ancients felt and painted it." The distinctions of nature were observed by them before those of society: youth was to respect age, and rank wisdom. The rapid course of nature taught them piety: how many beautiful accomplishments were wanting to the most perfect person! how many sublime and lovely prospects had never been enjoyed by him! Nevertheless, time was on the wing; and even if there were sufficient time to learn and obtain them, the season of youth would be past when they would appear suitable and yield pleasure. Men learned to hope for another life, in which they could possess all joys and perfect beauty. For the present, nature alone was not sufficient, if they wanted the memorials of that faith which revealed heaven. An original historian of the Crusades, speaking of the Christians passing beyond the Turkish frontier, says, "When we saw crosses fixed in the fields, we had great joy, for it was a long time since we had seen or heard anything, quod ad decorem religionis Christianæ pertineret."[2] Dearly as they loved the Muse, they were careful not to ascribe to her what the highest grace can alone impart: for if poesy be the sweetest content that ever Heaven gave to mortals, as Withers says, it bore with them another name, and taught them other-

[1] Desormeaux, Hist. de la Maison de Montmorenci, II, 175.
[2] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, V, 135.

wise than to contemn as knaves and fools those whose dull thoughts could not conceive it, and who accounted its raptures folly and madness. Deeply as they were imbued with a love of nature, they were not so deceived as to expect from it what it could never yield: they remarked well that Lot, who was so virtuous in the city, fell in the wilderness; and they wanted not examples to prove the vanity of rustic retirement and the pleasures of literature, when left without those resources which alone can secure the light and peace of the soul.

It is not unworthy of notice that a tenderness for animals accompanied this loving intercourse with nature. We have already seen how affectionately the knight regarded his horse. Agamemnon, not content with ordering his men to go to supper, adds,

εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισι δεῖπνον δότω ὠκυπόδεσσιν.[1]

An Earl of Leitrim provided in his will for two old faithful horses.[2] Men were ready to acknowledge the service which poor dumb creatures render them, and to interpret all their actions in the best sense. Pliny records many instances of the fidelity of horses and dogs.[3] Socrates says, that the dog which barks at strangers, and fawns upon all whose faces it knows, shews a truly philosophic disposition, hating ignorance and loving knowledge.[4] The wisdom of God sent men to the ant to learn wisdom.[5] Socrates gently reproved his friends for still supposing that he regarded death as a calamity. "It seems to you that I have less foresight than the swans, who sing most sweetly when they perceive that they are about to die, rejoicing because they are soon to depart to the God whose creatures they are. But

[1] Il. II, 383.
[2] Hist. des Chevaux Célèbres. 284.
[3] Lib. VIII, 14, 48.
[4] Plato, De Repub. II.
[5] Prov. II.

men, from being themselves afraid to die, calumniate the swans, saying that they mourn their approaching death, and sing through sorrow, not considering that there is no bird which sings when it suffers any pain, not even the nightingale or the swallow, which men say sing through grief; but they do not appear to me to sing through grief any more than the swans; but I think that these latter, being the servants of Apollo, have a prophetic instinct, and that, foreseeing the delights of the future life, they sing and feel greater joy that day than in any former time; and I consider myself as a fellow-servant of the swans, and sacred to the same God, and as having, like them, a prophetic soul, and with no less pleasure am I ready to depart from life."[1] The Pythagoreans of old excited men to have love and compassion for animals, and were praised on this account by Plutarch.[2] It is not too much to affirm that this compassion belonged essentially to the generous spirit of chivalry, which detested everything like oppression and tyranny. "It will be remarked by those who live among soldiers," says the officer who has written his recollections of the Peninsular war, "that they are charitable and generous, kind to children, and fond of dumb animals." The history and poetry of the middle ages confirm this observation. Who has not heard of the crusader who delivered the lion in the forest? In the northern romance of the Book of Heroes, Wolfdietrich, having aided a lion in a combat with a dragon, is ever after followed by the grateful quadruped.

The Lion and King Tidrich
Together they did go,
For each had saved the other
From sorrow and from woe.

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[1] Plat. Phædo. [2] De Solertia Animalium.

The lion used to accompany him to war, and lay his head in the king's lap when he sat in the hall; which is not incredible, since I have myself mounted upon the hard back of one of the largest lions ever seen in England. In the reign of Louis XII, a gentleman of Auvergne kept a tame lion; though at last it went to the woods, and remained wild in the country.[1] There is, perhaps, but one instance of cruelty to an animal recorded of a knight, when Godfrey of Bouillon cut off the camel's head with one blow of his sword, to satisfy the curiosity of a Sarrasin.[2] The moderns would scorn the tenderness of a Sir Philip Sidney, who says, in his Arcadia, "we have indeed dominion over the beasts, and now, for sport, their silly lives do spill—

> But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy need,
> Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny;
> Thou art of blood, joy not to see things bleed;
> Thou fearest death—think they are loth to die."

A German king is said to have often expressed displeasure when he heard of those who seem to make a diversion of slaughter. The sentiment of Alvar, on rejecting the poison, breathes the love and simplicity of the old spirit.

> Saw I an insect on this goblet's brim;
> I would remove it with an anxious pity![3]

"You ask why Pythagoras abstained from eating meat, but I rather wonder," says Plutarch, "how man first moved a dead carcase to his mouth, and used for food what a little time before was moving and seeing. Much of this animal food stupefies the mind; a little is allowable. I condemn not necessity, but insult. Kill that you may eat, but do not kill that you may eat more luxuriously and waste much. It is a cruel sight to behold the tables of a rich man: it is more cruel to see the tables removed

[1] Jean de Troye, 393. [2] Wilken, II, 36. [3] Coleridge.

and the quantity which is waste, and which has been wantonly killed. Let us kill animals, but with compassion and sorrow, not insulting over them, and putting them to torture."[1] Is it extravagant and wrong to say that the Catholic Church, in her overflowing love for the creation of God, had some views similar to this in her appointed abstinence? The Manichæan, to whom the divine Apostle alluded, avoided eating meat because he impiously ascribed the creation to the author of evil. The abstinence of the Church is no doubt principally directed to preserve the temperance of men; but still, may there not be at the bottom some feeling of tenderness for these poor faithful creatures? Many persons used to refrain from eating on Fridays anything which had had life. Christians had remarked, no doubt, what is sung in the office for the night of the vigil of Christmas, "O magnum mysterium, et admirabile sacramentum! ut animalia viderent Dominum natum, jacentem in præsepio." Some degree of affection seemed to be due to such animals. Görres remarks that, at Rome, all animals are treated with peculiar kindness, and are remarkable for their docility. What friendly greetings do men meet with from the cattle on the mountains of Switzerland! At Lucerne, by a law of the state, no one is allowed to kill the coots, which swim in immense numbers under the walls of the town. Our Saviour said that "not one sparrow is forgotten before God." If God deigns to pay regard to birds, why is a man to be charged with folly for maintaining that some little kindness is due to all his creatures? How is it possible to reconcile goodness with cruelty to them? David, like St. Francis, calls upon the beasts and cattle and winged birds to praise God;[2] and all creatures are likewise invited

[1] De Esu Carnium. [2] Ps. 148.

to praise him in the song of the three young men in Daniel.[1] The cattle of the Ninevites were to fast, and yet men are offended when they hear that animals receive a blessing! The religious mind of our ancestors regarded the concert of the groves as a kind of holy song—

> And lusty May, that mudder is of flouris,
> Had made the birdis to begyn their houres.

Thomas of Celano, and St. Bonaventura relate instances of the love which St. Francis shewed to birds and beasts, and of the docility with which they obeyed him. I am aware that men in our age regard as poetical and romantic, perhaps as barbarous and superstitious, much that was characteristic of wise and holy antiquity; but a difference of name will not effect a unity of things, and if we must conform to their language, it will become most true that a want of poetry is a want of virtue, and that in a strictly religious sense, they are profane and miserable persons who reject the innocent Muse. An English writer has lamented the want of judgment which was evinced by Eadmer, in relating of St. Anselm, that being on a journey, a hare, pursued by hounds, took refuge under the feet of his horse, while the dogs stood round, and that the holy man, having pity on the timid animal, bid it depart in peace, and that the dogs refrained from chasing it, being restrained by the power of his words. I confess it appears to me to be infinitely for the advantage of the human mind, that there should be men, even in the nineteenth century, who want the judgment that would despise such a relation as this.

Görres has introduced the instances related by the biographers of the holy Francis with the remark that these men regarded a lie as the death of the

[1] III, 57.

soul. On his first journey the saint came to a wilderness near Bevagno, where a number of various birds were collected; when he perceived them he went up and saluted them, as if they could understand him; but they seemed to listen, came towards him, and sat in the bushes looking at him in an extraordinary manner, till he came near. "My dear winged brethren, you must always praise your Creator, and love him from your hearts, who hath clothed you with feathers, and given you wings to fly, and supplied all your wants; he hath distinguished you from all his creatures, and hath given you power to move in the clearness of the sky; and though you see him not, he guides and upholds you." The birds meanwhile stretched themselves out towards him, extended their wings, opened their bills, and gazed on him; but he, all astonished, went towards them, and made the sign of the cross over them, which blessing they seemed to receive as a permission to depart. He always rejoiced when he could evince kindness to sheep and lambs; he often would redeem one with some part of his clothes when he saw it driven to be sold, "illius memor Agni mitissimi qui ad occisionem duci voluit pro peccatoribus redimendis." Meeting a flock of sheep, he used to salute them with benignity, and they all would gather round him so as to astonish the shepherd. Near Greccia a brother brought him a live hare, which had been caught in a springe; the saint looked at it full of compassion, and said, "Brother hare, come to me! how came you to suffer yourself to be caught in that springe?" When the monks set the hare loose on the ground, so that it might run away, it sprang upon him, and hid itself in his bosom; but he cherished it with tenderness, and kissed it like a mother, and after he had spoken to it and charged it not to let itself be taken again in a springe, he set it on the ground, and it again took refuge in his

bosom, "tanquam si sensu quodam occulto, cordis ipsius perciperet pietatem," so at last the monks were obliged to carry it far off to a solitary place. The water-fowl on a lake near Rieti followed him in like manner. A grasshopper sat on a fig-branch near his cell at the Portiuncula, and by its singing often excited him to prayer: he called it on one occasion, when it flew to his hand, and when he said, "My dear sister, so praise our Lord thy Creator with thy song!" it began immediately to sing, and flew back singing. When he was returning from Spain, and had come to the mountain Alverna, various birds flew round the cell which the monks had built for him, and sung and flapped their wings, and seemed rejoiced at his arrival; so he said to his companions, "You see, brethren, how our sisters the birds are delighted with our being here; let us stay longer, and sing the praise of God with them." The love which dwelt in this wonderful man wove an inextricable net round every living creature which came within its range, and the charm of love which proceeded from him was able to overcome the instinct of nature. When dominion was given to man over the whole animal creation, he possessed a certain attraction which kept all creatures in subjection to him; but when sin had entered and destroyed that harmony, animals learned to fear him, and to seek solitude: only the domestic tribes, and above all, dogs remained true to their original instinct; but what now every one may do with the sociable animals, and what in the East certain men can perform with the most poisonous reptiles, that did the saint through a higher magnetism over all creatures which were placed in relation with him; for he was in relation with the whole of nature when he had appeased and removed interrupting discord in holiness and love. All objects of nature seemed to him as proclaiming and inspiring the love of

God ; the bloom of flowers, vineyards, woods, rocks, and fountains; the sky, the stars, and all the elements filled him with joy and love. In every object of beauty he beheld the source of all beauty. Thus walked the holy man through the natural world, and wherever his feet trod there was the ancient curse removed from the earth. His song of jubilation for Sunday represented the sun, the moon, and the stars, the winds, the water, fire, and earth, as giving glory to God. Altissimo, omnipotente, bon Signore, tue son le laude, la gloria, la honore, et ogni benedictione. A te solo se confano et nullo homo e degno de nominar te.[1]

XX. Although, however, riches were despised, and a simple and natural mode of life had become characteristic of chivalry, it is not to be overlooked with what real grandeur the lords of great possessions maintained their estate. Sir Joshua Reynolds, shewing that architecture possesses many principles in common with poetry and painting, affecting the imagination by means of association of ideas, cites, as an instance, the delight which is inspired on beholding the castles of the barons of ancient chivalry. At Benevento, the castle is described as one of the finest monuments of these ages. It is said that we have nothing in England which approaches to its grandeur : those of Berkeley, Raby, even Warwick and Windsor, are poor fabrics in comparison : with Gothic grandeur it has the richness of Moorish decoration, open galleries where Saracenic arches are supported by pillars of porphyry and granite, and vast cloisters, with fountains playing in the courts. It belonged to the Duke of Ossuna, and, till the year 1808, the splendour of old times was still continued there. How imposing are the princely towers

[1] Görres, der Heilige Franciskus ein Troubadour.

of the old Percys, which stand on the river Alne, in Northumberland; or those of Clisson, on the Loire, which were built in the eastern style by Oliver I.[1] Lydgate must have seen Alnwick Castle when he describes Troy, with its towers on every side,

> At whose corners, of very pomp and pride,
> The workmen have, with fell and stern visages,
> Of rich entayle upraised great images,
> Wrought out of stone, and never like to fail,
> Full curiously enarmed for batayle.

In cities, too, what majestic structures! Witness the Farnese palace, which is executed with such exquisite grâce, that it appears created by enchantment, rather than built by human hands.[2] Michelagnolo said that certain bronze gates of a church at Florence were worthy to form the entrance of paradise; and the great gateway of the Sacrati palace, at Ferrara, is named among the rarities of Italy. What genius is evinced in those spacious halls of Italy and Spain, which seem enlarged and dignified by means of feigned colonnades and magnificent steps, where numbers of stately figures, arrayed in majestic and varied drapery, are seen ascending and descending! Lanzi says that they who first beheld the galleries of the Vatican, when the unsullied splendour of the gold, the pure white of the stuccos, the brilliancy of the colours, and the tints of the marble rendered every part of it beautiful and resplendent, must have thought it a vision of paradise.

What majestic grandeur in those towers of Marienburg, the convent, and castle, and capital of the Teutonic order! What a noble idea to crown it with that sublime image of the mother of God, with the infant Jesus in her arms, and the lily of peace in her right hand![3] In like manner, on the

[1] Le Mot, Notice Historique sur la Ville et le Château de Clisson.

[2] Lanzi, Hist. of Painting, I.

[3] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs, p. 129.

lofty summit of St. Michael's Abbey, in Normandy, there was placed a golden image of the archangel, which scattered beams of splendour like the sun. The chapels which were attached to the castles of chivalry, such as that of Marienburg, and Windsor, and Vincennes, were often equal to the most majestic churches in magnitude and beauty.

As soon as men adopted the principle of selfish enjoyment, and of indifference to the past and future, even their houses and castles displayed the effects of their philosophy. Imagination, genius, and religion retired at the commencement of the new reign of ferocious fanaticism, sensuality, and avarice. Hall bitterly lamented the ruin of magnificent houses in England, whose courts were become in his time "dumb and silent like the dead of night."

> Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,
> With double echoes doth again rebound;
> The marble pavement, hid with desert weed,
> With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.

In the towered chimneys the unthankful swallow places her circled nest, and the sheep stand in the chapel "where holy things were said."

How few of these buildings remain uninjured by time, or the destructive spirit of modern taste! Yet some are left.

> Apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt,
> Apparent . . . . . veterum penetralia regum.

Here, as in the beautiful chamber in the Adorno palace at Genoa, we behold no unmeaning parade of riches, but the most valuable and precious objects are still subservient to religion, to poetry, and to heroic emotions. The great painters of Italy used to exercise their genius in ornamenting cabinets, doors, coffers, couches and beds with subjects from

history and fable. Artists in marble, bronze, scagliola, and silver were employed to furnish the walls. Vasari speaks of a cabinet ornamented divinely by Bachiacca. Orlandi mentions fresco-painters who were employed in representing divine and heroic scenes in halls, and even on whole houses. Tablets of scagliola in the way of a diptych exhibiting fine precepts from Scripture, used to be placed in private sanctuaries, to aid meditation in sight of the crucifix. The painted walls and ceilings of the ducal gallery and the pilgrims' ward resembled a poem of religious precepts. Lanzi speaks of a painting in the public palace of Sienna which represents the art of wise government, in a manner to form governors and politicians animated by the noblest spirit; the very walls were to discharge the office of an orator, to instruct, move, and delight men. What recollections are associated with Raffaello's chamber of the sciences, representing theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence, and the Chigi gallery, also painted with his own hand. The walls of the Vatican, in some compartments, are made even to serve the cause of science, being adorned with geographical delineations of ancient and modern Italy. The rooms of the palace of Poggio Reale, at Naples, had been painted for King Robert with scenes of history; a number of the chambers of Fontainebleau were similarly adorned; the vast halls of the Escurial represented Scriptural subjects. The chambers of the royal palace of Turin were painted to display the Olympic games and the deeds of Achilles, and subjects taken from the Jerusalem of Tasso. The great hall of Padua, reported to be one of the largest in the world, was adorned with sacred historic pieces. Similar subjects were painted on the walls of the castle of Noale, in the state of Trevigi. The figures of emperors and illustrious characters upon a colossal scale gave

name to the Hall of the Giants spoken of by Lanzi. At Cataio, a villa belonging to the Marchese Tommaso Obizzi, the walls of the rooms represent the history of that very ancient family, distinguished no less in council than in arms. The triumph of Cæsar was represented in the great hall of the palace of St. Sebastiano at Mantua. The very gilded entablatures and the figures of stucco-work in these chambers are described as serving to the instruction of youth. Even the merchants' hall at Ancona represented Hercules, the monster-slayer. At Bologna the grand hall of Magnani presented the wonders of the Carracci, as did also the Farnese gallery and a hall of the Duke of Parma. That of the Anziani exhibited the coronation of Charles V. The walls of the palace of the Marquis of Ferrara represented the general council for the re-union of the Greeks in presence of Pope Eugenius IV and the Emperor John Palæologus; other apartments exhibited the glory of the blessed, which conferred on that place the name it still bears, of the Palace of Paradise. A grand hall of the palace of Schivanoia contained a poetic series representing the exploits of Borso d'Este in each season of the year—in the judgment-hall, in the chase, at assemblies, with great variety of circumstances, and full of poetry in the execution. The sala of the Palace Negroni, at Genoa, is devoted to the glory of this noble family, whose escutcheon is crowned by Prudence, Continence, and other virtues, expressed by their several symbols; and there are also fables of Hercules slaying the lion, and Achilles instructed by Chiron, to indicate the honours acquired by this family in arms and in letters. What instruction was conveyed in those representations of the seven sacraments, of the mysteries of the Rosary, and of all the circumstances of the Gospel history which employed the greatest painters in the

world! Wherever the influence of this sublime religion extended, all the powers of genius and the riches of nobility were devoted to instruct and to spiritualize and delight mankind, by keeping them familiar with holy scenes and heroic images of times past. The walls of the castle of Marienburg were covered with sublime images recalling the history of the faith: the figures of the grand masters of the Teutonic order were there to be seen represented in painting.[1] In the reign of Henry I of England a sheriff was ordered to have the queen's chamber at Nottingham painted with the history of Alexander. In the Constable Du Guesclin's castle of Roche Derrien the tapestry represented his origin, and Merlin predicting his birth. The painted chamber adjoining the House of Lords represented the siege of Troy, the tapestry being placed there on the marriage of King Richard II. For all these nations had a pride in tracing their origin from the Trojans; the Trojans came to England under Brutus, and called it after him, Britannia;[2] the old name of London was New Troy, and Paris was so called from the eldest son of King Priam of Troy, for they are all descended from this lineage: this name was given it when Philip Augustus had it paved, out of abomination of the smell of the mud, which came up to his window, and which gave it formerly the name of Lutetia, the city of mud.[3] The stories of the tapestry in the royal and noble palaces of England are given by Warton. In the tapestry of the Tower of London, the original and most ancient seat of our kings, there were emblazoned Godfrey of Bouillon, the three kings of Cologne, the Emperor Constantine, St. George, King Erkenwald, the history of Hercules, Fame, and Honour, the triumph of

[1] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs, 120, 245.
[2] Gesta Romanorum. [3] Chronique de St. Denis, II, 9.

Divinity, Esther and Ahasuerus, Jupiter and Juno, the eight kings, the ten kings of France, the birth of our Lord, Duke Joshua, the history of King David, the seven deadly sins, the history of the Passion, our Lady and holy child, King Solomon; and at Durham-place we find the City of Ladies, the tapestry of Thebes and of Troy, the City of Peace, the Prodigal Son, Esther; at Windsor Castle, the Siege of Jerusalem, Ahasuerus, Charlemagne, the Siege of Troy, and scenes of hawking and hunting; at Nottingham Castle, Amys and Amilion; at Woodstock Manor, the tapestry of Charlemagne; at the More, in Hertfordshire, King Arthur, Hercules, Astyages and Cyrus; at Richmond, the arras of Sir Bevis, and Virtue and Vice fighting. The same were at Westminster, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Oatlands, Bedington, in Surrey, and other royal seats. In the romance of Sir Guy, that hero's combat with the dragon in Northumberland is said to be represented in tapestry in Warwick Castle, and a special grant of it made by King Richard II with the castle, in 1398, to Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent. The nine worthies were at Newhall, in Essex, and also at Westminster. When Margaret, daughter of King Henry VII, was married to James, King of Scotland, in 1503, in Holyrood House, at Edinburgh, "the hangings of the queenes grett chammer represented the ystory of Troye toune, and the king's grett chammer was haunged about with the story of Hercules, together with other histories." A stately chamber in the castle of Hesdin, in Artois, was furnished by a Duke of Burgundy, in 1468, with the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. The affecting story of Coucy's Heart, which gave rise to an old English metrical romance, entitled the Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel, was woven on the walls of the

castle of Coucy.[1] The great arched chamber of the prior, in the convent of St. Swithin at Winchester, was hung with the arras of the three kings of Cologne; and in Henry Bradshaw's description of the feast made by King Ulpher in the hall of the Abbey of Ely, when his daughter Werburgh took the veil in that convent, we read,

> Clothes of golde and arras were hanged in the hall
> Depaynted with pyctures, and hystoryes manyfolde,
> Noble auncyent storyes ——
> Of Hector of Troye, slayne by fals treason;
> Of noble Arthur, kynge of this regyon,
> With many other mo.

In the year 1277, Otto, Archbishop of Milan, having restored the peace of that city by a signal victory, built a noble castle, in which he ordered every circumstance of that victory to be painted, which remained in the great vaulted chamber so late as the year 1547. Langton, Bishop of Lichfield, commanded the coronation, marriages, wars, and funeral of his patron, King Edward I, to be painted in the great hall of his episcopal palace, which he had newly built in 1312; and Symeon, a friar minor, in 1322, speaks of "that celebrated chamber" in the royal palace near the monastery of Westminster, "on whose walls all the warlike histories of the whole Bible are painted with inexpressible skill, and explained by a regular series of texts beautifully written in French over each battle, to the no small admiration of the beholder, and the increase of royal magnificence." Rosse of Warwick, in 1460, relates that he saw in the Abbot's Hall, at St. Alban's Abbey, a suite of arras containing a long train of incidents belonging to a most romantic and pathetic story in the life of the Saxon king Offa, which he relates at length.[2]

[1] Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, II, 42.
[2] J. Ross. Warwick. Hist. Reg. Angl. edit. Hearne, p. 64.

A series of poetical inscriptions used to be written on the walls and ceilings of the apartments, as in those of the castles of Lekinfield and Wressill, belonging to the fifth Earl of Northumberland. The golden emblazonment of the hereditary cry and the heraldic bearings of chivalry were another instance of this poetical magnificence, which was even favourable to the arts.[1] The knightly origin of heraldry, its connection with history, the monuments of the middle ages which it decorates, the illustrious actions which it often recalls, will always give a degree of interest to this science, independent of all opinions.

The blazon of shields and crests is no invention of the middle ages: witness the shield of Hector, the chimera for the crest of Turnus, and the paternal shield described by Virgil.[2] Philopœmen introduced the use of complete armour among the Achæans. Herodotus ascribes to the Carians, an Ionian people, the first use of crests on helmets and signs upon shields;[3] and Thucydides says that Delos was known to be inhabited by that people, for, the graves being opened, the bodies were recognized as those of Carians by the armour in which they had been buried.[4] Alcibiades bore a shield of gold, on which was painted a cupid with a thunderbolt; and Plutarch says that the Haliartian who killed Lysander bore a dragon on his shield. Æschylus describes the crests and coat armour of the knights who fought against Thebes, and gives the cry of Capaneus, ΠΡΗΣΩ ΠΟΛΙΝ. Tacitus says that the Germans distinguished their shields by chosen colours. The Cimbrian knights who fought with Marius are described by Plutarch as having crests on their helmets of plumes, or the heads and open jaws of strange and frightful wild beasts, a custom

[1] Lanzi, Hist. of Painting, I.
[2] VII.
[3] Lib. I, 171.
[4] Lib. I, 8.

which is ascribed by Diodorus to the Gauls.[1] Coat armour became hereditary in France about the time of Louis-le-Gros. A visit to the Museum of the Artillery at Paris will prove the beauty and magnificence of which steel armour was susceptible; in this fine collection many of the cuirasses are richly carved with sacred images, some representing the crucifixion, others our Lady; one, which belonged to a Count of Waldeck, bears inscribed in German, "To God alone honour." One cuirass is exquisitely carved by Benvenuto Cellini. The superb armour of Godfroy of Bouillon has been brought from the ancient gallery of Sedan, whither it had been conveyed from Bouillon by Everard de la Marck in 1440. Here you see the armour worn by the Maréchal de Turenne, Crillon, Biron, Henry IV, Francis I, Henri Duc de Guise, le Balafré, Anne de Montmorenci, Bayard, Louis XII, Charles-le-Téméraire, and the Maréchal de Boucicaut. There is a painted helmet with sentences from the Koran, ascribed to Abdorrahman, killed by Charles Martel in 730. Dr. Meyrick[2] has shown that the Black Prince was not so called from the colour of his armour, but from that of the covering in which he appeared at tournaments; in the field of battle and on all other occasions his surcoat was emblazoned with the arms of England labelled. The superb paintings which adorn the work of René d'Anjou in the king's library at Paris will show the magnificence with which the tournaments were conducted; the lords of each province having a livery of separate colours, these scenes of pomp were enlivened with the green of the Counts of Flanders, the light green of Anjou, the red of Burgundy, the aurora and blue of Blois and Champagne, the yellow of Lorraine, and the

[1] Lib. V, 30.

[2] Hist. of Ancient Armour.

white and black of Brittany. Triumph was not then become an ale-house guest.[1]

Arches were erected in the streets of Florence by Granacci and Rosso; temples and façades were formed by Antonio da San Gallo, and colossal figures by Sansovino. Cities and castles beheld magnificent festivities and grand funeral obsequies. Roger, Earl of Mortimer, a magnificent baron of the reign of Edward I, erected in his stately castle of Kenilworth a round table, at which he restored the rites of King Arthur; he entertained in this castle the constant retinue of one hundred knights, and invited thither adventurers in chivalry from every part of Christendom.

> There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
> Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
> And be in eye of every exercise,
> Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.[2]

When young Götz von Berlichingen went to be page at the castle of the Margrave Frederic von Brandenburg, he found fifty or sixty companions of his own age, and when he was punished for engaging in a fray, and imprisoned in the tower, all these young men came to intercede for him. The virtuous and unfortunate Henry II, Duc de Montmorenci, maintained a most noble estate of thirty pages and fifty gentlemen, who were entertained with magnificence, and he kept an academy in his castle, regularly supplied with the best masters, not only for his own pages, but for all the young gentlemen of Languedoc, who should choose to avail themselves of it.[3] Amanieu des Escas alludes to this mode of life in instructing the young squire. "The courts are the best schools you can frequent; there

[1] Shakspeare, Richard II. [2] Two Gent. of Verona. I. 3.
[3] Desormeaux, Hist. de la Maison de Montmorenci, III, 205.

the good arrive at perfection, and the most imbecile acquire sense and ability; there you learn courtesy and knowledge of the world. I know you are not rich enough to live there unless you belong to the company of some seigneur, who may take you there. You must therefore choose such a master. As long as you perceive him exercising his noble dispositions, spare nothing to please him. Offer your services with a handsome grace; try to show off his good qualities and to conceal carefully his failings. You must study whatever can please him, but that study must not prevent you from opening your eyes upon his faults, and from speaking to him about them, that he may correct them, provided this be done in private and with delicacy. Never testify chagrin or jealousy, if your comrades enjoy more of his confidence and favour. If he be at war, have a horse, seven years old at the most, light, strong, and well broke. Have your spurs well fastened, and all your harness well looked after, for often we sleep in our chimney-corner, thinking we shall have time to take our ease, and yet we have to jump out of bed before break of day; for that is the repose you find with a warlike master. If yours command you to arm, make such good haste that nobody can be in saddle before you. I will give you for a master a count full of merit, courteous, well-instructed, and whom I love heartily. It is B—— of Astarat, who possesses all the qualities of a good knight. There is not in all Christendom, either count, or duke, or marquis, twice more powerful than he. That is why I send you to him. Say to him, 'Amanieu des Escas salutes you; he declares that your merit is so widely known, that he wishes always to serve you. He has sent me to you, as to his master, that I may serve you for the love of him. I am ready to devote myself to you as long as you think proper.' That is what you shall say to this brave count. I

believe, gentle squire as you are, that in his service you will win much honour, and that you will also merit the good favour of her whom you love."

The Würtemberg princes, who raised their house from an earldom and dukedom to a kingdom, have been remarkable, says Voigt, from the time they are first mentioned in history, for three characteristics; wisdom in seizing opportunities; constancy and spirit in misfortune; and a certain fondness for pomp and magnificence in their court. "You speak of the good old time that your father used to talk about," says Vidal to a Jongleur. "As for me, I have been in the court of King Alphonso, father of him who does such good, and pays such honour to all the world, and there I saw so many good examples, that I have grown better in all respects. Had you been there, you would have seen the happy age of which your father used to speak, where shone generous men and lovers. You would have seen troubadours, who told how they were regaled and entertained in courts; you would have seen their brilliant equipages, and what an honourable reception the lords gave them. You would have seen the same thing in Lombardy, with the preux Marquis de Montferrat; in Provence with the Seigneur de Blacas, and with William, the good Seigneur de Baux, with the Count Dauphin, Gaston de Foix, Pons d'Auvergne, Arnaud de Castelnau, and the Comte de Castillon." [1]

Voigt, in his history of the Castle and Convent of Marienburg, has described, in detail, many of the grand festivities which were held in its majestic hall during intervals of peace. The account-book of the treasurer of the Teutonic order, from the year 1399 to 1409, furnished him with most curious information. Such was the entertainment given upon

[1] Hist. des Troubadours, II, p. 288.

the accession of the noble grand master, Winrich von Kniprode. Dantzig sent to the castle, upon that occasion, a present of wine; Frankfort-on-the-Main supplied musicians; Nürnberg provided a minstrel, or bard, to chant heroic songs, who had a golden goblet for his reward. A Prussian poet, allured by such liberality, sang the deeds of the old Prussians, in the old Prussian language, adding great flattery of the new master; but in vain did his minstrelsy resound through the hall. He was presented with a covered dish, containing a hundred empty nuts, with this inscription, "No one has understood the poor Prussian; therefore I give him a hundred empty nuts." These festivities lasted eight days.[1] At another time, the French knight Boucicaut was a guest, when he delivered presents from King Charles V. A crowd of wandering minstrels used to attend to instruct and delight the assembly. In the year 1404 there were present, on one occasion, players on the lute from Burgundy, others on the violin from the palace of the Archbishop of Bremen, and from the court of the King of Sweden; others from that of the King of the Romans, a chorus of Suabian singers and musicians, even from Milan.

In Tancredus we have seen with what a religious spirit the great and powerful employed their riches. It is to that spirit we must ascribe the surpassing grandeur which belonged to the manners and estate of the Christian chivalry. So certain is it that the great truths of religion have a more speedy and extensive development than the world supposes; even to the eye of men, the lesson of spiritual wisdom, that humility must precede honour and exaltation, was undoubtedly verified. The respect with which the great were treated in these ages was the result

[1] Geschichte Marienburgs, 146.

of grandeur being grounded on humility. The moderns have riches and power at command, yet because the manifestations of humility do not enter into their conception of magnificence, their noblest estate wants grandeur. Pausanias remarks that no king of Lacedæmon has ever been celebrated by any poet.[1] Without going back to the Lacedæmonians, it is clear that the secret of Catholic grandeur was lost to those who adopted the new philosophy. It was the sight of power humbling itself before the Majesty of God, which wholly subdued the spirit of our brave forefathers. There was no self-degradation, no crouching servility, in respecting such grandeur. It was an honourable feeling, it was religion to give way to all the enthusiasm of the heart, in manifesting love and honour for men who seemed only to be ambitious in order that they might present a nobler offering to the Almighty. In a lower sense, too, it was gladdening to see homage paid to virtue, to see her majesty recognized, to behold kings in the chorus of her admirers.

I have already shewn how rich were the customs of life in these ages, in instances of this true grandeur. At certain seasons the kings of Christendom were to be seen walking, with all their court, in solemn religious procession, with the children of their poorest subjects.

King John of France, on recovering his liberty, went out of Calais on foot on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Boulogne: King Edward accompanied him on foot for one league, and the Black Prince would not consent to leave him till he had reached Boulogne.[2] Is it wonderful that on these occasions the hearts of feeling men were moved to enthusiasm when, after such an affecting homage had been

[1] Lib. III, 8.
[2] La France sous les cinq premiers Valois, II, 179.

paid to that divine religion which was the source of their joy, and the remedy for all the evils of their life, these great princes would mount their prancing chargers, and, attended by a noble troop of pages and knights in glittering panoply, would resume again the post of majesty, to which God had exalted them?

Neander, a Protestant, speaking of the visit which the Emperor Frederick I paid to St. Hildegard, says, "It is beautiful to see the mightiest of the earth, who feared no power, thus bend down before a strength which was superior to all that was human, to all the splendour, all the majesty of the world: to see the greatest prince at the feet of an humble nun, whom he regarded as the organ of a divine communication."[1]

The King of England used to be dressed in white on the eve of his coronation, to signify the purity which was required for a Christian throne. The old historians of the Maréchal de Boucicaut mention that he was remarkable for the magnificence of his dress, and of his whole state; but that on Fridays he always appeared simply clad in black, in memory of our Saviour's passion. Dom Joam de Castro, when Viceroy of India, used always to descend from his palanquin or horse when he met the cross, and kneel upon the ground;[2] he would never pass it without a low inclination, without any difference of time or place: when the bells of the churches and convents tolled for the Angelus, the grandeur of nobility would be seen paying homage to the Supreme Being, men of all ranks uncovering themselves at the signal, making the sign of the cross, and offering up that brief but sublime and comprehensive prayer. Nature and the feelings of the

[1] Der Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter, 216.
[2] Life of Dom Joam de Castro, by De Andrada.

heart were still preserved in noble pre-eminence even amidst the pomp of courts and the triumph of imperial majesty; the man was still discernible though bearing the crown and sceptre. A magnificent description is given of the solemn ceremonies which took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, when Maximilian was crowned emperor. Being led before the altar by the Archbishops of Cologne and of Mainz, and having said his prayer and returned to his throne, the Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Cologne; the Epistle being chanted, the emperor having prostrated himself on the ground, was blessed and anointed by the archbishop. He then retired with joined hands, and being arrayed in the alb of Charlemagne, returned to the altar in royal state to receive the sword and the rings and the crown. At this moment, when the eyes of this illustrious assembly were directed upon Maximilian, he burst into tears.[1] When Alphonso, King of Aragon, was made a knight previous to his coronation, the fête did not begin till the morning of Holy Saturday. The signal when every one was to throw off his mourning for the late king, was the joyful burst of Alleluiah in the church. Here the majesty of the earth was made to wait upon that of heaven. It was the custom for the emperor in robes of state to chant the seventh lesson at matins on Christmas-day: this belonged to a usage which had been in the church from the time of Constantine. In Spain it was the universal custom in each house, on the fall of night, when the pages, bearing lights, were ushered into the saloons by the seneschal, for him to say aloud, "Let the holy sacrament be praised," and for all the company to answer, "for ever." How sublime this resolution to prevent the rules of society from exercising for any moment supreme

[1] Chroniques de Jean Molinet, III, 62.

dominion over Christians! In a multitude of instances glory and grandeur belonged to the great in consequence of men being aware that they were secretly humbled and profoundly religious. "Let the great man," says Sir Thomas More, "choose himself some secret solitary place in his own house, as far from noise and companie as he conveniently can, and thither let him sometime secretly resort alone, imagining himself as one going out of the world, even straight unto the giving up of his reckoning unto God of his sinful living; then let him there, before an altar, or some pitiful image of Christes bitter passion, the beholding whereof may put him in remembrance of the thing, and move him to devout compassion, knele down or fall prostrate as at the feet of Almightie God, verily beleeving him to be there invisibly present. Then let him open his heart to God and confesse his faultes, and pray God of forgiveness."[1] King Charles V of France used to rise at six o'clock, then he took up his Breviary and recited the canonical hours; then he went to mass.

Earthly grandeur was also exerted to encourage the arts, not by the mere recompense of money, but by directing the enthusiasm which it excited to stimulate those who cultivated them: in Italy a king might be seen followed by the population of a great city walking across the fields to see the picture which an artist was finishing for the church of a rustic village.

The moderns are so much in the habit of associating all beauty and magnificence and the noblest works of genius with profane or impure objects, that they are shocked when they read of their ancestors employing them in honour of God. Music only reminds them of the opera; painting of the

[1] On Comfort against Tribulation, II, 17.

gallery; solemn procession of the theatre. As people of the world are always the most severe judges of what religion requires, so the most grossly sensual of those who follow the modern philosophy complain that "the pomp of Catholic worship produces an effect which acts too powerfully on the senses"; they would have religion as cold as astronomy, and grandeur indicated by the rent-roll. It is not strange that with a mind thus constituted they should be unable to appreciate the grandeur of Christian antiquity.

XXI. The middle ages have been styled the dark ages in reproach, to signify the ignorance in which it is said men were then universally involved. I propose to examine the justice of this charge, and the principles which are used in supporting it. And now, in the first place, it must be confessed that a taste for reading was not a characteristic of the warlike youth who were employed in defending Christendom, or in protecting the weak and oppressed. The renowned Du Guesclin, who saved his country, had never learned to read; and the heroic Bayard was certainly not a man of letters. All that Chaucer can advance in favour of the young squire was that

> Wel coude he sitte on hors and fayre ride.
> He coude songes make, and wel endite;
> Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.

And the baron in his castle had often no other source of information than the family tradition and the report of the stranger guest.

> ——————— singula lætus
> Exquiritque, auditque, virûm monumenta priorum.[1]
>
> Πῶς ἔθαν' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων;
> Ποῦ Μενέλαος ἔην;[2]

[1] Æn. VIII, 311. [2] Od. III, 248.

However, it may be suspected that the epithet of the dark ages will not account for these facts of our history, since we know from Cicero, that in his time there were many persons who, like the Gothic chiefs that remonstrated with Amalaswintha,[1] deemed the cultivation of letters and philosophy indecorous in princes of the state;[2] but I repeat it, there certainly was, under some aspects, among men in the way of active life, a certain prejudice against reading and calculating; as Douglas says in Marmion:

> At first in heart it liked me ill,
> When the king praised his clerkly skill,
> Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine
> Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
> So swore I, and I swear it still,
> Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.

The poet Alain Chartier pours forth a doleful complaint of the ignorance which prevailed among certain great lords of his time. "This foolish language is current," he observes, "that a nobleman should not know the alphabet, and they regard it as a reproach against their gentility if they are thought to read or write well. Alas! who could say anything more foolish, or publish a more dangerous error." And there is a curious anecdote related by another writer, to prove that it was sometimes considered ridiculous for a warrior to be found in the society of learned men: "The Count of Anjou, Foulques le Bon, being nettled when King Louis, son of Charles the Simple, and his courtiers had laughed at him on meeting him among the clerks in the church of Tours, replied with boldness, that there was no difference between an unlettered king and a crowned ass." It would be unfair to censure the judgment of an angry scholar; and we must certainly admit, as Ovid says of Romulus, that

[1] Procop. de Bell. Goth. II.

[2] Academic. lib. II, c. 2.

they knew arms better than the stars.[1] As late as the time of Louis XIV the nobles of France rather affected to write a bad hand, for which deficiency, however, by the way, it is amusing to observe, they would have had a defender in the wise Athenian in Plato.[2] Ulrich von Lichtenstein had often to wait many long days together before he could find out what were the contents of a letter which had been given to him. Büsching produces an instance from the Frauendienst, in which the author says, "My secretary was not with me, who used to read and write all my letters, so that the little book remained for ten days unread." Gilles de Rome, in his Mirror, makes a free confession. "Il eschet souvent que le prince n'est mye grant clerc pour jeunesse qui le maistrie ou la male ordonnance des parens ou pour l'ignorance invincible." When the giants like Robastre, son of Mallembruno, became hermits, they proved bad theologians, and were like him rather formidable to penitents.

Olivier de la Marche complains of Charles the Bold that he had never loved Latin. Götz von Berlichingen confesses that he loved a stable much better than school. Many could repeat St. Augustin's words, that "unum et unum duo, duo et duo quatuor," was an odious exchange for the Trojan horse and the spectacle of vanity.[3] "A fine world it is truly," says the Knight of La Mancha, "when a poor pedant, who has seen no more of it than is within twenty or thirty leagues about him, shall take upon him to judge of those who profess knight-errantry. You, forsooth, esteem it an idle undertaking and time lost, to wander through the world, though scorning its pleasures and sharing the hardships and toils of it, by which the virtuous

[1] Fast. 29. [2] De Legibus, VII.
[3] St. August. Confess. I, 13.

aspire to the high seat of immortality. If persons of honour, knights, lords, gentlemen, or men of any birth should take me for a fool or a coxcomb, I should think it an irreparable affront. But for mere scholars, that never trod the paths of chivalry, to think me mad, I despise and laugh at it." Lastly, Wihtred, King of Kent, about the year 700, says, at the end of a charter, "I have put the sign of the holy cross, pro ignorantia literarum." I do not mention Charlemagne, because, though some have argued from a passage in Eginhard, that he could not write, yet the learned authors of the Literary History of France have shewn that it was only the great Roman letters which he could not form, having begun to learn them too late in life, when they were first introduced;[1] and we have to defend a much later age, since the poet Ronsard thus concluded his epitaph on Philippe de Comines, who composed his memoirs in retirement, at his castle of Argenton in Berri:

> Retourne en ta maison, et conte à tes fils comme
> Tu as vu le tombeau du premier gentilhomme,
> Qui, d'un cœur vertueux, fut à la France voir,
> Que c'est honneur de joindre aux armes le savoir.

This is by no means true, but I will suppose now that it is admitted by the friends of Christian antiquity; nevertheless a great deal remains before they can be brought to range themselves on the side of those who think even this admission fatal to the character of their ancestors. It is obvious that the question might open an immense field for discussion, but I shall endeavour to set it at rest with as few words as possible. In the first place, then, granting that men, in those ages, were as illiterate as the moderns choose to make them, it remains to con-

[1] Tome IV, p. 370. Ginguené, Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, I, 66.

sider the real extent of the evil which belonged to this condition. It is indeed a common opinion that knowledge is the mother of virtue, and that vice and ignorance go together. "Mais si cela est vray," says Montaigne, "il est sujet à une longue interpretation." [1]

What is knowledge? what is ignorance? The judgment of the illustrious sages of antiquity, founded upon the traditionary wisdom of mankind, condemns that system which has been supported with such wordy eloquence in later times, relative to what is termed the general diffusion of knowledge. Its champions could not stand an examination of five minutes by Socrates, without betraying the error of their expressions, and the utter absurdity of their whole theory. Do we recommend ignorance then? "What is really ignorance?" Socrates asks. He does not reply "when any one is not familiar with what certain sophists have said or written," for there ends knowledge in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but the answer is, "when any one does not love, but, on the contrary, hates what is good and honourable, while he loves and embraces that which is evil and unjust." [2] "Good men," he continues, "are to be deemed wise and able men and fit for government, although they may not know their letters." "I fear what you say," says the wise disputant, in the seventh book, "but I fear much rather those who have attained this knowledge and learning, having ill attained it; for it is by no means awful, or the greatest evil, to be ignorant of all things; but much knowledge and much learning, with an evil inclination, is a punishment far greater than this." [3] Socrates would thus address Theuth, the inventor of letters: "O most ingenious Theuth, one man is

[1] Essais, II, 12. [2] Plato, de Legibus, III. [3] Ib. VII.

qualified to invent the works of art, and another to judge of their utility; and you, father of letters, have expected from them the very reverse of what will result to mortals from using them; for this invention will generate forgetfulness, on account of neglecting memory, because trusting to outward monuments of letters, men will not revolve the things themselves inwardly. And you do not deliver truth to your disciples, but the opinion of wisdom; for without a master, they, hearing many things, will seem to the vulgar as if they knew many things, while in reality they will be ignorant, and they will certainly become disgusting, contradictious, χαλεποὶ in their manners, doxosophists, seeming wise instead of being sages.[1] A book," he continues, "circulating among all, and speaking the same words to fools and wise men, can never be a guide to wisdom."

The description which Plato gives of the hall of Protagoras, with its crowd of fawning disciples attending upon the arch sophist, will shew that there is nothing new in these scientific assemblies, where such opinions are deemed worthy of the dark ages. "O Socrates," says the sophist, "I have often contended in disputations with men, and had I made such short and precise answers as you require, I should not have appeared more eminent than any other person, nor would all Greece have resounded with the name of Protagoras."[2] One may fully believe this; but it is easy to exalt the excellence of the universal diffusion of knowledge, giving the reins to words, ἵνα μεγαλοπρεπέστεροι καὶ εὐσχημονέστεροι ὑμῖν φαίνωνται, so flying εἰς τὸ πέλαγος τῶν λόγων, ἀποκρύψαντα γῆν. Let us turn to those who are rather under "the gentle and uniform influence of the golden and sacred cord of

[1] Plato, Phædrus. [2] Plato, Protagoras.

reason."[1] Love, which seemed to Plato as the principle of intellectual activity, which he represents as "a poor, good, and bold person, φιλοσοφῶν διὰ παντὸς τοῦ βίου, keeps always in a middle state between wisdom and ignorance, so that he always longs after wisdom and beauty; for had he attained to wisdom, like the gods, he would not long after it."[2] What deep thoughts are here! The Count of Stolberg alludes to this passage, in discoursing on divine love, and says, "We must become inwardly poor, feel our own poverty, and long after the fulness of Him who alone has fulness."[3] Now it may be asked, does reading always lead to this sentiment? Whom does Plato exhort to look forward to a future world with transports of joy? It is "the man who has adorned his soul, not with a splendid store of human science, foreign and unconnected with his spirit, but with what belongs to it: temperance, justice, courage, freedom, truth." Do our reading sophists procure this store for themselves? "Wisdom," he says, "is that state of the soul in which it is delivered from the changeable and uncertain dominion of the senses, in which its wanderings cease, and it remains attached to what is divine, and always the same." Is this state promoted by a constant familiarity with each new production of a restless and inquisitive age? I allude not to the holy lessons of a Juan de Castaniza, or a Fénelon, who shew, upon religious grounds, the danger of such a taste;[4] so contrary to that of the early Christians, who would stop their ears and fly upon the approach of one who would propound his own private articles of faith;[5] but it may be asked, how can there be manly dignity, how can there be

[1] Plato, de Legibus, I. [2] Plato, Conviv.
[3] Geschichte der Religion, VII, 344.
[4] The Spiritual Combat, IX.
[5] St. Iren. lib. III cont. Hæres. 4.

honour, how can there be the high disdain of baseness, without which there can be no virtue, when the mind receives its only food from the pages which are prepared for the multitude, containing the words of base clever men, who make literature an affair of money, having prosperity for their God, and more than God, according to the expression of Æschylus;[1] true sophists, for so all are to be styled, says Cicero, "qui ostentationis aut quæstus causa philosophabantur;[2] necessarily flatterers of the people, or of the powerful, without the sunshine of whose favour they would perish, like the vile insects which derive their ephemeral existence from feeding upon blossoms and fruits?

"Is it not disgraceful," Socrates asks, "and the greatest sign of a want of education, to be obliged to judge of justice from the mouth of any one, as of a lord and judge, in consequence of wanting a sense of one's own?" Πάντων αἴσχιστον.[3] Among a reading public, who dares to utter his own thought, or rather who has any thought of his own to utter? Yet who is content, like Creon in Sophocles, to be silent where he is ignorant?[4] The rage for talking, ἡ ἀσιγησία, as Plutarch says, infects every man, though it is so great a vice, according to chivalry,[5] that to be valiant in words was the greatest reproach that Ajax could bring against Ulysses.[6] Is it not these literary pamphlets, of such critics as Cleon described, saying, "that they were spectators of words and hearers of actions,"[7] which produce that mischievous animal who preys upon society; that door-knocking trifler, θυροκόπος φλέδων, as Æschylus styles him, who can never rest till he has

[1] Choëph. 57.
[2] Academic. II, 23.
[3] Plato, de Repub. III, 405.
[4] Œd. Tyr. 568.
[5] Le Combat de seul à seul en camp clos, par Marc de la Berandiere. Paris, 1608.
[6] Ovid, XIII, 1.
[7] Thucydid. III, 38.

disgorged, upon some unhappy acquaintance, all the crude impertinence which he has been swallowing from the hand of one of these sophists, so cunning to deceive and to give an imposing air to falsehood and baseness.[1] These are the men "who have got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out";[2] like those Athenians that outchirped their own grasshoppers, and drove the old poet to seek, among the birds, a place free from such distraction.[3] Plato says that the angel of the justice of God has a heavy punishment in store for light and winged words.[4]

I have hitherto spoken only of the views of sages who wanted the light of faith. Let us see if the Christian philosophy and the experience of modern times be against them. "If the understanding, that eye of the soul, and which alone can discover and rectify the vanity of the heart, be itself blind and swelled with pride, who shall undertake to cure its maladies?" says Juan de Castaniza, the Spanish Benedictine.[5] "In corde sapientia est," says Lactantius.[6] "The head gives you direction," says Musidorus, in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia; "And the heart gives me life," answers Pyrocles. Many clever men are not wise men. Wisdom is the high privilege of a few. Cleverness is employed in accuracy of detail, and while in pursuit of that object, it often forms the most distorted outlines of the entire of things. Wisdom is seen in the justice of comprehending the great whole and the relative proportion of parts; so that though Socrates recom-

[1] Euripides, Io, 831.
[2] Hamlet.
[3] Aristoph. Aves.
[4] De Legibus, IV.
[5] The Spiritual Combat, p. 27.
[6] Inst. III.

mended, arithmetic, provided it were pursued not for the sake of commerce, but on account of truth, and its tendency to make the mind acute;[1] it is still to be feared that the mind, like a razor, may have a false edge, which will prevent its true illumination.[2] The sum is expressed by Nicole Gilles, in his Chroniques de France: "Le sens naturel précède toute autre science." "It is a part of human wisdom," says the elder Scaliger, "to be contented to remain ignorant"; or, as Joseph Scaliger says,

Nescire velle quæ magister optimus
Docere non vult, erudita inscitia est.

"Nam vulgus interdum plus sapit," says Lactantius, "quia tantum quantum opus est sapit."[3] The author of the Imitation of Christ says, "you must think yourself ignorant in many things: you must turn a deaf ear to many things, and ponder upon those which belong to your peace;[4] and St. Bonaventure says, "what more acceptable quam scire qualiter tanto Domino valeam famulari?"[5] What a rage now for books! "Christ," as St. Jerome remarks, "left no written instructions behind him, being pleased to give us himself on the cross, instead of a book." Jesus on the cross was a devout book, which the wisest men studied without ceasing, to learn the practice of the most heroic virtues. "This is the book which may be truly called the book of life," says Juan de Castaniza. St. Peter survived our Lord thirty-six years, and only left two short epistles; St. James wrote but one; Andrew, Philip, Thomas, and Bartholomew left no writing. The human mind had not invented paper till after

[1] Plato, de Repub. VII.
[2] St. August. de Civit. Dei, XVIII, 39.
[3] Instit. I, 3.
[4] III, 44.
[5] Stimulus Divini Amoris, Prolog. 4.

5,200 years; a strange fact if books had been essential to wisdom. The very letters of the holy Scripture are dead unless men convert them into action: as St. Jerome says, "Scripturarum cupimus verba in opera vertere, et non dicere sancta sed facere." Some men said that their religion was the Bible; they had reason to say it was in a book, and not drawn out into their lives. Their religion was safe in the Bible; they were humble in the Bible, detached from the world, poor in spirit, charitable, despising riches, while they had their fingers on the text; but the sacred book once closed, the man was left without his religion, proud, covetous, unforgiving, uncharitable, a calumniator, a worldling. What a rage for books! "Persons read from vanity, as they study their toilet," says Fénelon; "O what a pernicious amusement is there in what is styled the most solid reading! One must know everything, judge of everything, speak of everything, and place oneself above everything. A Christian has other views: he is not called upon to understand a great number of bright truths, but to love perfectly each truth. Love, therefore; love, and you will know much in learning little, for the interior unction will teach you all things. O how an ignorant simplicity, which only knows how to love God without loving self, is above all the doctors of the world." This is similar to what St. Augustin said: "Amate scientiam, sed anteponite charitatem."[1] Men beheld the grace, the dignity, and wisdom which belonged to persons like many of the holy friars, who had no book learning. The great St. Francis had said, "Et non curent nescientes literas, literas discere; sed attendant, quod super omnia desiderare debent, habere spiritum Domini et sanctam ejus operationem; orare semper ad Deum puro corde; et

[1] Serm. XXIII, de Verb. Dom.

habere humilitatem et patientiam in persecutione et infirmitate; et diligere eos qui nos persequuntur."[1] Truly, upon religious grounds, experience proves that learning does not merit such great reverence. Gold and power can outweigh truth in the balance of schools. The learned praise what is honourable, but they adhere to what brings profit.[2] The wife of Hiero asked Simonides whether it was better to be rich or wise. "To be rich, to be sure," said he; "do you not see the wise dancing attendance in the porticos of the rich?"[3] Again, into what depths of misery and guilt have men fallen from neglecting the humble maxim of St. Augustin! "Melius scitur Deus nesciendo." The plain understanding of Montaigne was shocked at the audacious positions of the religious innovators.[4] As the honest carpenter says in Chaucer,

> This man is fallen with his astronomie
> In som woodnesse or in som agonie.
> I thought ay wel how that it shulde be:
> Men shulde not know of Goddes privetee;
> Ya, blessed be alway the lewed man
> That nought but only his beleve can.

What wisdom can men learn from Raffaello's picture of St. Augustin on the sea-shore, instructed by the child not to explore the mystery of the Trinity! It was only by prayer that they could hope to be enlightened, who knew that they were sitting in the shadow of death, having the judgment perverted to such a degree, that they were constantly impelled to call evil good and good evil. Men might be spiritual without a teacher, without a superior, without books, without great austerities, but without prayer it was impossible.[5]

[1] Regula S. Francisci, cap. X.
[2] Athenæus, III, 122.
[3] Aristot. Rhetor. II, 16.
[4] Liv. II, c. 12.
[5] Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. II, VI, 44.

"Our speech even has weakness and evil, like everything else," says Montaigne. "La plus part des occasions des troubles du monde sont grammairiens. The human mind can give any turn it likes to writing. En la parole la plus nette, pure et parfaicte qui puisse estre, combien de fausseté et de mensonge a-t-on faict naistre? quelle heresie n'y a trouvé des fondements assez et tesmoignages, pour entreprendre, et pour se maintenir? C'est pour cela que les auctheurs de telles erreurs ne se veulent jamais departir de cette preuve du tesmoignage de l'interpretation des mots."[1]

It is impossible to conceive a written testimony on the sense of which men might not dispute. Without authority to determine the doctrines of Scripture, there would be as many sects as there are men able to read. Fénelon dwells upon this reflection with great learning and judgment,[2] and shows that all men, learned as well as ignorant, have need of a living authority to guide them to truth.[3] "It seems to me," says Montaigne, "it is not without great reason that the church forbids the promiscuous, rash, and indiscreet use of the sacred and divine songs which the Holy Spirit dictated to David. We ought not to associate God with our actions, unless with a reverence and attention full of honour and respect. His word is too divine to be applied to the purpose of exercising our lungs and pleasing our ears. Certes it is not right to see tossed about in a saloon or a kitchen the holy book of the sacred mysteries of our faith. It is not en passant and amidst tumult that men should conduct a study so serious and venerable. It should be an action for a destined time, to which one should

[1] Essais, II, 18.
[2] Lettres sur l'Ecriture-sainte.
[3] Lettres sur Divers Sujets, 1re Lett. 3e Partie.

always add the preface of our office, sursum corda, bringing to it even a body disposed so as to testify a particular attention and reverence. It is not a study for all the world. Wise heads! pleasant men, who fancy that, by having put it into popular language, they have rendered it fit for the people! Pure ignorance, and confiding perfectly in another, was much more salutary and more learned than this verbal and vain science, nourished with presumption and temerity."[1] What wisdom in the devotion of the poor peasants! See these silent adorers with their beads and chaplets! There may be signs in all this of our terrestrial condition. "Car c'est l'homme qui croie et qui prie. Je laisse à part les autres arguments qui s'employent à ce subject. Mais à peine me feroit-en accroire, que la veue de nos crucifix et peinture, de ce piteux supplice, que les ornemens et mouvemens ceremonieux de nos Eglises, que les voix accommodées à la devotion de nostre pensée, et cette esmotion des sens n'eschauffent l'ame des peuples d'une passion religieuse de tres-utile effect."[2]

The beads were a sublime book for men in these ages. The Prophet had said, "With desolation is the land made desolate, because there is none that considereth in the heart."[3] If this devotion did not flatter the learned, it assisted those who considered in the heart, who wished to arm themselves with the thought of what Christ had suffered in the flesh; to give earnest heed to the things which they had heard, that they might not be thrust out of their minds by the importunity of sensible things about them, to be mindful of our Lord Jesus Christ. With a book men revolve the pages; with a chaplet they moved their hearts; their eyes dropped tears, those crystal beads with which heaven could be

[1] Essais, I, 56. [2] Montaigne, II, xii. [3] Jer. XII, 11.

bribed; they sent up their holy desires sometimes under the joyful, sometimes under the dolorous, and sometimes under the glorious views which the mysteries of the rosary opened out to them. Prayer was with order, for God had made all things "in number, weight, and measure." Lactantius expressly vindicated the practice of repetitions. They entered into the natural idea of prayer in all ages; *αἱ λιταὶ, καθ' Ὁμῆρον, καὶ χωλαὶ καὶ ῥυσσαὶ ὑπὸ βραδυτῆτος*, says an old writer.[1] Religious men had their name from relegendo, because they often handled with diligence, revolved, repeated, and read again the things which appertained to the worship of God. The holy David, in the cxxxvth Psalm, repeats no less than twenty-seven times the same words. Nay, repetition is the exercise of the blessed in heaven, and our divine Master, when he seemed to pray with the greatest fervour, "prayed the third time, saying the same words." Could men have repeated the memory of the Incarnation too often? or could they have done it without speaking of Mary? John of Lansheim, Canon of Cologne, says, "No more devout manner of praying, or that tends more to the salvation of men, can possibly be instituted; it cannot be dispraised either by the learned or the unlearned." St. Gregory Lopez, the zealous apostle of Mexico, and St. Francis de Sales, equally praised this devotion. Still further, mark the situation of the unlearned relative to public worship. When St. Paul spoke of not using an unknown tongue, he alluded to prophesying, where men were to be hearers; but in prayer, it is God, not man, who is to hear; hence a vocal prayer is only of use as far as it inspires devotion in those who repeat it; devotion is not in the tongue, but in the soul; any one may repeat devout prayers, but to pray devoutly

[1] Demetrius Phalereus de Elocutione.

was the thing required. Prayer is the elevation of the soul to God; the prayer of the tongue is only to express or promote this elevation in him who utters it; it is not for the end of being heard and admired by other men. A man may utter a prayer, and understand its meaning, but if the soul rise not with the common words, plain and common as they may be, how can it profit them? St. Augustin says of prayer, "Plerumque hoc negotium plus gemitibus quam sermonibus agitur; plus fletu quam affatu." [1] Vain may be the prayer of the knowing man offered up with the graceful composition of language. When men prayed in the language of the church, there was less danger of their drawing nigh to God with their lips, while their hearts were far from him, than if they had repeated forms in their accustomed speech. In this way they began with an act of reverence and humility, and the solemnity which belonged to words exclusively devoted to holy purposes tended to inspire that elevation, which was the chief object of all prayer. Experience verified this view; the poor and the ignorant were more devoutly moved than in those assemblies where the mind was not to act for itself.

In no part of philosophy do the moderns differ from their forefathers more than in their notions about religious knowledge. They say, that to spread Christianity is to promote Christian knowledge; it may be so; but according to the language of antiquity, it is to extend faith, which is so different a thing from knowledge, that it cannot even exist along with it. According to the expression of an Apostle, it is "a lamp which shines in a dark place." [2] Our Lord required men to believe; these men say, "examine." They did examine, and every doctrine of religion was alternately re-

[1] Epist. 121. [2] B. Petri Ep. II, 1.

jected. "You ask me some law of the Scriptures," says Tertullian, "for these usages and others like them. You will find no such law; but we produce you tradition which adds them, custom which confirms them, and faith which practises them."[1] Even the whole theological wisdom of the church was a sacred deposit, a thing to be received and held fast, not invented and subjected to speculation. The constant language of the church was, "Nil innovetur: nil nisi quod traditum est." "It is tradition," says St. Chrysostom, "seek no farther," *παράδοσίς ἐστι, μηδὲν πλέον ζήτει.*

Holy men reminded the world of a still more astonishing lesson. "Verba, quæ ego loquor vobis, à me ipso non loquor,"[2] said our Lord. Nay, again: "When the Holy Ghost cometh, he will teach you all truth." "Non enim loquetur à semetipso, sed quæcumque audiet loquetur."[3] After this ought not learned speculators to hide their faces in the dust? Was it for them to arrive at faith by the way of discovery, by study and solitary reflection, by disputing with the learned and hearing discussion, and gaining knowledge? Even the observation of facts would never justify such a conclusion. From the disciple who believed because our Saviour said that he saw him under a fig-tree, to the latest examples of men who have been added to the church, speculation and knowledge seem to have been but little employed in the work of conversion: it has been accomplished by very different means,—the meeting of an old man on the sea-shore, the answer of a child, a wound or a dream. "Men are brought to the sublime faith of Catholics as they are brought to life itself, by inexplicable ways, and as if by a powerful hand, which leads them indeed to light; for then they discover with evidence the reason of

[1] De Corona. [2] John XIV, 10. [3] John XVI, 13.

the order to which they have been led to conform without comprehending it."[1] What is stranger still, St. Augustin shews that some may become Catholic Christians through unworthy motives and yet may end in perfection. "Multi etiam sic intrantes, corriguntur ingressi."[2] The moderns, when they allude to ages of faith, may, if they please, name them ages of ignorance; but such ignorance is far better than their contentious philosophy. St. Augustin says, that "all the good which is done in the church, and even that effected by the pastors, is owing to the secret signs of those innocent doves which are scattered over the whole earth." "Simple souls!" cried Bossuet, after citing this passage, "souls hidden to the eyes of man, and principally hidden to your own eyes, but who know God, and whom God knows, where are you in this crowd, that to you I may address my words? But without my knowing you, God, who knoweth you, who dwelleth in you, will convey them which are his words into your heart: so then, without knowing you, souls weary of the world, it is to you I speak. Alas! how have you been able to avoid the contagion? How is it that you have not been dazzled by the countenance of the world? What mercy has preserved you from the vanity which reigns so universally around."[3] You are ignorant; you are unlearned; you have but one short word which you repeat without ceasing; Amen. It is your prayer to God; it is your answer to the proud and learned, who despise your ignorance. True, the Amen of this place of exile is but a shadow of that which shall resound through eternity, yet you can bear witness that it produces the first fruits of that peace of whose everlasting enjoy-

[1] De la Mennais. [2] Serm. XLVII, § 17.
[3] Serm. sur l'Unité de l'Eglise.

ment it affords a happy presage. Heed not their censure, while the church assures you that every act of Christian virtue is comprised in this short word: that it is an act of faith, hope, and charity; that it is the watchword of the soldiers of Christ, the mysterious mark engraven upon our hearts, by which God shall recognize his adopted children."[1] Those who are really wise and learned have no word more sublime. "Whither am I borne," cries Bossuet, "into what depths and abyss? Can Jesus Christ before all ages be the object of our knowledge? Without doubt, since it is to us that the Gospel is addressed. Let us go on; guided by the eagle of the Evangelists, the well-beloved among the disciples, John, the son of thunder, who does not speak a human language, who casts forth lightning and thunders, who confounds and beats down every created spirit to the obedience of faith, when with rapid flight cutting the air, piercing the clouds, rising above the angels and powers, the cherubim and seraphim, he entones his Gospel with the words 'In principio erat verbum.' At the commencement, from the origin of things, he was; he did not begin, he was; he was not created, he was. The Word is not as something detached from God, for he was God. How God? God without beginning? No, for this God is the Son of God; he is produced, since he is the son; he is present constantly, since he is the word eternally subsisting; God like him, for the word was God; God in God, God of God, begotten of God, subsisting in God, God like him; above all: blessed for ever, Amen. 'It is so,' says St. Paul. Ah, I wander and am lost; I can no more; I can utter no other word but Amen, it is so; my heart says it is so, Amen. What silence! what admiration! what astonishment! what new

[1] Cochin on the Mass, I.

light, but what ignorance! I see nothing, and I see all things; I see this God who was in the beginning, who subsisted in the bosom of God, and I see him not, Amen; it is so. Behold the sum of this whole discourse—a simple and irrevocable acquiescence by love in the truth which faith shews to me. Amen, Amen, Amen; still once more Amen: for ever Amen."[1]

Such was the ignorance of men in those ages respecting religion. We shall have equal reason to admire their ignorance on subjects of lower philosophy.

What a noise have the contending metaphysicians made in the world with their opposite systems, which in the middle ages would have seemed all equally useless and absurd. Guided by the light of faith, the faith of the Catholic church, which St. Chrysostom calls "the light of the soul, the gate of life, the ground of eternal salvation," men were not the sport of any of these wild and bewildering fancies; no sophist could have persuaded them to abandon common sense for their own private sense, to fancy that the universe was a furnace, and men the fuel;[2] and that they might converse with the clouds; that they had neither souls nor bodies; that isolating themselves from the traditions of the human race, and from the faith of the church, they could discover truth by means either of their senses, or of their sentiments, or of their reason. They would never have had patience to wade through the heavy blunders of Locke, or the well-meaning, but unsatisfactory and equally erroneous, pages, of his opponents, of whom it may be said, "faciunt næ intelligendo ut nihil intelligant." The reply of Leibnitz to the scholastic maxim, "nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu," saying, "nisi ipse intellec-

[1] Elévations sur les Mystères. [2] Aristoph. Nubes, 96.

tus," was the dictate of that sound and excellent sense which distinguished men in those ages. Faith was the only criterion of certainty in philosophy. Reason of itself only deceives, and miserably abuses men: faith, the lamp of the dark ages, is the only ray which can steer men in the nineteenth century to wisdom and truth. In the old world it was tradition which perpetuated some knowledge of truth.[1] Man discovers not truth by his proud philosophy. Let him pass the seas to England, like the Duke of Orleans, "to learn to think," or let him retire to his study, and, like Mallebranche, shut out the light of heaven, and spend years over his books, and the simplest peasant who trusts to the church will be as wise as he. "Authority must precede reason," says St. Augustin.[2] "We must believe in order that we may know, not know that we may believe: faith must precede understanding, as understanding is the reward of faith." "Verum scire divinæ est sapientiæ: homo autem per seipsum pervenire ad hanc scientiam non potest, nisi doceatur a Deo." This is what Lactantius says.[3] The early Christians remarked, that both the Stoics and Aristotle borrowed from Plato, and that he had learned much from Pythagoras and the Egyptians.[4] Numenius, the Pythagorean, said openly, *τί γάρ ἐστι Πλάτων ἢ Μωϋσῆς ἀττικίζων;*[5] Tradition is the foundation of philosophy. St. Thomas says, "it is necessary for man to receive things as of faith, not only those which are above reason, but those which can be known by reason, for the sake of certainty."[6] The tradition of the heathens, when it was universal, was true: it was only in error when a variety of opinions had been attached to its fundamental prin-

[1] Cicero, de Legibus, lib. II, XI.
[2] De Moribus Eccles. Cathol. 2.
[3] De Orig. Error. II.
[4] Clemens Alexand. Stromat. VI, 2.
[5] Id. I, 22.
[6] II. 2, q. 2, a. 4.

ciples. Descartes, with good intentions, opened a door for the mistakes of the modern philosophy; Bossuet foresaw the danger; Nicole exposed and attacked it.[1]. "Disputare vis, nec obest, si certissima præcedat fides," said St. Augustin. Faith, which appears to be the end, is, on the contrary, the beginning of philosophy. The history of philosophy proves its worthlessness, when without this primary element. Anacharsis traversed and went round Greece in vain search for σοφίαν στάσιμον καὶ ἑδραίαν. "Philosophy," says Maximus of Tyre, "which is counted the most stable of all things, nevertheless divides many people who follow it; delivers them up to different guides; disperses the whole flock; sends men in a thousand directions. Do you see the multitude of guides; the multitude of conventions? Whither can one turn? whom shall I follow? whom shall I trust?"[2]

Seneca affirms that obedience to authority, or to what he calls decrees, is the only way to secure wisdom and peace: and that nothing but this immutable judgment can preserve philosophy.[3] Cicero leans to the same doctrine,[4] which the lapse of ages has not disproved. It still remains true that logic of itself can prove nothing; that metaphysics are only a fathomless abyss; that morality has no rule or foundation; that natural philosophy is confounded at the sight of prodigies which it cannot comprehend.[5] It is only by ascending to God that men can make an advance towards wisdom. Philosophy, therefore, is identified with the Catholic faith, out of which all is confusion and doubt, uncertainty and death. Useless efforts have indeed been made in modern times in the Catholic schools, to reconcile and bend the philosophy of the Protestant disputants, which is sprung from their system,

[1] Essais de Morale, LXXXII. [2] Dissert. XXXV, 7.
[3] Epist. XCV. [4] Academ. II, 9. [5] Laurentie.

to the Christian faith, but the end has been to confuse the ideas of the young, and to destroy the consistency of their views. And, in addition to all this, descending to lower objects, it is clear that not even honour can be taught by books. Neither honour nor the whole of virtue can be learned like geometry and astronomy, as Plato shows.[1] Mark the learned scribe, μηδὲν ὑγιὲς μηδ' ἐλεύθερον φρονῶν.[2]

We have seen how the ignorance of the middle ages affects religion and philosophy; let us inquire whether it necessarily tended to weaken the understanding and to produce imbecility. Henry I de Montmorenci, the true lover of his country, could neither read nor write. His generous and heroic soul was the admiration of the world. Such was his ability and knowledge of the human heart, that Henry IV used to say, "with the help of my godfather, who does not know how to read, there is nothing that I cannot undertake."[3] The knights and barons were unlettered and ignorant; be it so. But were they on that account less capable of understanding the duties which they had been born to fulfil? Had they less faith? were they less generous, less meek and humble, less devoted to religion and virtue? Cicero knew that there had been many men without learning of excellent virtue: he even adds, "nature without learning oftener attains to virtue and praise, than learning without nature."[4] Raffaello is said to have been grossly illiterate; yet how divine and noble the spirit which animated his forms! What a sense must he have possessed of nobility, beauty, modesty, and grace! Would mere reading and knowledge have benefitted his soul, when, a short time before his death, he painted his last work, the Saviour enveloped in a glory ema-

[1] Protagoras. [2] Soph. Philoctetes.
[3] Desormeaux, Hist. de la Maison de Montmorenci, III, 158.
[4] Pro Archia Poet.

nating from the fountain of eternal light, and surrounded by that chaste and celestial radiance which is reserved for the eyes of the elect? Illiterate Raffaello was the painter of mind, and if, in this faculty, be included all that is heroic and sublime, it is proved that without learning and knowledge men can rise to intellectual sovereignty.

Before consideration, the following observations of Montaigne will no doubt be read with astonishment: "Qui contera les hommes par leurs actions et deportemens, il s'en trouvera plus grand nombre d'excellens, entre les ignorans qu'entre les sçavans! Je dy en toute sorte de vertu"; and he adds, "la peste de l'homme c'est l'opinion de science."

Men, in the middle ages, with all their ignorance, were, even with respect to human wisdom, superior to the conceited triflers who eulogize light and knowledge, and, as Montaigne says, they were "superior in every kind of virtue." Such must be our conclusion, from general principles, as exhibited even by Lord Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning, where he treats of the proper bounds of human knowledge, and of the danger from mistaking or misplacing the last or farthest end of knowledge. The observations, however, of Mallebranche, in the preface to his Recherche de la Vérité, of Leibnitz, in his fourth letter to Burnet, and of Charron, in his third book, are quite sufficient to set the question at rest for ever. Science and learning, without religion, are an injury to men and to society. "Toute autre science," says Montaigne, "est dommageable à celui qui n'a la science de bonté." As we find in the old legend, even the truth-telling mirror of Albertus Magnus must not be rashly consulted.

Do we only pay regard to the qualities of the heart which endear men to others; how greatly are these injured by an undisciplined life of study?

"The learned fool," says Cornelius Agrippa, "has the instruments of learning to defend his folly, quibus cæteri stulti carentes, mitius insaniunt."[1] Tertullian calls a philosopher "famæ negotiator."[2] What a hateful portrait! Many study ὅπως δεινοὶ νομίζωνται;[3] Is this more inviting? What shall I gain by such a life of study? says the youth in the old play. You will resemble that great mathematician who stands there.

οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ἠμιθνὴς γενήσομαι.[4]

"How shall I dare look my horse in the face."

It is in vain that so many great scholars and mathematicians take pride in their acquirements. "En mon pays et de mon temps," says Montaigne, "la doctrine amende assez les bourses, rarement les ames." They boast of their experimental philosophy, but when do they ever cast a philosophic eye upon the events of the world? They watch the occasions of gain, and they can speculate upon the fall of kingdoms; but when do they apply their observations to direct and to save? To wait for their intimation would be the folly of the friar, who retired to sleep and left Miles to watch the words of the oracular head. Phormio was clever and knowing in his way, but Hannibal, before whom he declaimed on chivalry, said that he had seen many insane old men, but no one more insane than Phormio.[5] Paul Annibaldi died of horror upon beholding his son's death. How must poor Petrarch have been infatuated by his pedantic love of the classics, when, in his letter to Neri, he proves, by a number of instances from ancient history, that it would have been more grand to have fallen upon his sword.[6] Amidst the din of arms, as in the great battle of

[1] De Vanitate Scientiarum.
[2] Apolog. 46.
[3] Dion Chrysost. Orat. 24.
[4] Aristop. Nubes, 507.
[5] Cicero, de Oratore, II, 18.
[6] Epist. Varior. 17.

Bouvines, or at the moment of horror excited by the view of an eruption from Vesuvius, or amidst the ruins of a city perishing by an earthquake, who can love the calm attention of a scribe like Guillelmus Armoricus, even though we owe to it the best description of a battle in the middle ages, the studies of Pliny, or the calculations of a naturalist,

> ——————— a fingering slave,
> One that would peep and botanize
> Upon his mother's grave?[1]

With respect to the advantages attached to a literary life, there were many considerations that might have occurred to qualify the regret with which men might contemplate their absence.

> Τί πλειάδεσσι κάμοι
> Τί δ' ἀστράσι Βοώτεω;
>
> Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
> And pause awhile from learning to be wise.

Life was too short, and the duty which they had to fulfil too important to recommend these exclusive pursuits, which terminate with their present perishing existence. "Il ne faut rien desseigner de si longue haleine." Far more truly wise was the philosophy of Seneca. "Quid te torques et maceras in ea quæstione quam subtilius est contemsisse quam solvere?"

"Why do you trouble and distract yourself in that question, which it is more profound and acute to despise than to determine? I have no leisure for these vanities. A momentous affair is in my hands; what shall I do? Death pursues me; life is on the flight. Against these difficulties teach me something. Stop death in the pursuit; prevent life from flying. Exhort me to endure difficulties, to maintain an even temper, to contemplate what is inevitable, to escape from the pressure of the time. Teach

[1] Wordsworth.

me that the good of life consists not in its duration, but in its use; that it is possible, nay that it happens frequently, for him who has long lived to have had but a short life. Say to me, when I am about to lie down to sleep, You may never rise again; say to me, when I have risen, You may never sleep again; say to me when I go out from my house, You may never return; say to me, when I return, You may never more go out." [1] What did all that he had studied profit the great Aristotle? Nothing; which he himself confessed, being near his death; for his last lesson to his disciples, who besought him to bestow one, was this: "I entered this life in poverty, I lived in misery, and I die in ignorance of that which it most imports me to know." "You, indeed, have decided that I am a good man, but illiterate," says Petrarch, in one of his hours of catholic feeling, to some Italian pedants, who had formally pronounced this sentence upon him. "O that they had never said anything true but this! O sweet and saving Jesus, the God and giver of all letters and of all genius, king of glory, and Lord of virtues, to thee do I bow the knee of my soul, and humbly pray that if thou wilt not impart to me any more of thy treasures, this at least may be my portion, to be a good man, which I can never be unless I shall love and devoutly serve thee. For to this end am I born, and not for letters, which of themselves only inflate, and destroy instead of building up, being like heavy chains—a labour and a weight upon the soul." [2]

Pausanias, with all his learning, was credulous to superstition, and yet he denied the immortality of the soul. Surely facts like these might reasonably lead men to the opinion which the great and learned Muratori did not disdain to profess, that "the lives

[1] Epist. XLIX. [2] De Ignorantia Sui ip. et Mult.

of the saints are, of all human books, the most useful to read."[1] It was these which used to be read aloud in the chapters of the religious orders of knighthood. Before the simple, humble, and unlettered Christian, the scholar, the philosopher, and the sovereign have been seen to tremble.

Frange miser calamos.

This is a dignity to which no learning or science could have conducted him: it was a dignity open to the simple peasant as well as to the knight of the temple, upon which the pride of intellect might have gazed with hopeless envy. Faith and virtue only could have secured it: it was above all grandeur and above all praise. "Precepts are of less avail than experience," says Quintilian; and Cicero adds, that the discipline which includes all the rules for a virtuous conduct, is to be acquired in life and not in books.[2] The historian, of whose death Montaigne was a witness, complained in his last moments that fate was cutting short a history which he was writing at the fifteenth or sixteenth of the French kings, whereas it was the maxim of Montaigne, amidst the occupations and even amusements of life, "il faut estre tousjours boté et prest à partir, entant qu'en nous est." "To be just, is better far than to be wise"; therefore, those habits and circumstances of life, which have a tendency to expand the heart and to correct the temper, are preferable to the most favourable opportunity for the attainment of literary fame. The "glorious name of wise" was proposed by Ulysses, as the prize which was to stimulate his companion to a deed of treachery:

σοφός τ' ἂν αὐτὸς κἀγαθὸς κεκλῆ' ἅμα.

[1] On Public Happiness. [2] Tuscul. IV.

The reply was what the tempter desired:

ἴτω· ποιήσω, πᾶσαν αἰσχύνην ἀφείς.

Nothing can be finer than the contrast between the prudent Ulysses and the generous Neoptolemus.[1] "I know thy noble nature abhors the thought of treachery or fraud; but how sweet is victory. Therefore be bold."

So spake the man of craft and learning:

Εἰδὼς παντοίους τε δόλους καὶ μήδεα πυκνά.

How different is the sentiment of honour!

ἐγὼ μὲν οὖς ἂν τῶν λόγων ἀλγῶ κλύων,
Λαερτίου παῖ, τούσδε καὶ πράσσειν στυγῶ.
ἔφυν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐκ τέχνης πράσσειν κακῆς,
οὔτ' αὐτός, οὔθ' ὡς φασιν, οὔκφυσας ἐμέ.
ἀλλ' εἶμ' ἕτοιμος πρὸς βίαν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἄγειν,
καὶ μὴ δόλοισιν.

The lines which follow, might have been the cry of every hero. They deserve to be written in letters of gold, and to be graven on the tablets of the heart:

——— βούλομαι δ' ἄναξ, καλῶς
δρῶν ἐξαμαρτεῖν μᾶλλον, ἢ νικᾶν κακῶς.

It was the advice of Minerva to Telemachus, that he should cut off the suitors by treachery. Wisdom permitted a counsel which honour would have scorned; and it is well to remark that her next words are to desire him to forsake the ways of his youth.

What is literary fame, or the glory of transcendant genius, if compared with the exercise of those moral qualities which correct and dignify our nature?

Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra,
Proveniunt.———————
Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

[1] Sophocles, Philoctet. 80.

"Si nostre ame n'en va un meilleur bransle," says Montaigne, "si nous n'en avons le jugement plus sain j'aymeroy aussi cher que mon escolier eust passé le temps à jouer à la paume, au moins le cors en seroit plus alegre." Morganore was a clerk, learned and cunning in divers tongues; but how much to be preferred was the character of his unpretending brother—"the most gentle squire that ever served a baron bold, with light and merry heart"? Certes the knight could say with Montaigne, "Je m'aymeroy mieux bon escuyer que bon logicien."

> ——— Non alius flectere equum sciens
> Æque conspicitur gramine Martio,
> Nec quisquam citus æque
> Tusco denatat alveo.

We are told of a certain man of science, that "his moral character was as correct as his mathematical investigations."[1] But how different was the language of religion in proposing an example for imitation! "Beati quorum remissæ sunt iniquitates, et quorum tecta sunt peccata." How different is the portrait of that character which satisfies the judgment, and interests the heart!

> Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
> Dextera.

"It were harde for ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his broder," says the author of a famous history. "A syr Launcelot, he sayd, thou were head of all chrysten knightes, and now I dare saye thou syr Launcelot ther thou lyest that thou were never matched of none erthly knyghtes handes. And thou were the curtoyste knyghte that ever bare shelde. And thou

[1] This curious expression will be found in the life of M. Coulomb, contained in the third suppl. vol. of the Encyclop. Britt.

were the truest frend to thy lover that ever bestrodde hors, and thou were the truest lover of a synnfull man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kyndest man that ever stroke with sworde. And thou were the goodelyest persone that ever came among prees of knyghtes. And thou were the mekest man and the gentyllest that ever ete in halle among ladyes. And thou were the sternest knyghte to thy mortall foo that ever put spere in the reyst." Again, what an affecting portrait of the knightly character is given in the last book of the Jerusalem Delivered, where Edward hastens to the expiring Gildippe, whose gentle bosom had been pierced by the Soldan's spear!

Her lord to helpe her came, but came too late,
Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate.
What should he do? to divers parts him call
Just ire and pittie kinde, one bids him goe,
And succour his dear ladie, like to fall;
The other cals for vengeance on his foe.
Love biddeth both, love saies he must doe all,
And, with his ire, joines griefe; with pittie, woe.
What did he then? with his left hand the knight
Would hold her up, revenge her with his right.

But to resist a knight so bold
Too weake his will and powre divided, were;
So that he could not his faire love uphold,
Nor kill the cruell man that slew his deare.
His arme, that did his mistris kind enfold,
The Turke cut off, pale grew his lookes and cheare,
He let her fall, himselfe fell by her side,
And for he could not save her, with her dide.

If there be a bond of fraternal union between the brave and generous of every age and country, what Christian knight will refuse to shed a tear when he is told of the youths who fought before the towers of Thebes, and who died for their king? History or romance presents few scenes so affecting as that described by the most tragic of all poets, where the dead bodies of these warriors are exposed

to view, while Adrastus relates to Theseus the virtue and the fame of each. "This is the body of Capaneus, who had large possessions, and yet in all his prosperity he was meek and mild, as a man of humble fortune; he scorned those who took pleasure in luxurious living, and who disdained frugal fare, for he used to say that it were hard to maintain virtue while the belly was pampered, and that men should learn moderation. Present or absent, to those whom he loved he was the truest friend; simple and undisguised in his nature, courteous and gentle in his speech, faithful to his word, whether given to slaves or to equals. This second is Eteocles, another man who cherished virtue. Young he was, and poor indeed in fortune, but many honours had he in the Argive land. The gifts which were often presented by his friends, he received not into his house, lest, conquered by gold, he should contract the manners of a slave. The third of these is Hippomedon, who, from childhood, had despised the pleasure of the muses, and the delicacy of luxurious life. Dwelling in the country, inured to labours and to hardship, ever engaged in hunting or on horseback, or with the bow, for it was his desire to possess a hardy frame, that might do good service to his country. Here is Parthenopæus, the son of Atalanta, a boy of the goodliest form, an Arcadian by birth, though brought up at Argos, where he was ever gentle and kind to all; regarded as a native and fellow-countryman, he was admitted into the martial rank, a defender of the land; he rejoiced in its properity, and he mourned when it was unfortunate: the idol of the gentler sex, he was the most careful to avoid crime of all that ever loved woman. Few words will express the mighty praise of Tydeus; a cunning sophist was he not in tongue, but in arms, and in the stratagems of war. Though in other knowledge inferior to his brother Meleager,

yet did he acquire an equal share of military renown. The clash of arms was music to his soul, the vigour of his mind was his richest treasure, and not in words, but in deeds, was he glorious. O Theseus, after hearing what you now have learned, wonder not that these men dared to die before the towers of Thebes."[1]

Such passages of antiquity, like the song that sounds Æneas' wanderings,

> Are the bright fountains of celestial fire,
> That feed unnumbered lamps.

It became not a disciple of Plato, a minister of truth, to affirm, that he would rather err with the sage than think truly with the rest of men; and yet, when one compares the simple character of our unlettered, and, if you will, ignorant ancestors, with the mind of those who pride themselves on their superior knowledge; when we consider the pomp of learning, the insolence of flattered talents, which lead men to look with such disdain upon the peasants of a Catholic land; the veil of refinement which is thrown over dishonourable thought and base passions; that distaste which removes men from the softening intercourse of domestic life; the remorseless selfishness, unsubdued by the habit of yielding to the wish of others; the calculating and compromising prudence which looks to nothing but pleasure and profit, while it boasts of a foundation in the principles of an enlightened philosophy; the spirit of mean concession and compromise, which is ever ready to worship the rich and powerful, and to consign the wrongs of the innocent to oblivion; that principle, the curse of a reading age, which leads men to idolize acuteness of intellect and to despise the virtues of the heart; in a word, the

[1] Eurip. Supplices.

disposition and the principles which have been substituted for those of chivalry, for all those generous thoughts and holy feelings which bound men to their religion, and to their country; when such a contrast presents itself, it is hard not to be misled by the pretension to knowledge, so as to give way to some expression equally inconsistent with the respect which is for ever due to the intellectual faculties of the soul. What an evil is this learning when it leads to that contempt for authority, which is the characteristic of pedantic youth! Pliny describing his own unhappy age, asks who now is ready to yield to authority? "Statim sapiunt, statim sciunt omnia: neminem verentur, imitantur neminem, atque ipsi sibi exempla sunt."[1] This is not the description of the liberal Christian youth of the nineteenth century, but of those who wanted the light of faith in the worst times of heathen Rome.

"If a young man," says Plato, "acquire this insolent contempt for all authority, καταλείπεται ἔρημος θεοῦ,"[2] he deprives himself of the only means of acquiring wisdom, which is by receiving the great traditions of the human race. The history of the middle ages will show that the want of learning may be compatible with the exercise of honour and of every virtue: that it is for the Catholic faith, which formed the heart of Tancred, not for learning and science, to correct and exalt our nature. The scholar may indeed instruct a few by his researches, the philosopher may astonish the world by the justice of his calculations, the man of letters may give a kind of polish and a momentary charm to society, but he who is possessed of simple faith and of high honour, whether he be a red-cross knight, or only some shepherd lad, is beyond all comparison the more

[1] Lib. VIII, 23. [2] De Legibus, IV.

proper object of affection and reverence. His qualities, his acquirements, are more or less connected with the immortal part of his nature. "Everything else," says the incomparable Fénelon, "dies." Then, alluding to religion, he adds, "Elle ne meurt jamais."

> ——— οὐ γὰρ ηὐσέβεια συνθνήσκει βροτοῖς·
> Κἂν ζῶσι, κἂν θανοῦσιν, οὐκ ἀπόλλυται.[1]

It will survive and flourish when Aristotle shall no more be cited in the schools, nor Ulpian alleged in the tribunals; Plato be no longer read amongst the learned, nor Cicero imitated by the orators; Seneca be no longer admired by the understanding, nor Sophocles admitted to command the heart; when all the fame of letters shall die, and all the memory of the learned be forgotten.

But these general observations are far from being a sufficient answer to the charges of the sophists who calumniate the middle ages. "There can be no doubt," says William of Paris, "but that the most noble office of a reasonable creature is to think truly and rightly concerning the highest good, and to contradict evil and error."[2] This is not the language of men who neglected any means of acquiring wisdom. Diodorus, relating the tragical death of Theramenes, says that he bore his fate γενναίως, having long studied philosophy with Socrates.[3]

In the middle ages men had not learned to excuse their own mental indolence by restraining the manifold ways which wisdom has to teach men by, to one only way of teaching, which is by reading the Scriptures. Nothing is more affecting than the humility of the clergy, in confessing their own want

[1] Sophocl. Philoctet. 1444. [2] Guillielm. Paris, de Anima.
[3] Lib. XIV, 5.

of learning during the distracted reigns of the Lombards in Italy; at the time of greatest ignorance, they were still aware of the value of learning. Who, they would say, shall define and limit the bounds of wisdom? Wisdom was Adam's instructor in Paradise. Wisdom consoled the fathers who lived before the law, and the holy monks and hermits, who studied nature under the Gospel. Reason has been described as the weapon that slew Goliah, when it is wielded by one like David. There is no kind of knowledge whereby any part of truth is seen but our ancestors accounted it precious, whether it be that Egyptian and Chaldean wisdom mathematical, wherewith Pope Sylvester and Roger Bacon, like Moses and Daniel, were furnished; or that natural, moral, and civil wisdom, which appears in the writings of St. Gregory the Great and St. Thomas, as in those of Solomon; or that oratorical wisdom which St. Chrysostom and St. Bernard displayed, after the example of St. Paul; or that Judaical, which St. Jerome learned with as much zeal as if, like him, he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel; to detract from the dignity thereof would have seemed to injure even God himself, to whose praise all things were to be reduced. "When you behold men of temporal or spiritual dignity," says St. Bonaventura, "praise Him who hath bestowed grandeur and power; when you meet scholars and men of science, not only wise in their study of the mysteries of the Creator, but also curious in examining the properties of the creature, them also you must praise as tending to manifest the wisdom of God." [1]

Men who have not remarked how the age of Louis XIV dazzled the eyes of the most learned of the French, and inspired them with an unjust con-

[1] Stim. Divini Amoris, Pars III, c. 8.

tempt for Christian antiquity, will be astonished to hear that Fleury considered the architecture of the middle ages, as exhibited in the cathedrals of France, a sufficient evidence of the barbarism in which every branch of science was involved. Fleury speaks of the history of Joinville as a gross composition, and he says that no architect would in his time wish to imitate the Gothic building; and as in every age there is one taste which pervades everything, hence he argues that we need not be surprised at the barbarism of the ancient ecclesiastical writers,[1] an argument which is repeated by Berington, a writer who lavishes the epithets of ignorant and barbarous in a manner little consistent with the philosophy of our ancestors. In Tancredus there is a short review of the learning of the monks and clergy in the middle age. We have seen there that the laity received their education from them, and that the monasteries were schools of learning. Bede speaks of many students to whom the Latin and Greek were as familiar as their native tongue. These monasteries are now the dwellings of noblemen and farmers, who complain that their ancestors were illiterate! "O tecta ipsa misera! O domus antiqua, heu, quam dispari dominare Domino! Quæ in illa villa ante dicebantur? quæ cogitabantur? quæ litteris mandabantur?" The law of God, the sublime primitive traditions of the human race, the magnificent consummation of the law in Jesus Christ, the eternal rule of justice, "Monumenta majorum, omnis sapientiæ ratio, omnisque doctrinæ." The solemn bell is silenced for ever, the library is a gay saloon, the solitary cell for meditation, the study for transcribing or printing books, may be searched for in vain. Not unfrequently the obdurate intruder boasts of having the holy vessels of the altar to

[1] 5me Discours sur l'Hist. Eccles.

furnish out his impious feast:—the prize of Perceval awarded to impurity! O monstrous insensibility to all shame! was it not enough that thou didst dare to enter that house and garden, to pass that threshold, to hold thy revels in a house which no one could pass by without tears! "When I considered that habitation, and him who dwelt there," says one who visited Clairvaux, "I call God to witness that the house filled me with as much reverence as if I had approached the altar of God, so affected did I feel at the thought of that holy man, and of living with him there in simplicity and poverty!" [1] Even their own guides affirmed that a curse lay heavy on their race, and though

Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,

yet it may be concluded that their treasures did but little for them. Something was wanting "to cure them of starting in their sleep, and to make the darkness pleasant when they awoke at midnight." [2] "Me quidem miseret parietum ipsorum atque tectorum. Quid enim umquam domus illa viderat nisi pudicum, nisi ex optimo more et sanctissima disciplina?"

Speaking of the monks of his own time, William of Malmesbury says, "Their minds are still framed on the model of Lanfranc; his memory is dear to them; they cherish an ardent piety towards God, and an amiable affability towards strangers. Ages will not be able to extinguish the love which animated his heart for all the world, which was felt by all who had ever approached him." [3]

The difference of character between the laity and clergy was not so great in the middle ages while

[1] Vit. S. Bernardi, 1140. [2] Remorse.
[3] De Gest. Pontif.

men were educated in these schools. The lay youths were taught the same reverence of manner when assisting at the divine offices, and perhaps somewhat of the same air of ecclesiastical gravity. Among these students, countenances might be found marked with such sweetness and sorrow, that they might be painted for those of angels witnessing the passion of our Lord. They acquired a perfect knowledge of the doctrines, as also a love for the sublime ceremonies and the silent poetry of the church, the idea of whose exquisite beauty and majesty "seized and commanded," as Plato would say, "the citadel of their souls, *τὴν τοῦ νέου τῆς ψυχῆς ἀκρόπολιν.*"[1] Thus, an old writer describing the education of the emperor Otho's son, in the abbey of Hildesheim, concludes with saying, that he assisted with his fellow-students at the offices, and heard the music of the choir. The solemn chant, so favourable to holy impressions, was justly regarded as a part of learning. Gauchier de Châtillon, in 1314, on retiring from court, founded in the city of Châtillon-sur-Marne, a school for plain song with a rent of 1,000 livres;[2] and Werner von Orseln, grand master of the Teutonic order, is described as having studied with great attention the science of the plain chant. Wigand von Marburg says, "sæpius in choro cantabat quum notas novit dulciter modulare."[3] Guizot affirms that "it was the religious innovators of the sixteenth century who introduced religion among the laity, and opened the field of faith to the great body of the faithful." The pleasure with which he introduces this amusing remark is the more strange, as his political party is celebrated for having by a royal ordinance forbidden lay students to be admitted into

[1] Plato, De Repub. VIII.
[2] Duchesne, Archives de la Maison de Châtillon.
[3] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs.

any ecclesiastical college, where they could receive a religious education, a measure against which the bishops and clergy of France protested, as contrary to the interests of religion, and to the practice of the church in all ages. Guizot, in the same course of lectures, admits that "the moral and intellectual development of Europe has been essentially theological. From the fifth to the sixteenth century," he says, "that it was theology which possessed and directed the human mind. The theological spirit is," according to him, "the blood which has circulated in the veins of the European world, till the time of Descartes": [1] that is, till men began to discover truth by their own isolated reason, or, like Madame de Staël, in their own souls. Leaving him to reconcile these different views, it is clear that the laity were fond of ecclesiastical learning. The good friars of St. Francis are represented entertaining the baron de Preuilli in their monastery with a disputation of novices on the five most difficult propositions of Scot. The bold baron would melt into tears at the reading of the testament of their founder, who speaks of suffering, disinterestedness, humility, goodness, sweetness, tender love to God, and tender love to men—the Franciscan, however learned, was in his eyes a simple and angelic man. Louis, duc d'Orleans, who studied under Philippe de Maizières, and had married the accomplished Valentine of Milan, became one of the most learned men in Europe: he often defended a thesis against the most renowned doctors of the University of Paris, and came off conqueror amidst unanimous applause. It is said that the university cherished a hatred against him in consequence of the malicious pleasure which he used to take in embarrassing its members, either by suddenly pro-

[1] Cours d'Hist. VI, 19.

posing difficult questions, or by exposing their faults of style while speaking Latin.[1] However, I will not refer to this cause the fact that a member of the university was implicated in his barbarous murder. Every effort was made to further the studies of the scholars. St. Bernard writes from Clairvaux to Bishop Baldwin, "I send to you the boy who bears this letter to eat your bread, that I may prove your avarice, whether you eat yours with sadness. Grieve not, weep not; he has but a little stomach, and will be content with little: gratiam tamen vobis habemus, si doctior a vobis quam pinguior recesserit."[2] Fleury jests at the enormous volumes of Albertus Magnus. I would rather apply to them the words of Pliny, "quin etiam voluminibus ipsis auctoritatem quandam at pulchritudinem adjicit magnitudo." The taste of men was not formed among merchants and mechanics, and persons occupied with business, "sed apud juvenes et adolescentes, quibus modo recta et indoles est et bona spes sui."[3] They did not become acquainted with the use of that productive and cruel eloquence which springs from evil manners. It was an age which perhaps wanted orators while it abounded with poets; "qui bene facta canerent, non qui male admissa defenderent."[4] It was an age when education was subservient to the muses, and when a sage or a poet would have received the honours of a king. Even an emperor had publicly declared that learning was more honourable than knighthood: "I can make a thousand knights in one day," said Sigismond, "but I cannot make a doctor in a thousand years." Pope Alexander II had been educated in the monastery of Bec. When Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, visited Rome, every one was asto-

[1] Vies des Capit. François du Moyen Age, tom. V, 212, 278.
[2] Epist. 402. [3] De Causis Corrupt. Eloquentiæ, 7. [4] Ib. 7.

nished at the profound respect with which the Pope received him. Alexander perceived their thoughts and said, "It is not from Lanfranc being primate of England that I have risen and stood to receive him, but it is because I was once his pupil at Bec, where I have sat at his feet hearing his instructions."[1] The night before Socrates received Plato among his disciples, he saw in a dream a swan, which flew towards him and rested in his bosom;[2] and the monastic schools of Paris and of Oxford might have caught amidst the responses of a theological student the swan-like tones of Dante.[3] Happy scenes of youthful enthusiasm and of unassuming wisdom, where pursuits were innocent, and envy was unknown to ambition. "In scholam redeo," would the knight as well as the monk have said with Pliny, "illam dulcissimam ætatem quasi resumo. Sedeo inter juvenes ut solebam.—All who have made any proficiency in study, I am accustomed to venerate and admire." Plutarch complains that many young men, when they put off their puerile vest, thought themselves dispensed from fear;[4] but the youth of those schools, with their jackets, did not lay aside their modesty. "Semper homo bonus est tiro," says Nicremberg."[5] In these ages all the branches of science were cultivated by the same men,—poetry, music, theology, medicine, and law. The very word "university" indicates the boundless extent of knowledge to which young men who continued to be scholars at thirty aspired in these schools. The human mind longed after every object which was worthy of its meditation and its enthusiasm. It is said that now each science demands the study

[1] In Vita Lanfranc, c. 5.
[2] Pausanias, I, 30.
[3] He studied theology at both these places: "dicebatur magnus theologus."
[4] De Auditione.
[5] Doct. Ascet. III, VI, 51.

of one man's whole life, and that such a system of universal study would be impossible. "As far as regards the natural sciences," says Laurentie, "I would not dispute this position, but it must be confessed that this new system has the disadvantage of lowering the object of human philosophy, and that it is injurious to the development of genius." [1]

Even in the courts of princes the tendency of education was of this universal kind. It went on the principle stated by the ancient fathers, that there was something more certain and more divine than all demonstration, and that goodness was the greatest wisdom. These men did not, like some of the modern Frenchmen, extol Algebra as the most beautiful of all languages. "Sans doute l'Algèbre est la plus belle des langues," says Sismondi. Our ancestors had sentiments to express, and feelings of the heart to utter; whereas the sophists of our age only speak of God when they condescend to aim at poetic flights. Possibly in those courts there was not a great degree of science; the page might have been content with Proteus's arithmetic when he counted the seals by fives: there was no one like Augustus to reprove him if he spelt ipsi, ixi,[2] but there would have been a host of mockers if he had used a barbarous foreign word, as the Greek would say, φρυγίζων. It excited no smile, when the herald brought King Henry of Castile's letter to the Black Prince, and "the Prince read the letter a two tymes, the better to understand it": yet assuredly these men loved and praised wisdom. The wise king in Gesta Romanorum gave 1,000 florins for three maxims. What could Plato do more, who, with his small fortune gave 10,000 denarii for three books of Philolaus, the Pytha-

[1] De l'Etude et de l'Enseignement des Lettres, 114.
[2] Suetonius.

gorean, which money he had received from Dion of Syracuse.[1] Like Montaigne, when they met difficulties, they did not bite their nails: they left them after making a charge or two: had they taken up a position, like him, perhaps, they would have lost their time and themselves; for they generally had "un esprit primsautier." Probably many among them could not have succeeded better than the Delians, in doubling the altar at Delos, when they made it eight times instead of twice as large, through ignorance of mathematics; but yet Plato would have found many who, though deficient in geometry, were anxious to refrain from war, and to devote themselves to the muses, that they might pass their lives innocently and usefully, having appeased their turbulent passions by application to letters and philosophy.[2] The Æmilii traced their origin to a son of Pythagoras, and our ancestors would also have deemed the wisest of men a worthy fountain of nobility. Assuredly there were many who held with the ancient sage, that "the two greatest gifts of Heaven to men, were the embracing of truth, and the doing good to others."[3] As in the institution of Lycurgus, "the business of education was not so much to give the knowledge of a great variety of things, as to form the passions, sentiments, and ideas, to that tone which might best assimilate with the constitution of the state; and so to exercise the abilities of both body and mind, as to lead them to the highest possible capacity for the performance of every thinguseful."[4] When Agesilaus desired that children should be educated at Sparta, it was not that they might be better instructed in rhetoric or dialectics, but rather that they should learn how to obey, and how to

[1] Aul. Gell. III, 17.
[2] Plutarch, de Socratis Genio.
[3] Ælian, Var. Hist. XII, 59.
[4] Mitford's Hist. of Greece.

command. Plato shewed that a legislator should not have regard only to a part of virtue, ἀλλὰ πρὸς πᾶσαν ἀρετήν.[1] "He errs greatly," he says, "who studies mathematics and neglects the exercise of his body; or he who accustoms his limbs only to exercise, and leaves his mind without discipline; for to be a true man, virtuous and honourable, he must apply to music, and to all philosophy."[2] When Socrates asked Anytus whether among the sophists he cannot find a good master to teach virtue, he replied, "Do not utter such a word! may no friend or relation of mine, may no citizen, no stranger, ever consort with such men!" and being pressed to point out where such a teacher could be found, he adds, "any Athenian gentleman will be better for this than a sophist."[3] This was precisely the theory and the custom of education in the middle ages. Let children have one master to instruct them in the liberal sciences. "L'autre maistre doibt estre noble et ancien chevalier qui les apreigne a estre et converser entre les gens grands et petits, princes et prelats, chevaliers seculiers et religieux. Et qui leur apreigne a estre courtois affables et gratieux en parler et en maniere a tous."[4] Such was the wise man to whom the Mareschal in the poem of Tristan entrusted the education of his son, sending him to foreign countries to learn their languages, and to read out of books, and also to acquire skill, and all the accomplishments of a knight. Xenophon's description of the palace of the Persian king might have been taken from the court of a chivalrous baron. "There, young men learned great temperance, and they were not allowed to hear or to behold anything base; so that while in the age of boyhood they learned perfectly how

[1] De Legibus, I. [2] Plat. Timæus, 88. [3] Plat. Meno, 51.
[4] Miroir, par Gilles de Rome.

to command, and to obey."[1] Hence it appears on what ground Goethe in Wilhelm Meister, overlooking the provisions of the Catholic Church, affirms "that the nobleman has the best opportunity of obtaining an harmonious cultivation of his nature."[2] To return, however, to the monastic schools. There, knowledge was kept subservient to purposes of spiritual and real good. Albert the Great shewed that principles were of no value, if things external had power to prevent men from practising them.[3] St. Thomas had laid down the rule, "inquirimus quid sit virtus, non ut sciamus, sed ut boni efficiamur."[4] "Reading seeks," says St. Augustin, "meditation finds, prayer demands, contemplation possesses."[5]

The scholar of the middle age is an imposing character.

> His soul had wedded Wisdom, and her dower
> Is love and justice, clothed in which he sate
> Apart from men, as in a lonely tower.

The monk in his cell was often, like Archimedes, engaged in his study while Syracuse was taken and plundered: a gentle spirit, ready to die, but never to take part in the violence of men. "Such was the innocence of his boyhood," says St. Bernard of St. Malachias, "and his youth was passed in the same simplicity and purity, excepting that as he grew in years he increased in wisdom and in favour with God and man." Liudeger, when a little boy, had no greater amusement than in collecting books and writing in them, and when they asked him "Who has taught you to read and write?" he used to answer, "God has taught it me." Monastic re-

[1] Anab. I, 9. [2] V, c. III.
[3] Albert. Magn. in Enchir. de veris perfectisque virtutibus, 13.
[4] A. 86, D. [5] De Scala Parad.

tirement in those ages was essential to the prosecution of studies: yet Peter, the Abbot of Cluny, in distracted times, riding on his journey to Aquitaine, writes back as follows to a monk whom he had left in the cloister: "I should wish like Esaia to hide myself from the face of the fear of the Lord, and to seek a retreat not only for my spirit, but also for my body. But if that cannot be granted, let us emulate him who used to say, amidst royal feasts and golden walls, 'ecce elongavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine': as if between the chasm of mountains, let us make a solitude for ourselves in the recesses of the heart, where only the true hermitage can be found for him who despises the world; where nothing external can enter; where the tumult of the world is not heard; and where, without any sound from corporeal tongue, the voice of God is heard like a gentle wind. As long as we are in this body, and at a distance from our Lord, let us fly to this solitude, and that which is placed at the ends of the earth we shall find within ourselves, for the kingdom of God is within us." [1]

How sublime were the views of men on all the great mysteries of religion, in those ages, which some writers style barbarous and ignorant! "Seek the highest knowledge, not by disputation of words, but by perfection of good manners, not by the tongue, but by faith, which proceeds from simplicity of heart, not that which is collected from the conjecture of a learned impiety.—Dearest brethren, let us beseech our invisible God, who is present everywhere, that the fear of his faith and charity, which never faileth, may endure in us, that this fear joined with charity may render us wise in all things; and that piety may induce us to be silent concerning that which is above utterance, because

[1] Petr. Clun. I, 11, epist. 22.

it is something inscrutable and unutterable, to know God as he is: who he is, and what he is, can be known to him alone." So wrote the holy abbot St. Columban.[1] How must an acquaintance with their learning have increased the interest with which men watched

> —— Their lamp from convent's window gleam,
> Piercing the stormy darkness like a star
> Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,
> Whilst all the constellations of the sky
> Seemed wrecked!

"Happy Vigils!" exclaims that same holy abbot, "where God, the author of the universe, is the object! O that he may deign to excite me from the sleep of indolence, and so to enlighten me with the fire of divine charity that always a divine fire may burn within me. O that my lamp may always burn by night in the temple of my Lord, that it may give light to all who enter the house of my God. O Lord, I beseech thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son my God, to grant me that charity which never faileth, that my lamp may be lighted and never extinguished, may burn to me, and may give light to others. O Christ, O sweet Saviour, deign to light our lamps, that they may perpetually shine in thy temple, and may receive eternal light from thy light, that our darkness may be lightened, and that the darkness of the world may flee away from us. Grant me thy light, O Jesus, that I may behold that holy of holies, where thou art the priest for ever, that thee I may always behold and desire, and that in thy presence my lamp may shine. I pray that we may only love thee, only desire thee, only meditate upon thee day and night, that we may always think of thee, and that thou mayest deign

[1] Instructiones apud Bibl. Pat. tom. XII.

to inspire us with thy love, that it may occupy all our interior, that thy charity may possess all our senses, that besides thee we may love nothing; so that the great waters of this air, of this earth, and sea, may never be able to extinguish our charity."[1]

The rules for the study of the Holy Scriptures denote great wisdom. "Qui cum curiositate scrutatur Scripturas inimicitias invenit et contentionem: at qui luget peccata sua, pacem reperit et tranquillitatem."[2]

In the penitential laws of the monks, by St. Basil, it is said, "If any one should dispute conscientiously on any sentence of the Scriptures, let him want the blessing; and if he should persevere, let him be excommunicated." The monk Marcus says, "the man who devoutly studies the Holy Scriptures applies all things to himself and not to another"; *πάντα εἰς ἑαυτὸν νοήσει καὶ οὐκ εἰς ἕτερον.* St. Augustin's rule was "Tene et devote accipe aperta, ut merito tibi pandantur obscura."[3] According to the monastic principles, it was only the well-regulated study of the Scriptures, "which produced the love of God; which illuminated the heart, purified the conscience, and sanctified the soul."[4]

The letter of Pius VI to the Archbishop of Florence, on his translation of the Bible into Italian, expresses the ancient anxiety of the Church, that the faithful should read the Holy Scriptures; but in these ages there was not more sublimity in men's words than in their actions and thoughts.[5] They understood that the knowledge of all the truths ever yet revealed would not lead to happiness, unless they were made to bear upon the heart. They could not have foreseen that they would be condemned by men pretending to wisdom, for having

[1] Instruct. XII. [2] B. Esaiæ Abbat. Orat. VI, Bib. Pat. XII.
[3] S. 46, § 35. [4] Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. VI, III, 30.
[5] St. Francis de Sales, Introduction to a Devout Life.

made theology their chief study; for it was one of the great primitive traditions of all ages that the right knowledge of God was the best gift that men could desire or God bestow.[1] Gather fruits, they said, from the tree of life, "cave ne lignum scientiæ retrahat ab hoc esu, et nudus apparere verearis coram Deo, insipidaque tibi sapida, et sapida tibi insipida videantur."[2] Yet profane letters were not neglected. If St. Boniface writes from Germany to beg that a book of the Prophets may be sent to him from England, he writes also for some works, whether written in prose or poetry, of Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherburne, "ad consolationem peregrinationis meæ."[3] Perhaps it would be more correct to say that no learning or intellectual treasures were esteemed profane.

In Tancredus I have shewn with what views the writings of the heathen sages were studied. Clement the Scotchman, contemporary of St. Boniface, who repeated the arguments of Clement, and was degraded by authority, had maintained that a brother should marry his brother's widow, and had rejected all synodial acts. The fact therefore of his degradation is of no more importance in disproving what was the general doctrine of the Church, than the particular opinion of St. Boniface.[4] The authority of St. Justin Martyr, in his second apology, of Tertullian,[5] of St. Augustin,[6] of St. John Chrysostom,[7] of Sixtus of Sienna,[8] of St. Thomas,[9] of the Venerable Bede, of St. Bernard, of the Master of the Sentences,[10] will be found cited at length in that

[1] Plutarch, de Iside et Osiride, I.
[2] S. Bonaventura, Stimul. Divini Amoris.
[3] Bib. Pat. XIII, 12.
[4] Epist. 135, Bib. Pat. XIII.
[5] Ad Judæos, II.
[6] De Civit. Dei, XVIII, 47; lib. ad Dardan. XI.
[7] Hom. XXXVI, XXXVIII.
[8] Bibl. Sancta, lib. VI.
[9] Tract. de Bap. Epist. LXXVII, 3.
[10] III, 25.

admirable part of the Abbé de la Mennais' Essay, which treats on the unity and universality of the Christian religion.[1] When studied with such views, it is easy to understand what an additioual interest must have belonged to the writings of the ancients. The three celebrated orations of St. John of Damascus, on the homage due to holy images, contains a masterly vindication of the sublime philosophy of the Church, with respect to her encouragement of the arts. The first Christians, while under pagan persecution, had holy images and emblematical devices. Tertullian, Eusebius, Rufinus, Philostorgius, and Sozomen make mention of an image of our Saviour which was made by the woman whom he had healed of the issue of blood. The love and perception of beauty accompanied even the holy missionaries. St. Boniface writes to the Abbess Eadburg, begging her to employ Eobas the priest in writing out for him, in golden letters, the Epistles of St. Peter.[2] In short, though piety was strongly excited, it was perfectly regulated; and hence art, literature, and science stood not in contrast but in union with the realities of religion. The philosophic writer who has lately introduced, with an admirable preface, a translation from a German work of Tieck, laments that few men rise to this level; but if, as he justly says, "to perceive the real dignity of the arts and their intimate connexion with what is highest in human nature, with religion itself, requires both a vivid sense of beauty and a reach of speculation very rare and difficult to attain,"[3] that sense must be ascribed to men in those ages, though they may not have been indebted to their own speculation for the judgment which sanctioned it.

Robert de Sorbonne, in his book on conscience,

[1] Tom. III, pp. 213–216; tom. IV, 101.
[2] Epist. XXVIII, Bibl. Pat. [3] The Picture, by Tieck.

furnishes a sublime instance of the manner in which the language of the learned, and even the associations of a collegiate life, were sometimes employed in enforcing the great truths of religion. In this passage his solemn words sound like the bell of a cloister, more suited to fill men with awe than to remind them of the academy and its refinements. "All who shall enter Paradise will be masters of theology, and they will read out of the book of life, which is the book of conscience, in which all things are written. He who shall know least in Paradise, will know more than all the masters in the world. The books shall be opened at the great day: the books are the consciences of each: we know therefore in what book we shall be examined. How mad should we consider a student who would turn to other books, if the Chancellor had expressly said to him before, when you apply for your degree at Paris, 'You are to be examined in such another book, and in that alone.' Such is the madness of him who neglects this book of conscience, in which alone he will be examined at the last day. It follows that many are utterly insane who are esteemed wise: 'Veniet dies judicii, in quo plus valebunt pura corda quam astuta verba.' When any one is rejected by the Chancellor of Paris, he can return again after a year, and if he shall then answer well, he gets his degree; but after our Lord hath passed sentence and rejected a soul, what hope has it for the future? Again, if any one be rejected by the Chancellor, all men do not know it, but, perhaps, only five or six. When any one shall be rejected in the day of judgment, 'non erit tam surdus qui non audiat, nec tam cæcus qui non videat, nec tam ignorans qui hoc nesciat, quod juste refutabitur. Et sic confusione confundetur.' Again, when rejected by the Chancellor, a man has shame but for a time, since it is soon forgotten; but the shame of rejection

at the last day will be for ever. Again, a lad is told to learn his lessons, that he may be able to say them and avoid stripes. The lad says, 'Well, but I must have my play, and the worst that can follow is a beating; or perhaps I may pretend to be sick, and so escape.' But what shall we do in the day of judgment, if we cannot answer out of the book of conscience? Moreover the Chancellor of Paris never takes scholars by surprise, nor compels them to take a degree. But if God did not compel them to attend this tribunal, many would never come; so he will compel them, and he will summon them, perhaps at an hour when they are not aware. Job says, 'Quid faciam cum surrexerit ad judicandum Deus? Et cum quæsierit quid respondebo illi?' I wish we were to put this question to ourselves frequently. St. Jerome says the sound of that awful trumpet is always in my ears, 'Surgite mortui, venite ad judicium.' The Chancellor of Paris is content with seven or eight lessons out of some book; but in the book of conscience, the great Chancellor will require you to read from the beginning to the end; and you must account for every idle word, and for your silence too, if you have not warned and reproved your erring brother. The Chancellor does not in person hear all who take their degrees, but appoints other examiners; and many can answer well enough before these simple examiners, who would answer but ill before the Chancellor, being overawed and abashed before the greatness of his wisdom. But behold in the day of judgment, God will himself examine all of us, and what shall we do in that day, when the issue is concerning, not our taking a degree, or gaining a monastic election, but our departing to Heaven or Hell, whence there is no redemption? O how narrow will then be the way to the reprobate! above, an angry Judge; and St. Augustin says that

the condemned would rather endure all torments than behold his countenance. Beneath, the horrible chaos of Hell; on the right hand, the multitude of accusing sins; on the left, the devils ready to drag away the condemned souls; within, a burning conscience; without, a world of flames! O wretched, sinful soul, what escape for thee!

"And, if that man shall hardly escape who hath studied in the book of his conscience, how shall he be able to answer who hath never once looked into it? And what will become of bishops and kings, who will have to answer not only for themselves, but for those under them, for St. Augustin said, even to a certain count, 'De omnibus qui in domo tua, id est in jurisdictione tua sunt, oportebit te reddere rationem.' Mark then the madness of those who seek power and dignity. Now let us see where is the book of conscience to be studied. In the tribunal of confession. Alas! how mad are those who neglect it! 'Multi multa sciunt et seipsos nesciunt: quærunt Deum per exteriora et derelinquunt interiora.' What profit is there in the letters of the learning of Priscian, Aristotle, Justinian, Gratian, Galen, and others, unless you can wash out from the book of your conscience the letters of death? 'Quid prosunt hæc lecta et intellecta, nisi teipsum legas et intelligas? Legere enim et non intelligere est negligere.' Be frequent then at confession, and so read in yourself, and give heed to that internal study which is of far more importance than your learning the course of the stars, and the foundations of the earth. Mark too how different is the reward. Masters will give a prebend to some favourite scholar, but our Lord is the good master who gives grace, the best of prebends, to all his scholars, and he does not keep them long in waiting, but he confers it the first day that they enter his school, which is the tribunal of penitence; for the Lord says, 'Ducam

eum in solitudinem et loquar ad cor ejus.' And note that he condescends to read before one scholar: unlike proud masters of arts, who will not open their lips till they have a crowd of hearers. O what a shame it will be to behold masters of arts and theology speechless and confounded, while simple monks and novices, who gave up all their time to studying the book of their conscience, will be able to answer! Nor is that book an easy one. It is a deep and difficult book. 'Profundum est cor hominis.' For reading this book, zeal and patience, and gentleness, are of more avail than a crowd of commentaries. You are deceived, my son, if you think that this science is to be learned from the masters of this world. It is only the disciples of Christ, that is, the despisers of this world, who can master it with the divine assistance. 'Non hanc docet lectio sed vocatio: non litera sed spes, non eruditio sed exercitatio in mandatis Dei'; for, as St. Gregory says, 'Custodia mandatorum aperit intellectum occultorum.'"[1]

The laity, in cultivating letters, evinced the same spirit of devotion. The Emperor Otho, so deservedly styled the Great, was as anxious as St. Adalbert to convert the Prussians. Dom Joam de Castro, viceroy of India, is described as applying himself to the interests of religion with as much zeal in the confusion of war and the noise of arms, as if he had been only sent to maintain them. The kings of Portugal at that time seem to have been more desirous of bringing sons to the church than vassals to the state; no sacrifice was too great, if they could succeed in converting the poor Indians by gentleness, enabling holy men to pursue their missions, and charging the civil power to co-operate with them in defending the converts. As Jacinto

[1] D. Roberti de Sorbona lib. de Conscientia, Bibl. Pat. IV.

Freire de Andrada says, "Their banners were oftener displayed in reverence to religion, than through ambition of empire." How interesting it is to find Charlemagne expressing his astonishment and regret to Alcuin that the Evangelists should have omitted the hymn sung by Christ at the conclusion of his last farewell to the Apostles! View his court: "Si quis loquitur, quasi sermones Dei." What an imposing scene when the tables were served, and the attendants stood round with the lights, and St. Augustin's books on the City of God were read aloud, while the emperor sat at supper, in which books, Eginhard says, "he greatly delighted! Sometimes he had histories of the gests of ancient kings read to him; he spoke Latin as well as German, but he understood Greek better than he pronounced it." Charlemagne founded a college for the express purpose of teaching the Greek language, at Osnabrück; he even founded a hospital at Jerusalem for pilgrims, in which he placed an excellent library for the use of these wandering Christians. "Habetur hospitale, in quo suscipiantur omnes, qui causa devotionis illum adeunt locum, loquentes lingua Romana, cui adjacet ecclesia in honorem sanctæ Mariæ, nobilissimam habens bibliothecam studio prædicti imperatoris."[1] Berkley expresses his indignation at those who would deprive religion and chivalry in the middle ages of the honour of having nurtured letters. "Who," he asks, "were they that encouraged and produced the restoration of arts and polite learning? What share had the minute philosophers in this affair? Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary; Alphonsus, King of Naples; Cosmus de Medicis; Picus of Mirandula; Bessarion, a cardinal; Marcus Musurus, an arch-

[1] Mabillon, Act. Sanct. Ord. Bened. t. II, 523; and Annales Ord. Bened. III, 165.

bishop; Leo the Tenth, Pope of Rome; Cardinals Bembus and Sadoletus; Bishops Jovius and Vida." Was it not the nobility of Tuscany which, for more than three ages, surpassed all Europe in literature and science, as poets, as physicians, as professors? Dante, Petrarch, Cimabue, Michel Angelo, Galileo, who was honoured, not persecuted, by the Church,[1] Machiavel, the six greatest Tuscans that perhaps ever existed, were all noble.

In the thirteenth century the Marquises of Este were the patrons of the troubadours. Guido de Polenta at Ravenna, the Marquis Malaspina in Lunigiana, and the lords della Scala at Verona, were the protectors of Dante. Of this last family the palace of Can Grande was the refuge of men of letters, poets, and divines. Marco Visconti, who was so basely assassinated in 1329, by his cruel uncle Azzo, was one of the earliest patrons of literature in Italy, and Verona still exhibits vestiges of his magnificence.

The Malatestas, Lords of Rimini, perhaps the most heroic in Italy during the fourteenth century, became the patrons of science and art. The Pulci were a whole family of poets, who assisted Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian in the re-establishment of Italian poetry. It was one of the most ancient families of Florence, descended from followers of Charlemagne, who had remained there. Luigi Pulci wrote an epic poem on the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland, in which he was assisted by Politian. Among the old German minnesinger none were more celebrated than the Earl Conrad of Kirchberg, and Wolfram von Eschenbach. Among the patrons of letters in France none were more distinguished than Thibaud IV, Count of Champagne, who had studied at Orleans under the monk Joffroid. In the

[1] Bergier, Dict. de Théologie, art. Galileo.

thirteenth century Raoul de Coucy, Henri, Count of Soissons, the Vidame de Chartres, Gace Bruté, Robert de Marberolles, and Thibaud de Blazon, all gentlemen of Champagne, belonged to a learned academy. In Spain the warriors have been distinguished as poets and men of letters. The prince Don Juan Manuel, descendant of Saint Ferdinand, is the first distinguished author of the fourteenth century; he wrote a chronicle of Spain, the Book of the Sages, and several books of chivalry. England too could boast of the gentle Surrey.

> Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
> His was the hero's soul of fire,
> And his the bard's immortal name.

The old romances and poems therefore only took their portraits from life; when, as in the character of Apolidon in Amadis, who preferred books to a throne, they shewed valour and learning united. Knights and squires are represented speaking Greek. Amadis de Gaul reads the Greek inscription on the breast of the strange figure; he was a poet, a musician, an antiquarian, and a great linguist, as well as a king and a knight errant. In the Palmerin of England the Knight of Fortune, upon his arrival in London, amused himself with reading the Greek letters which were carved upon the old tomb of Arban, King of North Wales. Flos and Blankflos, in the famous poem, could speak Latin in their tenth year. Tristan, when a youth, used to play on the harp to the admiration of his uncle's household; he could speak British and Gaelic, and sing in French and Latin; he was also master of Norse, Irish, German, and Danish. Arabic was

> Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
> Who, versed in many languages, best read
> Was in this speech.[1]

[1] XXIII.

Nothing is more easy than to produce instances from real history, in every age, of learning, and of patrons of learning among great princes and nobles. Nithard, grandson of Charlemagne, is the best historian of the age which he describes. Geoffry of Monmouth says that King Arthur, besides his round table, had "a gymnasium of two hundred philosophers, who diligently observed the stars, and who were learned in other arts."[1] Arthur was a poet, and there is a stanza of his composition preserved in the Welch triads:

> To me there are three heroes in battle:
> Mòal the Tall, and Llyr with his army,
> And Caradawg, the pillar of the Cymry.

Two metrical reliques by Richard Cœur de Lion are printed in "La Tour Ténébreuse."[2] The hero described by Christine de Pisan could neither read nor write, yet, like Charlemagne, "il savoit les gestes et batailles des princes et preux passez, et aucunes foiz les chantoit." Diodorus was struck with the power which minstrelsy and music and wisdom exercised over the warriors of Gaul. "Among the most savage barbarians," he says, "fury yields to wisdom, and Mars respects the Muse."[3]

Büsching remarks, that in the time of greatest ignorance women were more accomplished than men, having more opportunity of acquiring knowledge; in fact, devotion stimulated them to acquire a knowledge of the Latin tongue. Many examples confirm this opinion of their learning. St. Louis was perfectly master of the Latin tongue, in consequence of the care of his mother, Blanche, who was daughter to Alphonso IX, King of Castile, the great conqueror, who, in the battle of Muradal, defeated the

[1] Lib. VII, 4. [2] 1705. [3] Lib. V, 31.

Emir Mahomet, called the Green, with an army of above 200,000 Moors. Godfrey of Bouillon, eldest son of Eustache II, Count of Boulogne and Lens, and of St. Ida, daughter of Godfrey the Bearded, Duke of Lower Lorraine and of Bouillon, descended from Charles, first Duke of Lower Lorraine, brother to King Lothaire, of the race of Charlemagne, derived his love of learning from his mother, St. Ida; he spoke and wrote elegantly the Latin, Teutonic, and other languages.

Rodolph of Habsburg being presented by a citizen of Strasburg with a manuscript describing the wars of the Romans against the Germans, bestowed on the author a gold medal and chain which he was accustomed to wear round his neck. His reply to the complaints of his relations, who reminded him that the troops wanted their pay, is strikingly characteristic of that great man: "Would to God I could employ more time in reading, and could expend some of that money on learned men which I must throw away on so many illiterate knights!" What a love for learning was evinced by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who founded the library in Oxford, and not only patronized Lydgate and other English scholars, but also the most celebrated writers of France and Italy. How dear was Chaucer to Richard II, Gower to Henry IV, Chartier to the queen of Charles VIII of France, and to Louis XII! When Petrarch had described to Robert the Learned, King of Naples, who was a theologian and an astronomer, an orator and a physician, the character of Philip of Valois, King of France, and his aversion for letters, the king could not refrain from expressing his astonishment. "Such is the life of men; thus various are their judgments, studies, and desires! I swear that letters are far sweeter and more dear to me than a kingdom; and if I were obliged to abandon one or the other, I had

rather lose my crown than the charm of learning."[1] The reading of Quintus Curtius was said to have cured King Alphonso of a fever. A king in these ages could have said with Chaucer,

> And as for me, though that I can but lite
> On bookes for to rede, I me delite,
> And to hem geve I faith and full credence;
> And in mine hertes have hem in reverence
> So hertely, that there is game none
> That fro my bookes maketh me to gone.[2]

King Charles V of France, who founded the royal library at Paris, besides being a distinguished patron of learning, was himself well instructed in the Latin tongue; and Christine de Pisan, who wrote his life, says that all princes should be learned in that language.[3]

But much praise is due to great men like Raimond de Poitou, who, when he went to the holy wars, was called Hercules by the Greeks, on account of his beauty and valour, of whom William of Tyre says, "Litteratorum, licet ipse illiteratus esset, cultor."

Yet great learning and chivalry were often united. It is to Otho von Freisingen, son of Leopold, Marquis of Austria, and of Agnes, sister of the Emperor Henry V, that we owe the history of the gests of the Emperor Frederic in Italy. Messire Hélion de Glandevez, Seigneur de Faucon, in Provence, knight of the Crescent, and styled le Chevalier sans reproche, was fond of letters. The brother of Conrad III, King of the Romans, and uncle of Frederic Barbarossa, is considered by some as the most elegant, enlightened, and impartial historian of the middle age. Alphonsus Sanchez, of Cepeda,

[1] Mémoires de Pet. par de Sade, I, 446.
[2] Legend of good women.
[3] Le Livre des fais et bonnes meurs du sage Roy Charles V.

the father of St. Theresa, a gentleman of Old Castile, who was so charitable to the poor, compassionate to the sick, and tender towards his servants, remarkable also for his strict honour, modesty, and innocence, is represented as having been fond of study, there being a good library in his house. Dom Joam de Castro, on his return from the expedition to the mouth of the Red Sea, retired to his country house at Cintra, where he passed his time among the solitudes of that mountain in reading and rustic employment. Werner von Orseln, grand master of the Teutonic order in 1321, is described as employing his leisure hours at Marienburg in singing and poetry, being an excellent poet; and in the same age, another poet of that castle, probably a knight of the order, gave a metrical version of the book of Job, the prophet Daniel, and the story of Balaam and Josaphat, which used to be read in all the houses of the order. Nicholaus Jeroschin, chaplain of the grand master, translated by his orders the chronicle of the order, by Peter of Duisburg, into German verse. So that, as Voigt remarks, the learning of the castle of Marienburg was devoted, in the first instance, to religion and the history of the country.[1] During the intervals of peace, this proud castle was like a school of learning. The heroic grand master, Winrich von Kniprode, in 1370, founded within its walls a Latin school, under the care of Peter of Augsburg, a learned priest of the order; he founded a similar school at Königsberg; he used often to inspect the administration, and to reward the best students with handsome prizes.[2] Alfonso, the magnanimous King of Naples, united the passion for literature with the renown of a gallant warrior. Baldwin, the good Count of Flanders, was master of the Flemish, French, and Latin languages. The

[1] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs, 120. [2] Ib. 165.

compositions of William IX, Count of Poiton and Duke of Aquitaine, who died in 1107, furnish the most ancient specimen extant of Troubadour poetry. Pierre de Corbian says that his treasure consists in the knowledge of grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geography, astronomy, a little of medicine and surgery; adding, "I know mythology better than the ingenious Ovid and the lying Thales; I know by heart the history of Thebes, Troy, and Rome; I know the exploits of Cæsar, Pompey, and Augustus. I am not ignorant of Vespasian and Titus, and I know who destroyed Jerusalem. I can speak of all the Cæsars, up to Constantine. I am acquainted with the histories of Greece, France, and England, and I have poetry to please both knights and gentle women."

Pierre de Castelnau, passing late at night through the lonely wood of Valogne, as he returned from the castle of Roque Martine, was attacked by banditti, who seizing his horse and stripping him of the green robe bordered with silver, which the baron of Roque Martine had given him, were about to throw him over a precipice, when he begged a moment's delay, and seizing his harp, its exquisite strains moved the banditti to compassion; so that when he proceeded to praise their wild independent life, they restored him everything, and even doubled his riches, and led him to a place of safety; upon which the pious troubadour consecrated his harp on the shrine of a neighbouring monastery.

Ponz de Balazan, a knight of Languedoc, one of the first who took the cross, not only distinguished himself by mighty deeds of arms, but also wrote the history of his voyage to the Holy Land, under Raymond de St. Gilles. King Edward of Portugal, brother to Dom Fernando the Saint, whom the Moors kept prisoner till his death, was the most eloquent man in his dominions; he spoke and wrote Latin

elegantly; he was author of several books, and one on horsemanship, in which art he excelled. James I of Scotland, who was atrociously murdered at Perth in 1436, educated while a prisoner in England by command of Henry IV, became a poet, a scholar, and a musician. Even the knight, Sir John Chandois, who attended close upon the person of the Black Prince in all his battles, was competent to write a poem in French of his achievements, which is in the library of Worcester College, Oxford. The best history of Arthur de Richemont, constable of France, is that which was written by Guillaume Gruel, an esquire attached to his person. Henry I of England was styled Beauclerc, on account of his learning. Henry II was also a learned man, and a patron of scholars. Even William the Conqueror protected learning. John Tiptoft, the unfortunate Earl of Worcester in the reign of Henry VI, rivalled the most learned ecclesiastics of his age in the study of polite learning; he translated Cicero de Amicitia into English, and was honoured by Pope Pius II for his refined Latinity. Sismondi speaks in high terms of the letters of William III, Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, one of the most powerful French noblemen in that age, who died in 1030, in the convent of Maillezay, to which he had retired in his last days.

Henry VI asked Aymon Gallet, an ambassador from the Duc d'Alençon, what sort of person was his uncle, King Charles VII of France? "Je ne l'ai vu que deux fois," replied Gallet, "une fois à cheval, et il me sembla gentil prince; puis, dans une abbaye près de Caen, ou il lisait en une chronique, et personne ne m'a jamais paru lire si couramment que lui." [1]

Charles, Duke of Lorraine, though one of the

[1] Hist. des Ducs de Bourgogne, VIII, 172.

greatest warriors of his time, was fond of study, and is said never to have passed a day without reading some chapters of Livy or Cæsar.[1] Jehan of France, duc de Berry, son of King John, was learned, and a patron of learning; he was made prisoner in the battle of Poitiers, at the age of 16. He caused the romance of Melusine to be translated into French from the Latin of Jean of Arras. Olivier de la Marche, a gallant knight of Burgundy, taken prisoner at the battle of Nancy, but ransomed and retained by Maximilian and his son, as grand master of their palace, was a distinguished writer: he composed the mémoires which are so famous, and two romances, "Le Triomphe des Dames," and "Le Chevalier Délibére." The Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII, and grand-uncle of Francis I, made prisoner at Agincourt, and detained for twenty-five years by the English, was the author of many interesting poems in French and English.[2] Speaking of his style, the author of the work "On the reading of French books," says, "It is that of a man of quality, who does not affect wit, but guides his pen by sentiment." Messire Charles de Gaucourt, knight, who died in 1482, of the prevailing fever, was much lamented, says Jean de Troye, "car il estoit un beau et honneste chevalier, beau personnage, sage homme et grand clerc."[3] Francis de Moncada, of one of the most illustrious houses of Spain, of the castle of Moncada, or Mons Cathenus, a pointed mountain two leagues from Barcelona, had received a learned education though destined to arms: he had been instructed in the Greek and Latin, and he became not more renowned for his deeds in arms than

[1] Hist. de René d'Anjou, I, 37.
[2] Mém. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres, XIII; Goujet, Bib. Françoise, IX; de la Lecture des Livres François, III, 241.
[3] 423.

for the admirable history which he composed of the expedition of the army of Catalonia and Aragon against the Turks, and for his account of the antiquities of the church of Montserrat. François de Montmorenci entered his prison an ignorant young man, but after three years, when he recovered his freedom, he was one of the most enlightened men of his age, and the most fond of study.[1] The illustrious Venetian, Antonio Marcel, knight of the Crescent, and the friend of René d'Anjou, was a lover and patron of learning. His letter to René, accompanying a copy of a homily of St. Chrysostom, then lately discovered, will evince the interest taken by great princes in such researches: we owe the discovery of Joinville's mémoires to the exertions of René.[2] This prince founded colleges, and examined the professors himself previous to admitting them. He was skilled in theology, jurisprudence, the holy Scriptures, mathematics; and he spoke Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Catalonian, and Italian. That great Neapolitan noble Artelouche d'Alagona, living in his castle of Meyrarques, in Provence, had read Pliny, as may be seen in his "Traité de Fauconnerie," printed in 1567. In the fifteenth century, Bartholomew Coleoni was one of the most renowned captains in Italy. Antony Cornazzano has written his life, having lived for a long time with him in his castle of Malpaga, near Brescia, where this old general united men of learning and science with his old companions in arms; he represents him as a man of cultivated mind, addicted to philosophy and learning. Such was the society and conversation of Sigismond Malatesta, whose court at Rimini was the asylum of letters and piety. Generally during the fifteenth century, the houses of the Italian nobles were filled with men of science

[1] Desormeaux, II, 400. [2] Hist. de René d'Anjou, III, 22.

and learning. Baldassare Castiglione was an accomplished knight, and versed in both the Latin and Greek languages; and he says that Duke Frederic of Urbino esteemed his collection of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew books, to be the noblest furniture of his stately palace. Castiglione condemns the French for continuing to think slightly of letters; and he cites the example of Alexander, Alcibiades, Cæsar, Scipio, Xenophon, &c. How famous were Pedro Lopez de Ayala, grand chancellor of Castile, John II, and his poetical court, the marquises Enrique de Villena and Santillana. This Marquis de Santillana, one of the most generous and valiant knights of Castile, was deeply learned, and a gracious poet. Who more devoted to the muses than that young warrior of the court of Charles V, Garcilaso de la Vega, the prince of Castilian poets, the Surrey of Spain, the first to leap, to wrestle, to fence, to tilt, and to swim the Tagus. Perez de Guzman belonged to one of the first houses in Castile. The Spanish chronicles of the fifteenth century were not written by monks, as in other parts of Europe, but by knights, who wrote out of friendship and gratitude, and the enthusiasm of chivalry. The history of Count Pedro Nino de Buelna, one of the bravest knights of the reign of Henry III, was written by Gutierre Diez de Games, his standard-bearer. The Galician poet and knight, Macias, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, was distinguished as a brave warrior against the Moors of Grenada, and as an accomplished writer. Jacques de Lalain, who won renown at every joust, from the year 1440, when only nineteen years of age he won the prize of mieux faisant, to the battle of Poucques, in 1453, where he fell gloriously, could write and speak both the French and Latin tongues.[1] When a boy about to

[1] Chronique, II.

leave his father and mother, Messire Guillaume de Lalain lui bailla quatre bons roucins, un gentilhomme pour le servir et un clerc bien lettré pour toujours lui montrer et appendre, afin qu'il n'oubliat son Latin. The chivalrous emperor Maximilian was an author and a patron of learning. The famous book of "The White King," containing his life, was partly composed by himself, though drawn up by his secretary, Marr Treizsaurwein: Büsching laments that it is so little known. In this it is said, "The white king ordered the masters to teach his son the seven liberal arts, beginning with grammar and logic. He was also taught the knowledge of the world, to distinguish the proportions of rank, and to be informed in all the essentials whereby a lord might govern his people mildly and happily. His father used to say, 'Though a king is like another man, yet must the king know more than the prince and the people, that his rule may continue.' Afterwards he learned astronomy, and the influences of the heavens, and the revolutions of the stars. To steel the mind of the boy, that he might not be misled in maturer age, he desired him to be instructed in the black art; but the boy, strengthened by his early instructions, saw that it would be a misleading to sin and shame, and a withdrawing from the knowledge of the only God. So when he found how groundless and deceitful it was he sent away his master." Maximilian is also supposed to have written the famous adventures of the renowned knight Tewrdannckh, which was printed at Nuremberg in 1517.[1] This book contains the romantic history of the marriage of the emperor with Mary of Burgundy. The active life of Frederic I, Barbarossa, prevented his attaining an extensive degree of learning, yet he knew Latin well, and

[1] Vide De Bure, Bib. Instruct. III, 728.

could read the Roman writers.[1] Frederic II was master of the Greek, Latin, Arabic, French, German, and Italian languages. At his court resided Michael Scot, the celebrated wizard, who, after the death of his patron, returned to Scotland, where he died at an advanced age in 1290. Frederic was assisted in his vast undertakings for the diffusion of science by his renowned chancellor, Pierre des Vignes, whom he afterwards so ungratefully requited, condemning him to a fetid dungeon, and to have his eyes put out; for the learning of the emperor was more distinguished than his piety. Edward Courtney, the last earl of Devonshire, whose comeliness of person was very near raising him to the throne, for nearness to which in blood he was a prisoner from ten years old to within two years of thirty, when he died, had the resource of a great proficiency in philosophy, mathematics, music, painting, and the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, loved literature, and had English poems elegantly written on vellum for his own use. He encouraged Skelton, the only poet of the reign of Henry VII, to write an elegy on the death of his father, who founded a school for grammar and philosophy in the monastery of Alnwick, and who erected three stately sepulchral monuments in the minster of Beverley, in Yorkshire, to the memory of his father and mother, which are executed in the richest style of the florid Gothic, and remain to this day the striking evidence of his piety, taste, and magnificence. It would be useless to continue the list to later times. It may be sufficient to cite the example of the renowned Marquis of Worcester; of a Sobieski, the preserver of Christendom, who spoke six languages, who loved painting, music,

[1] Raumer, II, 5.

and poetry; and of a Villeneuve, of that noble family, the glory of Provence, descended from the kings of Aragon, reckoning among its ancestors Romée, the pilgrim, who came to the court of Raymond Berenger, and became regent of Provence in 1254, and Hélion, grand master of St. John of Jerusalem, a family, which in our age has produced that accomplished viscount, who is devoted to literature and to the customs of that olden time, the charm of which is so well expressed in his spirited and gracious compositions. Moreover in this view of the acquirements which belonged to chivalry, mention should be made of those fine arts of painting and design which were the pride of so many noble and royal persons, and which raised men to knighthood and to the society of the greatest princes. Lionardo da Vinci was profound in mathematics, music, and poetry, and also accomplished in all knightly graces. The same character belonged to many other of the great artists of Italy. We should pause here to mark the peculiar air and tone which distinguished the learning and all the accomplishments of those ages. It is well that we have some examples left of the literature of goodness, such as that of Stanislaus of Poland in his retirement at Weissenburg, directing the education of his daughter Mary, the destined Queen of France. In every respect a review of the literature of the middle ages is an interesting study. It matters little that a frivolous inch-eyed age should have thought fit to discard the works of the monks and warriors who united sanctity and valour with learning; their volumes would have a strange appearance by the side of our journals and monthly novelties, our essays on economy, acts of legislation, and charters, to meet the demand of nations, who may seem to merit a constitution. These men toiled not for any single generation, and they produced works

which Wisdom has received into her eternal archives: those even which she has rejected are still durable and majestic. Those volumes whose magnitude inspires a kind of dread; those seas of history, those chronicles of chronicles, as that of Hartmann Schedel, physician of Nuremberg; that "treasure" of Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, will justify the comparison of Chaucer,

> For out of the old fieldes, as man saith
> Cometh all this new corn fro year to year;
> And out of old bookes, in good faith
> Cometh all this new science that men lere.[1]

Men already are becoming weary of those philosophical histories, as they were called, which prevailed during the latter half of the last century. As far as poetry is concerned, Warton has remarked the advantage arising from the long interval before classical taste and judgment were established. What admirable stores were those domestic records described by Nostradamus! He says that there was not a noble house in Provence which had not a register in form of romance, in which were written, in the language of Provence, "les hauts faicts et gestes de leurs ancestres." We find Niebuhr quoting a history of the origin of Florence, compiled perhaps even before the time of Charlemagne, from popular legends and poetical sources.[2] Those old heroic poems which were collected by Charlemagne, and sung in the banqueting-hall of our ancestors, as was the custom among the Romans, who admitted even philosophy into the scenes of festive enjoyment,[3] would have charmed the cultivated taste of Cicero, as may be concluded from his lamenting the loss of those songs on Romulus in which republican

[1] Assembly of Foules.
[2] Hist. of Rome, I, 36.
[3] Macrobius, Saturnal. VII, 1; Aul. Gell. III, 17.

Rome evinced her reverence for the memory of her kings.[1] The stories of ancient heroism lived still in the poetry of our ancestors; the Alexandreid of Philip Gaultier de Châtillon, written in the year 1200, and the Trojan war of Joseph of Exeter were sung with the Antiocheis, the war of Antioch, by the same poet, or the Ligurinus of Gunther, a Cistercian monk, being the war of Frederic Barbarossa in Liguria; and the Solymarium of the same author, which was the expedition of Conrad against the Saracens. However wild and confused may have been the images thus represented, still the excellence of the poet and the dignity of the scholar were the object of unfailing admiration. The knowledge of Greek and Latin was required even from kings,[2] that they might be able to read ancient philosophers and poets, "lesquelles ont plus de grace, d'authorité et de majesté en la langue Grecque et Latine ou elles sont escriptes, que en la Françoise."

It was not thought that criticism required a certain malignity of mind; it seemed rather to demand a certain purity of heart: for it is innocence alone which can give security and freedom to the judgment. "Et fault entendre que la science—ne pretend à aultre fin, que faire continuelle profession et la maintenir de jour en jour à extirper et confondre les erreurs, vices, et faultes qui sont on nous. Et est besoign d'avoir le special ayde, secours et reconfort du Dieu immortel lequel à ceste fin la merité pour nous, parce que (sans son bienfaict) nous n'en pourrions estre dignes ny capables."[3]

Thus we arrive at the period when learning became essential, and when even the courtier, according to Castiglione, was to be instruced not only in the Latin but the Greek tongue, on account of the

[1] Tuscul. Quæst. IV, 2; Brutus, 18, 19.
[2] L'Institution du Prince, par Maistre Guillaume Budé. [3] Ib.

variety and beauty of things which are witten in it. Every gallant man acquired a personal acquaintance with the great men of all ages, with the deeds and fortunes of the heroes who are immortalized by Homer and Xenophon, Virgil and Tacitus, whose very words had been the rapture of high and generous spirits in former times.

Not even the travels of chivalry were suffered to interfere with the interest of letters; which can be easily credited by those who remember the incessant journeys of Plato, Cicero, and Erasmus, while they may have conduced to still more important ends, since, as Montaigne says, "there is no better school than to propose a diversity of modes of life, and to impart a knowledge of the variety of the forms of nature." Worthless and insignificant appeared the most splendid prize of worldly ambition when contrasted with the dignity and serene enjoyment of the Christian philosopher, formed in the school of active life, and reaping the fruits of wisdom in retirement. "I can conceive Socrates in the place of Alexander," says Montaigne; "Alexander in that of Socrates, je ne puis." Literature had even transported the suffering and terrified Ovid from the snows and wilderness of Thrace.

> ——————— Tu solatia præbes,
> Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali,
> Tu dux, tu comes es; tu nos abducis ab Istro
> In medioque mihi das Helicone locum.[1]

Cicero, fatigued with the distractions of political warfare, preferred the statue of Atticus, and the bench under the statue of Aristotle, to the curule chair of the forum.[2] What were triumphs and fasces, what were consular power or political renown to him in his hours of study and reflection at

[1] Trist. IV. [2] Epist. ad Attic. IV, 10.

Tusculum—when he was composing his Hortensius, the Academics; the De Finibus, the Tusculan Disputations,—learning to despise death, to endure adversity, to submit with patience to the accidents of human life, to moderate the passions, to feel that virtue is sufficient to make men happy? There are persons who find no enjoyment comparable to that of philosophic conversation. How many instances may we recollect, even in the page of chivalrous history and romance, where the inestimable advantage of having a mind capable of such enjoyment is exemplified!

> Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
> Nec, male necne Lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
> Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne
> Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
> Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos?
> Et quæ sit natura boni? summumque quid ejus?

When Montaigne went to reside at his château of Montaigne, he employed his time in the composition of his Essays; and Vico, abandoned by the world, returned thanks to God for having made his misfortunes the occasion of composing his Scienza Nuova: "he found," he says, "that his composition of the work had animated him with an heroic spirit which raised him above the fear of death, and of the calumnies of his rivals."

Memorable are the words of John Picus, Prince of Mirandola, who died in 1494, a prodigy of wit and learning, and after his conversion a true Christian philosopher. "Many think it a man's greatest happiness in this life to enjoy dignity and power, and to live in the plenty and splendour of a court: but of these you know I have had a share, and I can assure you I could never find in my soul true satisfaction in anything but in retreat and in contemplation."[1] Let no man, in the sunshine of

[1] Epist. ad Amicum Andræam.

youth and fancy's dream, neglect opportunities and the means of securing a future good, of which, if life be spared, he will assuredly stand in need, and which can never be recalled if they be once neglected. "Retirement and leisure without letters are death": this was the opinion of Seneca; and retirement and leisure await us all.

Ponder, O young man, upon the words of Œdipus:

> ——— *μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται*
> *θεοῖσι γῆρας· οὐδὲ μὴν θανεῖν ποτε·*
> *τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατὴς χρόνος·*
> *φθίνει μὲν ἰσχὺς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος.*[1]

Consider too

> Quam cito purpureos deperdit terra colores!
> Quam cito formosas populus alba comas!

So is it with the pride of man. Youth will lapse into age, alas! how imperceptibly!

> —— *τάχα γάρ σε παρέρχεται, ὡς ὄναρ, ἥβη.*

The delight of bodily exercises will wane with the season which required, will fail with the strength which supported them. What higher feelings of enjoyment than those which swell the bosom of the warrior, the *ἱππόδαμος* Ἕκτωρ, when mounted upon his exulting steed? And yet the day is not far distant, when the horse and his rider will cease to know each other. Fled will be that buoyant spirit which lived by exercise; withered and gone that superfluous strength which excited the desire of activity.

> *οἰκτείρατ' ἀνδρὸς Οἰδίπου τόδ' ἄθλιον*
> *εἴδωλον· οὐ γὰρ δὴ τό γ' ἀρχαῖον δέμας.*[2]

But though these enjoyments should fail, the

[1] Soph. Œdip. Col. 607. [2] Ib. 109.

pleasures of a cultivated mind, the glorious images of poetry, the sublime recollections of the past, in union with religion, will accompany him unto the end.

It only remains to notice the application of learning to the purposes of life. Homer speaks with great respect of Machaon, the royal surgeon, who was sent for by Agamemnon to dress the wound of Menelaus.[1]

Ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων.[2]

Podaleirios the physician, and his brother Machaon, both princes, commanded a fleet of thirty ships at the siege of Troy.[3] Alexander loved physicians, and he even prescribed to his friends. In Herodotus[4] we see how the physician Democedes was honoured by kings and nations. Among the Romans, however, it has been shewn against Mead, that whatever celebrity might have been acquired by individuals, the profession of medicine was of no great repute. The Thracian physician in the army, who told Socrates what he had learned from Zamolxis, seems to have had a profound sense of the dignity of his art when he said, that as you cannot cure the eyes without curing the head, nor the head without healing the body; so neither can you cure the body without curing the soul. Another of these wise physicians, unlike the wretched impostors from the Jewish university of Salerno, was the sage who recalled St. Augustin from the vain study of astrology.[5] Tertullian called medicine "the sister of philosophy." In the eighth century, a school of medicine was opened in the monastery of Montecassino. In the early ages, the monks and

[1] Il. IV, 200. [2] Il. XI, 514. [3] Il. II, 732.
[4] III, 131. [5] Confess. IV, 3.

hermits practised through charity the cure of diseases. They were our first and best physicians,

> ——— well read in Nature's secret lore:

like Galen, Theophrastus, Pliny, and Dioscorides, they were well skilled

> In every virtuous plant, and healing herb
> That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.

The Benedictine monks had always schools of medicine. They studied Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, whose science is the astonishment even of our age. Saints Cosmas and Damian, who are daily commemorated by the church, were eminent physicians, who suffered martyrdom about the year 303. Never taking any fee, they were styled by the Greeks Anargyri. In the Weiss König it is said that Maximilian was taught medicine, that he might know how to help others and himself. Coluccio Salutato wrote a book, "De Nobilitate Legum ac Medicinæ."[1] Dante's description of Hippocrates, as him

> ——— whom Nature made
> To serve the costliest creature of her tribe,[2]

indicates a respectful feeling for the science. Giovanni de Procida, a noble of Salerno, and Brasavola, a nobleman of Ferrara, embraced the profession of medicine, which was then cultivated by many great lords. Mattioli, early in the sixteenth century, was honoured by emperors and kings, and adored by the people.

Demosthenes forsook Plato and the Academy for Callistratus, the popular orator,[3] while Piso abandoned the legal profession through disgust. "Hominum ineptias ac stultitias, quæ devorandæ nobis

[1] Venice, 1542. [2] Purg. XXIX. [3] Aul. Gell. III, 13.

sunt, non ferebat," says Cicero.[1] Such is the difference of men's dispositions. The ancients were not agreed in their opinion of the legal profession, though all must have admired the character of Ser. Sulpicius, of whom Cicero says, "Neque ille magis juris consultus quam justitiæ fuit; neque constituere litium actiones malebat quam controversias tollere."[2] Pliny's confession is remarkable. "We who are worn amidst the contentions of the forum, must learn much malice even though against our will":[3] and Cicero clings even to a name to refresh his mind, and to furnish him with an idea of peace amidst forensic scenes.[4] Plato desired to find a man like Nestor, who was both eloquent and good; but such examples, he says, must be sought for in the time of Troy, not in our own.[5] The advocate in Plato[6] says that the forensic rhetorician can kill whom he wishes. Certainly for a time he may obscure truth. Much of what forms legal practice, *πράγματός τινός ἐστι μόριον οὐδενὸς τῶν καλῶν.* Cicero perceived the grand objection to which the legal profession was exposed, and nothing but the authority of Panætius could have induced him to defend it.[7] Yet it may be argued, that no authority can conceal the danger of its practical tendency upon the judgment and the heart. The profession introduces men into the language and practice of business, and if it be not resisted by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent. They are brought into a place in which "non facile dixerim, utrumne locus ipse, an condiscipuli, an genus studiorum plus mali ingeniis adferant." The mere candidate for fame is ready to say with Strepsiades,

[1] Brutus, 67. [2] Cicero, Phil. IX. [3] II, 3.
[4] Pro Archia Poeta. [5] De Legibus, IV.
[6] Gorgias, 42. [7] De Off. II. XIV.

when he went to the sophist's school to learn the art of speaking,

> μή μοί γε λέγειν γνώμας μέγαλας· οὐ γὰρ τούτων ἐπιθυμῶ·
> ἀλλ' ὅσ' ἐμαυτῷ στρεψοδικῆσαι, καὶ τοὺς χρήστας διολισθεῖν.[1]

It was enough if his tongue

> ——— Could make the worse appear
> The better reason, to perplex and dash
> Maturest counsels.

"Certain it is," says Lord Bacon, "that words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment." Even heathens saw the difficulty of reconciling with virtue the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong.[2] "It contracts the understanding," says Junius, "while it corrupts the heart. Subtilty is soon mistaken for wisdom, and impunity for virtue. If there be any instance on record (as some there are undoubtedly), of genius and morality united in a lawyer, they are distinguished by their singularity, and operate as exceptions." "As for the lawyer," says Sir Philip Sidney, "though jus be the daughter of justice, yet because he seeks to make men good rather formidine pœnæ, than virtutis amore, or to say righter, doth not endeavour to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others; as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honourable; so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with those who endeavour to plant goodness, even in the secretest cabinet of our souls,"[3] In Catholic countries, if the legal profession did not always guide to the temple of honour, so neither did it necessarily lead to that of Plutus. The curate rendered a visit from

[1] Aristoph. Nubes, 433. [2] Plato, Hipp. Maj. Herod. VII, 16.
[3] Defence of Poesy.

the lawyer and the judge unnecessary; he heard and determined the differences; and if men desired to witness the spirit of litigation, they might seek for it among the wasps of Aristophanes. The duties which one legal officer of state discharged formerly in England are now proved to be too heavy for several persons to undertake. Yet the science of law was cultivated. Peter of Blois, speaking of Theobald, predecessor of St. Thomas in the see of Canterbury, describes the ardour with which law was studied. "In the house of my master," he says, "there were many learned men, famous for their knowledge of law and political science, who employed the intervals of prayer and dinner with debating and judging causes. An accouut used to be given of all the knotty questions which arose throughout the kingdom, and they used to be proposed in the great hall, and every one in his turn used to give what appeared to him the wisest and best opinion with his utmost eloquence, but never with passion. If Heaven had inspired the youngest among us with the most just decision, every one yielded to him without jealousy or murmur." The language of Lyttleton, the celebrated lawyer, who flourished in the reign of Henry VI, might be produced as a perfect model of style, expressive of humility and candour and innocence. In the castle of Marienburg, the capital of the Teutonic order, the heroic Grand-master Winrich von Kniprode founded schools of law, and in every convent of the order which contained as many as twelve knights and six priests there was to be one learned man who could teach jurisprudence.[1]

Petrarch admired the authority of law and the examples of Roman antiquity; but because the wickedness of men depraves its practice, he was

[1] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs, 167.

unwilling to learn what he would not use dishonourably, and what he could hardly use virtuously. Many men, like Warwick, *ἀνὴρ κατὰ τὸν Ἡρακλέα*, took a pride in being ignorant of such learning:

> Between two blades which bears the better temper;
> Between two horses which doth bear him best;
> I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment.
> But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
> Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

More grave reasoners may not be inclined to condemn such ignorance. "Policy," says Montesquieu, "can effect great things, with the least possible virtue. The state subsists independently of the love of our country, of self-renouncement, of the sacrifice of personal interest, and of all the heroic virtues which we find in the ancients. The laws hold the place of all these virtues, of which there is no need. The state dispenses you from practising them." Thus wrote this learned lawyer, a few years before the Revolution! L'Etat subsiste! What a satire upon the genius of Montesquieu! but what a lesson to all future statesmen! The sophists will continue, no doubt, to extol the wisdom of these artificial measures of legal order and constitutional justice to secure the prosperity of nations; but those who are learned in the schools of antiquity will know what confidence is due to them, and will receive such phrases with the contempt and the horror that they deserve. "We have a law," said the Jews, "and by that law he ought to die." Laws are often made the instruments of tyranny; they are on the tongue of the basest hypocrites, who are equally insensible to every dictate of justice or of mercy! Our ancestors revered the law; not that which is confined to the edicts of prætors, but that which is drawn "ex intima philosophia," as Cicero says,[1]

[1] De Legibus, I, 5.

"the law, not that which is written on tables or engraved on pillars, or sanctioned by decrees, or adopted by the lifting up of hands in an assembly, or approved of by a people, or followed by a judge, or promulgated by Solon or Lycurgus; but God was their legislator, and the law was unwritten, and it required no sanction by lifting up of hands, and it could not be called to account for its power; and this alone was law; but others, which are called laws, are vain opinions, erroneous and deceitful."[1] "Since I have been born," says Montaigne, "I have seen the laws of the English changed three or four times, not only on political points, but on the most important subject of all—on religion; for which reason I feel shame and disgust, and the more so because those of my quarter have formerly had so familiar an acquaintance with that nation, that there are still some traces in my house of our ancient alliance."[2] These were the variable laws of which the Platonician spoke; in obedience to which Aristides was banished, and Pericles was fined, and Socrates was put to death. But according to the divine law, Aristides was pronounced a just man, and Pericles virtuous, and Socrates a philosopher. The poor inanimate works, which were wrought by the hands of men in ages past, have more stability than these productions of reason and passion, which are the pride of their selfish and minute-minded posterity.

I entered the castle of Richborough, and the shades of an autumnal evening were upon its grey ruins. Its vast walls, raised by the Romans, appear more like reefs of rocks which have been washed and worn by the sea than the work of men's hands. In the centre of the enclosed space, the ground is

[1] Maximus Tyr. XII, 5; Lactant. Instit. VI, 5.
[2] Essais, II, 12.

raised in the form of an immense cross, which has survived the ravages of time, the fury of fanaticism, and even the avarice of the farmer, who has ploughed up the surrounding soil. On that spot did St. Augustin, the monk, the Apostle of England, celebrate the Christian mysteries in the presence of some Christian soldiers who were in the Roman army, while the saint was waiting for permission from the king to advance to Canterbury. In erecting this cross, our fathers resolved that the earth should remind posterity of them and of their faith. The upper part indeed, which used to be seen from the sea, so that the ships as they passed could salute it, was thrown down by the reformers, but the base was become too much a part of the very ground for them to efface it. Weeds and long grass wave over it, and though the plough has scarred its sides, and the ignorant traveller passes by without regarding it, the form is perfect and prominent, so as to astonish the beholder, who recognizes the seal of Catholics. What a confusion is this cross imprinted upon the earth to proud legislators! Here is a monument, which she seems to display with pride, to prove the mutability of their thoughts, the novelty of their law, and the uncertainty of their wisdom. Here too is one worthy of receiving the tears and the prostrate homage of those who continue to venerate the symbol of salvation, and to profess the faith of ages, who obey an eternal law, and who are themselves destined for eternity.

"The fruit of these laws," continues the Platonic philosopher, "is democracy and prosecutions, and mutinies, and popular commotions, and the bribing of demagogues, and unnumbered calamities. The end of this law, freedom and virtue, and a tranquil life, and a constant felicity. By these laws, the courts are crowded with accusers, the triremes are manned, fleets are sent out, countries are laid waste,

the sea is a scene of battle, Ægina revolts, Decelia is encompassed with walls, Melos is lost, Platæa occupied, Sicyon enslaved, Delos overthrown. By this law virtue flourishes, the soul is filled with wisdom, every house is well governed, the city prospers, the land and the sea enjoy peace; there is nothing calamitous, nothing inhuman, nothing barbarous, but all things are full of tranquillity and repose, and knowledge, and philosophy, and the music of harmonious words."

XXII. There remains the charge of intolerance, which cannot be passed over in silence by those who respect antiquity. I shall not enter upon any discussion with respect to the natural intolerance of the human heart; but since tolerance is frequently the watchword of the most unjust and intolerant of men, some preliminary observations are essential, before I undertake to excuse our ancestors at the tribunal of their posterity. All profession of exaggerated sentiment, which cannot trace its origin in the nature of man, in the traditionary wisdom of the ancients, or in the religion of Christians, is in the first instance to be received with suspicion. Anger against injustice is a passion of the heart, and our religion affords evidence in divine models, that the expressions of indignation are compatible with truth and mercy. Names are the last things worth listening to. Patriots who have no country, liberals who have no liberality, and Christians who have no faith, are not competent to decide the great questions which involve the interests of mankind. The voice of the blasphemer may not even reap the wretched honour of having irritated the power which he blasphemes:[1] but were man to behold injustice with unmoved complacency, it would argue

[1] De la Martine, Meditat. Poet.

a degree of indifference which would amount to a participation in the crime. "They who are not angry when there is a worthy occasion, seem to be stupid," said Aristotle.[1] "Zeal," said the ancient poet, "is the disease of the best men." Berkeley even says, "The error of a lively rake lies in his passions, and may be reformed; but the dry rogue who sets up for judgment, is incorrigible"; and Plato affirms, that a man must be at the same time mild and susceptible of anger; he must be susceptible of anger, for otherwise he will not be able to avoid the grievous, uncorrected, and incurable faults of other men, against which he must contend and defend himself till he conquers, τοῦτο δὲ ἄνευ θυμοῦ γενναίου ψυχὴ πᾶσα ἀδύνατος δρᾶν. Without such zeal, how were our ancestors to resist the treachery of the Turk, the voluptuous cruelty of the Moor, or the accumulated crimes of the false Christian? They were indeed bound by every principle of their sublime religion to forgive their enemies; they could bear injuries offered to themselves; their labours, their riches, their honours were for others, but they could not remain indifferent while men did open injustice to posterity by robbing it of the light and provisions of salvation, did open outrage to the majesty of Heaven, by overthrowing the altars of God, the revered forms of the Virgin mother and the saints, which were dear to their eyes as the opening bloom of their children, or the rampired towers of their native land. "To be silent," said the Roman sage, "is the part of an ungrateful man." And religion pronounced, that there was a sinful silence. "There is a silence sinful," says Robert of Sorbon, "where man seems to acquiesce in all manners, et de talibus dicit mundus quod sapientes sunt et liberales, quia optime sciunt

[1] Ethic. IV, 5.

se habere cum omni genere hominum." "But these men," he continues, "are like bats, the vilest and most hateful of creatures, of which no man can pronounce what they are. Of old we read that the bat waited to see whether the beasts or the birds gained the victory, that she might then share with the conqueror; and being caught by the beasts, she shewed her four feet, and said, 'I am one of you'; and when she was among the birds, she shewed her wings, and so passed among them."[1]

The holy Scriptures noted for detestation the kind of men who ploughed with an ox and an ass together, who sowed their ground with mingled seed; signifying those who can accord with all religions together, and take up with either side of the question by only saying, that either they are differences of small importance, or else they appertain only to learned men to think on, and that both parties do err in somewhat, or may be agreed, and go the same way; who can apply themselves to any company, to any time, to any prince's pleasure, in matter of religion. If these convenient principles be just, it was a want of wisdom in Socrates to offend the Athenians, and drink the poison, and it was equal ignorance which led the martyrs to shed their blood. But men in these ages had not learned a system of metaphysics which would justify their sacrificing virtue and truth to policy. They did not look with careless indifference upon the distinction of right and wrong, because they were not to feel the effects of either in their private interests. They did not resemble that easy character of whom the poet speaks:

——— laudat Callistratus omnes.
Cui malus est nemo, quis bonus esse potest?

[1] D. Robert. de Sorbona de Conscientia, Bib. Pat. de la Bigne, IV.

A lukewarm disposition, that was alike indifferent to virtue and vice, was not then philosophic liberality; and to countenance men of base or doubtful character was not, in their estimation, either dignified moderation or honourable refinement; but they rather resembled those philosophers who esteemed that person as not worthy of the name of man who was incapable of honest anger; and rather than disguise their abhorrence of evil, they would burn their houses to the ground, like the Castilian, and would rather die than behold the countenance of one who triumphed in the ruin of their country's honour.

In order to reply to the charge of intolerance, I am compelled to present to the reader a view of the characters and events which gave rise to dissension. I had wished, from the first, to keep aloof from the passions and disputes of men, and to avoid introducing any of those dismal subjects into the innocent meditations which were designed for love and friendship; but how then was antiquity to be defended? In Morus I have experienced the impossibility of avoiding these coasts, where there is such danger of making shipwreck of peace and charity. Ulysses had to fly from the rocks of the Sirens; but there was a kind of attraction, which derived its force from discord and horror. Happily, in the present instance, our course is less adventurous; we have not to approach the height of divine mysteries; there is no temptation to forsake the prudence of Dædalus, as evinced in his flight from Crete; but still, as Socrates says, one has to swim as well in a swimming-school as in the midst of the great ocean; so that there can be no confidence until we have ridden over these waves and escaped. The ancient critic made it a charge against Thucydides, that his subject was ill chosen, being a war neither honourable nor happy, and one

that ought to be buried in eternal oblivion; and on this account he extols Herodotus, who relates only the most glorious and memorable events.[1] And it is most true, that the subject to which I must now return, in order to defend antiquity from those who accuse it of intolerance, is full of shame and sorrow. "It is profitable," as Tacitus says of his own melancholy theme, "but it has no charms." The founding of states, the varieties of battle, the illustrious deeds of heroes, retain and refresh the mind. "Nos sæva jussa, continuas accusationes, fallaces amicitias, perniciem innocentium et easdem exitu caussas conjungimus, obvia rerum similitudine et satietate."

The ancient writers had no fear of exciting an enemy, for the fate of Rome or of Carthage was no private quarrel; but as with Tacitus, in the case of those who suffered under Tiberius, the posterity remain of those who took part in these events: "utque familiæ ipsæ jam exstinctæ sint, reperies qui ob similitudinem morum aliena malefacta sibi objectari putent."[2] Socrates would take away all tales about giant combats, and would persuade youth that no citizen was ever at enmity with his fellow-countrymen, and that it would not be holy to cherish enmity against him: "these things," he says, "ought to be repeated to youth."[3] Be it far from the heart of any Catholic Christian to wish that the memory of domestic troubles should be immortal; that the sanguinary triumph should be offered to heaven with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation; yet perhaps the introduction of less happy subjects might on every ground be of advantage. Plutarch inserts among his lives, those of Demetrius and Antony, that men may not be

[1] Dion Halicarnass. Epist. ad Pomp. [2] Annal. IV, 33.
[3] Plato, de Repub. II.

wholly unacquainted with the characters of the vicious and infamous. Pindar sings of the gods, but Horace deplores crime; for poetry, nourished with divine sentiments, can derive emotions from the hatred which is inspired by a view of sacrilege and injustice; can even seek these wonderful scenes which alternately chill the heart with terror and warm it with compassion.

In Tancredus I have shewn the sentiments of our ancestors respecting the grounds of the crusade, and the conduct which should be followed towards the infidels. It has become one of the vulgar errors of our age to suppose that the Turks and Moors were perfect models of all the virtues which adorned the Christian chivalry; but it is certain that the character of the infidels justified the opinion which the Paladins generally entertained of them. We read in the history of the Saracens, during the war in Syria, of a combat between Serjabil Ebn Shahnah and a Christian knight. The infidels perceiving that their champion was in danger, from the superior skill and firmness of his foe, had recourse to a deed of black treachery. Derar seized his dagger, and while the combatants were involved in dust, came behind the Christian and stabbed him to the heart. The Saracens gave Derar thanks for his service; but he said that he would receive no thanks but from God. Upon this there arose a difference between Serjabil and Derar concerning the spoil of this officer. Derar claimed it, as being the person that killed him. Serjabil, as having engaged him, and tired him out first. The matter being referred to Abu Obeidah, he proposed the case to the caliph, (one of their best princes, whose virtues are extolled even by Christian writers), who sent him word that the spoil of any enemy was due to him that killed him; upon which Abu Obeidah took it from Serjabil, and adjudged it to Derar. Joinville also re-

lates an instance of the treachery of the infidels. Five hundred horsemen came to surrender to the French; the king received and treated them well, but an occasion soon presented itself, when they rose in an instant, and fell with fury upon the Templars.

At Damiata, upon the departure of St. Louis, the infidels, contrary to their oath, murdered all the sick and wounded among the Christians. The fate of the last of the companions in arms of the great Scanderbeg, in 1478, is a horrible example of the treachery of the Turks under Mahomet II. When the castle of Saphet was taken through treachery by the infidels in 1266, the whole garrison, together with the inhabitants, amounting to 3,000 persons, were formally beheaded by the infidels, in violation of their promise upon oath, that the vanquished should enjoy their lives and liberties. Saladin thought it no dishonour to seize his prisoner, Renauld de Chatillon, by the hair and smite off his head with his scimitar, because he refused to renounce Jesus Christ.[1] The history of the Arabic kings of Spain will shew how many of them, like Alhakem and Mohamed Almotecallid, united the most voluptuous manner with a ferocious thirst for blood.[2] Even in their games the Moors often used the dagger. In the history, by Gines Perez, of the rival houses of Grenada, the Zegries and the noble chivalrous Abencerrages, who became Christians, the former were continually employing the blackest treachery, and on one occasion, at a tournament, instead of canes they threw javelins: they at last conspired, and brought a false accusation against their enemies and the innocent queen. It was from this book that Dryden composed his "Conquest of

[1] Hist. des Templiers, I, p. 153.

[2] Condé, Hist. de la Domination des Arabes et des Maures en Espagne.

Grenada." While Christians have in later times falsified history, to clothe the Moors with all the gracious perfection of the Christian knights, the Moors have ascribed the most horrible and incredible actions to the Cid, to render his name odious.[1] Our ancestors had no example among their own heroes of an action like that of Muhamad, when he fled on his mule after the slaughter of the Navas de Tolosa, to shut himself up in his harem in Morocco, endeavouring to forget in shameful luxury the death of his brave friends, and his own disgrace. They rather, like Plutarch, admired the continence of Achilles, who turned from Briseis, whom he so dearly loved, because he knew that his life was fast drawing to an end.[2] The Arabic dominions, after lasting 800 years, expired on the entry of Ferdinand and Isabella into Grenada. The events which followed can only illustrate the common and unavoidable fate which men under similar circumstances must always expect. There was no doubt cruelty; but there was the keen sense of long-continued injustice and oppression, and the certainty of much present danger. At the siege of Dio, Antonio Correa was taken prisoner by the Moors, and on refusing to renounce his religion, was beaten and spit upon, and led naked through the streets, and beheaded. His head was put upon a pike where the Portuguese might see it, "who as soldiers, out of a natural but unjust compunction," says Jacinto Freire de Andrada, "vowed to revenge his blood, as Catholics, envied his death." This sentence contains the apology of religion. Yet throughout this awful struggle, with what gracious courtesy did the Christian chivalry of Spain treat its implacable enemy! an enemy—an invader in its native country, endeavouring to overthrow the Christian religion,

[1] Condé, vol. II, 286. [2] Plutarch, de Audiend. Poetis.

and ever ready to seize all opportunities of extending its insulting dominion. The history of the Crusades bears testimony to the kind and really liberal spirit of the Paladins, whenever it was not stimulated by the horrors of war and the necessity of self-preservation. Ramon Muntaner relates that the Turks had such an esteem for him that they used to call him Ata, or father, and that they confided in him perfectly.[1] The crusader, Roger de Barneville, was in equal esteem with the Turks, who were always eager to see him in their transactions with the Christians.[2] With what temper and dignity does William of Tyre speak of Nureddin, his contemporary, saying that he was "a great persecutor of the Christian name and faith, and yet a just prince, prudent, and able, and religious, according to the traditions of his nation."[3] When Godfrey of Bouillon died, he was lamented, not only by the Christians of France, Italy, Syria, Armenia, and Greece, but even by many of the heathens, Arabians, Saracens, and Turks.[4] And the young Count Henry of Champagne, who was in Palestine with King Richard, is described as a gentle and wise Christian, who was even a friend to the Mussulmans.[5] At the time when the Turks, by order of an Emir of Damascus, were in the habit of bearing the head of the noble knight Gervasius upon a lance, so that its long white hair, floating in the wind, seemed like a banner, the Christian Paladins were continually evincing the most delicate courtesy and benevolence to the infidels. As King Baldwin was returning on one occasion with some Arabian prisoners, it happened that the wife of an emir being among them was taken with the pains

[1] Chronic. CCXXXIII.
[2] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, I, 206.
[3] XX, 33.
[4] Alb. Aq. VII, 21; quoted by Wilken, II, 59.
[5] Wilken, IV, 496.

of labour. The king immediately ordered a lodging to be constructed; he gave her provisions and water, and delivered the servants that she preferred who were among the prisoners, that they might wait upon her: he gave her two camels to furnish milk, and the very mantle that he was wearing, to serve her for a covering. As soon as the emir came up, who was pursuing the Christians with a great force, he was astonished to find his wife by the wayside, and when he heard the noble conduct of the king, he extolled the virtue of the Christians, and declared his wish that he might soon have an occasion to manifest his gratitude to Baldwin.[1]

Moncada has to apologize for the Catalonians in Greece adopting the Turks for allies, though they were a thousand leagues from their country, and they knew that for self-preservation it was always allowed to seek allies of a different faith. Even the Nibelungen heroes could display friendship for heathens.[2] In the storming of Jerusalem, Tancred was so incensed at the slaughter of the Turks, to whom he had promised grace, that he would have avenged them with his sword if the other chiefs had not exerted themselves to tranquillize him.[3] On the fall of Antioch many Turks embraced Christianity. How the inward mind of the crusaders is laid open by the testimony of the historian, who adds, "Fuit inter Christianos tunc majus gaudium de eorum Christianitate, quam de Castelli traditione."[4] It is true, while nations which had adopted the new philosophy, were pledging themselves by a solemn treaty to maintain idolatry in Ceylon, and offering gifts to the divinities of that people, the kings of Portugal were charging their viceroys to prohibit

[1] Wilken, Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, II, 183.
[2] Helden-bilder von Friedrich von der Hagen, II, 1, p. 208.
[3] Alb. Aq. VI, 29; quoted by Wilken, I, 295.
[4] Rob. Mon. 66.

the fabrication of idols, and to suppress the festivals of heathenism, as may be witnessed in King Dom Joam's letter to Dom Joam de Castro, and evincing such a horror for the crime of idolatry, that they would not even suffer any pagan artificer of India to work for Christian churches, lest anything employed in Catholic worship should pass through their hands. It is true their policy and the interest of their commerce and of their fleets, were kept subservient to the end of winning the hearts of the Pagans. Let these kings be unenlightened and intolerant; let Godfrey de Bouillon, Baldwin, Boemund, and Tancred pass for misguided enthusiasts before the tribunal of cold reason; let the age of the crusaders be the age of absurdity, and fanaticism, and intolerance! "For our own age, posterity will also know how to find a name."[1]

In Morus I have alluded to that appalling revolution which gave rise to a new host of adversaries, who endeavoured, in the very heart of Christendom, to overthrow the faith of ages. It cannot be denied that their innovations roused the indignation of chivalry. I shall, however, proceed to shew that this excitement did not arise from a dishonourable motive, and that when it proceeded to real intolerance it was in opposition to the constant lessons of religion, which required men to behold and hear all these things with charity as well as zeal: "sine odio omnia, nihil sine dolore."

The preceding observations, which were proposed in commencing this whole subject of the intolerance ascribed to our ancestors, must be referred to here, in order to explain on what grounds the expression of indignation may be consistent with magnanimity and wisdom. All that remains is the painful and ungracious, but unavoidable task, of shewing that the

[1] Wilken, II, XII.

opinions and actions of the innovators called loudly for that expression from all who retained the sentiments of men of honour, from all who respected justice, who loved their native land, who revered the memory of their ancestors, and who had regard to the interests of their posterity. When Socrates delivered his apology, he did not speak of his accusers as if he believed them to be wise and holy men, who only pursued one of many paths to wisdom; he said that they were unjust and ignorant, and indifferent to truth. The course of our present argument need not offend against the spirit of forbearance, since Wisdom may assume the language of accusation when called upon to justify her children.

In the first place, if we turn to the political character of these religious innovators, we shall find that they were either the enemies of all government or the introducers of despotism. "Some made scruple of the lawfulness of the very name of king, arguing, from Samuel, that it was a rejecting God, that he should not reign over them."[1] Consider their conduct to Mary. In this short reign there were two great rebellions for the sake of the new opinions: in the first, the Lady Jane was crowned; in the second, the rebel army advanced to London. Bishop Ridley, on the 9th of July, 1553, openly, at St. Paul's cross, preached rebellion. "The faithful preachers," says Strype, "very painfully, in their several places, set before the people their imminent danger."[2] Some who fled to France under Dudley and Ashton formed a plot to betray Guernsey to the French.[3] Even Strype says, "there were various sects holding 'dangerous doctrines'": [4] that is, against all civil government. One knew that before, but it was well to hear it from their own

[1] Strype, Ecclesiastical Memorials, book I, c. 4.
[2] Id. c. I. [3] Ch. XLIV. [4] Ch. XLVII.

mouth. Northumberland covered his treason with the cloak of cant, suggesting to King Edward VI the danger of the true religion if Mary should succeed, who was wholly Popish.[1] The Duke of Suffolk, father to the Lady Jane, "was a hearty friend to the gospel"; and Strype says of Sir John Cheke, that "his love and zeal to religion made him safe to the interests of the Lady Jane."[2] Queen Elizabeth, both in Scotland and France, assisted the rebels of those countries, raising and encouraging sedition amongst the subjects of princes with whom she was outwardly on a good understanding, and thus violating the law of nations, and all that is sacred between man and man. On the other hand, Guizot himself says, that "the Reformation has rather strengthened than weakened the power of princes: it has been more contrary to the free institutions of the middle ages than favourable to their development":[3] though it is true he ascribes to it also the honour of having opened the way to those principles of universal license, which seem to him more favourable to freedom. Henry VIII was styled by the innovators "the chosen Lieutenant of God in England, and our only Lord and Head under Christ and his Father"; and the poor little boy, King Edward VI, after being said to command a royal visitation, an English communion book, and the communion in both kinds, was styled, by a famous gospeller, "The high and chief Admiral of the great navy of the Lord of Hosts, principal Captain and Governor of us all under him: the most noble Ruler of his ship, even our most comfortable Noah, whom the eternal God hath chosen to be the bringer of us unto rest and quietness in him;—that he was most godly occupied, stopping up the gaps that Antichrist had made in

[1] Id. II, 22. [2] Id. 22. [3] Cours d'Hist. XII, 23.

the vineyard of the Lord; and that his godly Homilies were worthy to be compared to the rich jewels that Moses used to the pleasant garnishing of the temple." [1] A Catholic having said, "Alas! poor child! unknown it is to him what acts are made nowadays," was punished by imprisonment for having blasphemously reported the noble and worthy king a child; which was to say that he was a wicked king: for in Scripture it is said, "I shall give you children to be your princes." Among other books against the Pope, came out Beckenshaw's "Commentary of the sovereign and absolute Power of Kings."

What a picture did Germany and France and England present after the introduction of the new opinions! Here was indeed *τάραγμα ταρτάρειον*. How could men be insensible to this desolation of great and happy states? "The Protector," says Dr. Heylin, "under pretence of a war with Scotland, called in foreign Protestant troops, Walloons and Germans, for he had not sufficient confidence in the natural English," who were at that time too popishly inclined. Surely men who loved their country might well have expressed indignation at such a measure as this! The property of many of the noblest gentlemen of England was to be given as a prey to the rapacious innovators of Scotland under James I, and brave men driven to despair were not to be objects of pity: and the tragedy which followed, an eternal monument of the cruelty and injustice of those who persecuted them, is to be commemorated for ever by a religious festival!

In the Platonic fable Jupiter is said to have preserved men from total destruction, enabling them to form states and society by sending among them, under the escort of Mercury, Reverence and Justice,

[1] Strype, I, c. 8.

and the conclusion is, that if all men, or the greater part, be not impressed with a spirit of reverence and modesty, society must be dissolved.[1] The heathens knew that to defend one's country it was necessary to protect religion.[2] If the stability and happiness of states depended upon the stability of creeds, or at least upon the continuance among men of modesty and the spirit of reverence, surely these revolutions might well have been an object of alarm and horror. As Socrates said, "it is not difficult to praise the Athenians before Athenians, but before Lacedæmonians"; and certainly it will be hard to justify the destructive philosophy before nations who have hitherto escaped its ravages. But if on political grounds there was cause for fear and for indignation, what shall we say respecting the provocation of those philosophers who regarded the increase of moral turpitude? The history of the progress of the new opinions in every country presents the most awful scene which can be found in the annals of the world.

A late writer who had to record the tolerance and liberality evinced by Mary Queen of Scots, expresses his opinion that "the feelings of horror which the falsehood, hypocrisy, and treachery of the leading innovators must have produced in her virtuous mind, rendered it her duty as a queen to endeavour to put a stop to opinions which seemed to lead their professors to everything base and unjust."[3] As soon as men had rejected all living authority, it was unavoidable that the rule of manners should become as variable as that of faith. Experience soon demonstrated that a written authority could not prevail against the sophisms of the passions. Without entering upon any general state-

[1] Plato, Protagoras. [2] Joseph. contr. Apion.
[3] Mary Queen of Scots, from her Birth till her Death. Glasgow, 1826, p. 144.

ment of the tremendous event to which they led, though it is from a view of the whole that we should judge of the provocations of our ancestors, I shall only take a few detached passages from Strype, which are sufficient, at this distance of time, to fill every Christian heart with horror. This warm advocate of the new opinions gives a general picture of the age in the following words:[1] "Notwithstanding the bringing in the knowledge of the Gospel, the manners of men were very naught. Among the noblemen, many were insatiably covetous, raising their rents in this proportion, that what had gone before for £20 or £30 a year was now let for £50 or £100; and this caused that dearth for two or three years or more, and the impoverishing of the yeomanry, of which Latimer himself gave an example in his own father. The covetousness of the gentry led them to make enclosures, which caused the poor to break out into rebellion in 1549; and they sued the poor at law, and bribed the judges, and the poor went home weeping, and saying, 'Money is heard everywhere'; great numbers flocked to London for redress, but great men would not see them; their servants must have large bribes, and if ever they did get into their presence, they were made astonied and speechless with terrible looks." "Alas! silly, poor members of Christ!" cried Bernard Gilpin, "how you be shorn, oppressed, pulled, haled to and fro on every side! thousands in England beg now from door to door who have kept honest houses.—These great Barrabbasses," he added, "had such quick smelling hounds that they could live at London and turn men out of their farms ons hundred miles off. England hath had alate some terrible examples of God's wrath in sudden and strange deaths of such

[1] Book II, c. 23, 24.

as join field to field and house to house." In fine, to this pass had covetousness brought the nation, that every man scraped and pilled from other; every man would suck the blood of others; every man encroached upon another: gold was hoarded, and Bernard Gilpin added, that there was never more idolatry in England than at that day, but the idols were hid, and came not abroad. "Many murders were in this reign also committed, and the murderers too often escaped by the favour of the judges. The nation now became scandalous also for the frequency of divorces, especially among the richer sort; men would be divorced from their wives, with whom they had lived many years, and by whom they had children, that they might satisfy their lusts with other women, whom they began to like better than their own present wives. Contentions about religion, reading the Scripture, and maintaining doctrines out of it, true or false, with the greatest stiffness one against another, was another vice in this reign. It was a contentious age, and people seemed to quarrel for trifles, and often would run to the law to vex each other. The clergy also were now generally very bad, from the bishops to the curates. It was now advised that the word *superintendent* should be substituted for that of bishop, as in the Protestant churches of Germany. The ministers were both ignorant and scandalous for their ill lives; the fault lay in the patrons, who chose such curates for their souls as they might call fools rather than such as would rebuke their covetousuess, ambition, unmercifulness, and uncharitableness. The clergy also were much cried out against for thrusting themselves so much into secular offices, to the great neglect of their cures: many were occupied in the king's affairs; some were ambassadors (Drs. were at all the courts), and one was comptroller of the Mint." "I would

here ask one question," says Latimer (who was not blind to the faults of his own party), "I would fain know who comptrolleth the devil at home in his parish while he comptrolleth the Mint?" The benefice houses were gone, so "the curate was fain to take up his chamber in an alehouse, and there sit and play at tables all day. Very ill also was the state of the universities now;—here was a mighty decay,—the city of London was much degenerated. In times past the citizens were full of pity and compassion; and when churchmen died they were wont to appoint some share of their estate in exhibitions for the maintenance of poor scholars, and for the relief of the poor: but now the poor died in the streets for cold, and lay sick at their doors, and perished for hunger." And when Latimer was curious to make inquiry what helps for poor students were now distributed, he could hear of little or none, nor of such gifts of charity bequeathed by the richer sort at their deaths as was wont before to be. "And, to the scandal of the Reformation, manners were more loose in London in King Edward's days than they ever were before. Some thought it a wonder that London did not sink, and the earth gape and swallow it up. Now it was that English yeomen left off the practice of shooting in the bow, and they took to glosing and gulling and something worse within doors. The court was full of bribery; in the country great men oppressed the poor, and took usury even to 40 per cent.; landlords bought up the grain to sell dear against a hard time." Let it be remembered that there was not one alteration made but what tended directly to the enriching of the chief managers. By abolishiug the mass, they gathered the wealth of altars; by suppressing prayers for the dead, all the lands belonged to free chapels and chantries, founded to perpetuate these prayers;

but the passing bell was still to be tolled, for that brought in finance. By forbidding all religious honour to images and pictures, a license was given to plunder all cathedrals and churches; and lastly, by reviling the veneration of relics, a devotion as ancient as Christianity, all the rich shrines became their prey. "The good Duke of Somerset," says Strype, "tried to put a stop to the impoverishing and dispiriting of the poor, yet such was the greedy avarice of the gentry, that all his endeavours were unsuccessful."[1] "Here," he continues, "may plainly be seen the great vice of this age, an immeasurable affectation of wealth in the superior sort of men, which led them to divers ill practices, to the impoverishing of the commons, and I may add, of the king too."[2] In 1549 such a number of bells were taken down by the council's order in Cornwall and Devonshire, that two gentlemen of those parts thought it a sufficient reward to beg the bell-clappers only; and no question they made good benefit thereof."[3] Strype says of "the good Duke of Somerset," "It must be reckoned among his failures the havoc he made of sacred edifices. It was too barbarous, indeed; the defacing ancient monuments and rooting out hereby the memory of men of note and quality in former times, of which posterity is wont to be very tender."[4] After his fall Strype says coolly, "Being fleeced of all, therefore, he was to make his fortunes again as well as he could; this the king considered, and helped him":[5] in other words, this he considered, and helped himself. In 1551 the king and council issued orders to all the bishops that "they and their preachers should preach against the sin of covetousness, which now grew most insatiable among the

[1] I, 12. [2] I, c. 17. [3] I, c. 21. [4] I, c. 22. [5] I, c. 34.

people, insomuch that each went about to devour other." Strype says "the universities and hospitals of the poor were now aimed at, and that all common justice and honesty was scarce any where to be found." [1]

"The court was very corrupt and extremely covetous, especially towards the declining of the king's reign, raking continually from the king (who was fain to borrow), for the enriching of themselves, and making preys also one of another." [2] Even John Knox is not without his annuity from King Edward, "until he was presented to some benefice." [3] The Scotch ministers accused Mary for not giving them a public maintenance, while Murray and the other godly lords would not give them a farthing of the Church property which they held in their hands. Nothing was secure from the grasp of avaricious men. In Edward VI's days the corpse of the celebrated Whittington, and that of his wife had been taken up, "by one that was minister there, and the lead about his body taken off, and the grave rifled to search for treasure which he supposed, was buried with him." [4] Strype bears repeated testimony to the violence which was used to compel the clergy to consent to the proposed changes. The whole clergy of England rejected the king's supremacy; "but the king made them buckle at last." [5] "This time the bishops generally, and most of the clergy, were great Papalins." [6] Cranmer himself signed the declaration of Barlow, "that if the king's grace did denominate any layman to be a bishop, he would be as good a bishop as the best in England." [7] The Franciscan friars in England stood out most boldly for Queen Catherine, and even in the king's own chapel told

[1] II, 4, p. 495. [2] II, 17, p. 44. [3] II, c. 32.
[4] C. 49. [5] I, c. 17. [6] I, 22.
[7] Collier, Eccles. Hist. II, 135.

him, "that many lying prophets had deceived him, and that it was the king's misery that he was so flattered." The new system was not a mere theory: the king exercised his supremacy; he charged the bishops and clergy what they were to preach; "he set the sheriffs of each county as monitors over them." It appeared at Cambridge, "how earnestly they generally stood affected to the Pope, and were prejudiced against acknowledging the king in derogation to the Papal See. Insomuch as to speak or think otherwise was enough to disappoint any preferment hoped for then. In 1535 the king thought fit to set spies and monitors over his bishops and clergy, and they were the justices of the peace; to whom he issued out his letters, June 9, giving them in strict charge to watch, and see whether the bishops and clergy did execute their charge in laying open the Pope's usurpations." [1]

When Sir Thomas More was condemned, he took liberty to speak his mind of the act of supremacy; of which he was before more tender of saying anything. He said, "that he had for seven years bent his mind and study upon this cause, but as yet he found it nowhere writ in any approved doctors of the Church that a layman, that is a secular, could be the head of the spiritual or ecclesiastical state." Here the Chancellor interrupted More's speech. "Mr. More," said he, "will you be reckoned wiser and of a better conscience than all the bishops, the whole nobility, and the whole kingdom?" To which More, "My Lord Chancellor, for one bishop that you have of your opinion, I have an hundred for mine; and that among those that have been saints; and for your one council (which what it is, God knows), I have on my side all the general councils for a thousand years past. And for one kingdom,

[1] I, c. 27.

I have France, and all the other kingdoms of the Christian world."[1] Cranmer was fain to obtain the king's license to make his visitation. "The bishops were deprived of their power during the royal visitations and the king's pleasure; the king taking all the episcopal jurisdiction and power into his own hands for a time, and exercising the same, that it might serve as a perpetual monument of his supremacy, and that they receiving their power again from the king, might recognize him for the spring and foundation of it."[2]

"As for the bishops, however zealous they pretended to be in their subjection to the king's supremacy, yet few of them but cherished the Pope's religion, and held fast the old corruption."[3] Well might Cardinal Pole say to the Bishop of Durham, "that the liberty so much boasted of by departure from the Pope was more truly a captivity; and that no nation wished for such a liberty, nor envied it to the English nation."

When the king's commissioners first came to the Carthusian monks of the Charter House, London, the Prior, John Houghton, whom Strype calls "a devout man in his way," had much contest with them: "For his part," he said, "he could not apprehend how the former marriage could be void." Whereupon he was clapt up in the Tower, and Father Humphrey, procurator of the house, with him, for a month; afterwards some learned man persuaded them that the present controversy was not a lawful cause to justify their exposing themselves to death, so they promised to yield, and were set free, and came home; but the other monks of the house could not be persuaded to take the same oath till the king's counsellors and the governors of the city came to the convent with officers to carry them

[1] I, c. 28. [2] I, c. 29. [3] I, c. 30.

away prisoners until they would swear; and then they submitted, and took the oath with this condition, "as far as was lawful." The next year they were to renounce the Pope; so the Prior having called a chapter, and declared to the convent what was the prospect before them, they were extremely troubled in their minds. And by a mollifying speech of the Prior, taking much compassion, especially on the younger friars, that were in great danger to be corrupted by the world, they fell a weeping, and made a resolution that they would all die in their simplicity. "But the Father said that he would willingly expose himself to God's mercy, and would be an anathema for his brethren, and would yield to the king; but if they should demand the oath of the whole house, and if the death of one, that the whole people perish not, will not serve them, the will of God be done, and I wish there may be a sacrifice of us all." The next day, that they might die in charity, the Prior having first given them a sermon of charity and patience, they were all reconciled to one another in this manner. The Prior preached upon Psalm lix: "Why hast thou cast us off, O Lord?" At the conclusion he desired them all to do as they should see him do. And presently rising up, he went to the senior of the house sitting by, and kneeling on his knees, asked him pardon and indulgence for all his excesses and sins any way committed against him in heart, word, or work; and the other did the like to the Prior. And so the Prior going on, did to every one to the very last. And so in like manner did the rest to one another. The third day they celebrated the mass of the Holy Ghost, to obtain grace to be able to accomplish his will and pleasure. And afterwards they continued constantly in devout prayer night and day. The Prior of Sheen, and the Prior of Gloucester, now came to London, and were

lodged at the Charter House; the next day these three priors went to Cromwell, begging on behalf of their whole order for an exemption from the oath, but he sent them to the Tower as rebels. Within a week after, Cromwell and several of the council came to them and demanded the oath. The Prior said they would consent to all things as far as the divine law would allow. Cromwell would allow of no exceptions. Then they said, "that because of the fear of God they dared not forsake the Catholic church": so they were brought to trial. "But it seems the jury had such a reverence for these three fathers, that they deferred their verdict till the next day; to whom Cromwell sent to know what made them so long. They sent back answer, that they could not bring in such holy persons guilty as malefactors: which, when Cromwell heard he sent them word immediately, that if they found them not guilty, they should suffer the death of malefactors themselves. But they still persisting, Cromwell came to them himself, and so overawed them with his threats, that they at last brought them in guilty of treason. Five days after they were executed at Tyburn, May 4th. Prior Houghton being upon the ladder, when one of the council assured him of a pardon if he would obey the king and the parliament's decree: he replied, 'I call the omnipotent God to witness, and all the good people, that here being to die, I profess that it is not out of obstinate malice, or a mind to rebellion, that I do disobey the king; but only for the fear of God, that I offend not the Supreme Majesty: because our holy mother the church hath decreed and appointed otherwise than the king and parliament hath ordained: and I am here ready to endure this, and all other torments that can be suffered, rather than oppose the doctrine of the church. Pray for me, and pity my brethren, of whom I was

the unworthy prior.' It was said, that after he was cut down, he spake these words: 'Most holy Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me in this hour': and then when the executioner pulled out his heart, he said, 'Good Jesu! what will ye do with my heart?' Being quartered, one of his arms was set upon the house where he was prior. At the same time were executed the two other priors and a monk of Sion. The ordinary report went among the common people, that they had combined together to kill the king, and therefore they justly underwent this punishment. They were hanged in their habits. Houghton and Reinalds were of celebrated fame for their piety: the latter, it was said, was 'a man full of the spirit of God, and looked like an angel.' When the jury brought him in guilty, he said with great constancy, 'This is the judgment of the world.' On the 19th of June three other monks of the Charter House were executed for refusing to take the oath of supremacy. These were young men, and of good families: one of them, Sebastian Newdigate, had been brought up at court. Two seculars were now set over the house, who handled the friars hardly, cutting them short in their commons, and cutting off the aqueduct which supplied the house with water. They also deprived them of their books: liberty was offered to all who would go out of the house, but none availed themselves of the offer. Once Cromwell caused four of them to be brought out even when they were at high mass, to hear a bishop preach in the cathedral (I suppose in behalf of the king's supremacy), but they could not be convinced. Their temporal governors were ordered to offer them a stipend for a year or two if they would go out. They were also ordered to take all books from them, but to let each of them have the Old Testament and the New Testament, and there was to be a sermon for

them three or four times a week."[1] The monks remaining refractory, four were sent off to the farthest part of the realm, eight more were sent to Sion, and at last many took the oath on compulsion, saying in their hearts, "Skin for skin, and all that a man hath will he give for his life"; but ten monks would not thus dissemble, and they were laid in prison, where they all died excepting one, who was put to death in 1541. Two of the four who were removed to the north, were afterwards, in 1537, hanged in chains at York. In the year 1539, all the monks who had been left in the house were driven out, and the king's tents and ammunition were laid in the church. The house was given to Sir Edward North, who there built himself a fair dwelling, and made a parlour of the church, pulling down most of the cloisters. In 1537, Thomas Bedyl, the visitor, wrote to Cromwell, "My very good lord, it shall please your lordship to understand that the monks of the Charter House committed to Newgate be almost dispatched by the hand of God; wherefore considering their behaviour, I am not sorry; but would that all such as love not the king's highness, and his worldly honour, were in like case. There be departed five; there be even at the point of death two; there be sick two; one is whole." If the task of accusing men be odious, surely that of defending the memory of such heroic sufferers may be referred to generosity!

But to proceed with the new system. Sir Richard Baker says, "Thomas Cromwell, son to a blacksmith in Putney, was made vicar-general under the king in all ecclesiastical affairs; who sat divers times in the convocation-house amongst the bishops as head over them."[2] The article of the Queen's spiritual supremacy, the very base of the innovation

[1] I, c. 28. [2] P. 408.

established, was so far from being countenanced by the Episcopal order, that, on the contrary, they expressed their utmost abhorrence and detestation of it;[1] so that whatever the inferior clergy were forced to do was of no weight, because they acted without authority; and certainly our ancestors knew well that the Parliament might as easily have made the river Thames flow from a source in the West Indies, as make a layman, woman, or child the source of ecclesiastical authority or jurisdiction.[2]

The hypocrisy and artifice which marked these proceedings may be fully seen in Strype: "All the world saw," he says, "that the act for maintenance of learning and relief of the poor had served some as a fit instrument to rob learning and to spoil the poor."[3] "Now the country people say that their gentlemen and officers were never so full of fair words and ill deeds as they now be."[4]

Edward VI, before he was twelve years old, "composed a tract, in French, consisting of thirty-seven leaves, in quarto, against the papacy and the usurpations of the Christian church, and the idolatry brought in by popes." He concludes, "Puis donques, que le Pape est le vray fils du Diable, un Antichrist," &c.; and his French master testified that this was written "sans l'ayde de parsonne vivante."[5]

One proceeding of the innovators, by which they sometimes deceived themselves as well as others, was their destroying one good thing to make way for another. Thus Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, expelled the monks from four monasteries, and when Charles V sent to remonstrate with him, the Landgrave exhibited some sick people, whom he had introduced into these convents, and then asked

[1] See England's Conversion and Reformation Compared, 250 and 257.
[2] Ib. 279. [3] I, 8. [4] I, 31. [5] II, c. 22.

whether the Emperor could reconcile it with his conscience to turn out these miserable poor to lie upon the roads? It is easy to perceive how this plan must have imposed upon many. But the very heathens could see through such piety. "If there was no robber," says Cicero, "ever so barbarous and so flagitious, that when he had spoiled temples, and then had consecrated some altar on a desert shore, did not tremble in his mind when he felt excited and compelled to appease with prayers the divine power which he had outraged, what perturbation of mind do you suppose that violator of all the temples of the whole city must have experienced, when, through detestation of so many crimes, he had nefariously consecrated one altar?"[1]

The sacrilegious Clodius spoke upon the importance of religion, as if he were Numa Pompilius, but it was in order that he might have the house of Cicero.[2] "This year," says Strype, "the greater monasteries were dissolved. The common people well liked them, and generally were very fond of them. The inhabitants of these cloisters relieved the poor, raised no rents, took no excessive fines upon renewing of leases; and their noble and brave built structures adorned the places where they stood. The rich also had education here for their children. Therefore to make way among the people for the taking them away, it was given out by the great interests employed herein, that the king's exchequer should be for ever enriched, and that the people would not be any more charged with loans, subsidies, and fifteenths."[3]

Dr. Heylin says "The Parliament met on the 4th of November, in which the cards were so well packed, that there was no need of any other shuffling to the end of the game, because they all agreed

[1] Cicero, pro Domo sua, 55. [2] Ib. 49. [3] I, c. 46.

well enough in one common principle, which was to serve the present time."[1] I again ask was it not the part of generosity to be indignant at such cruelty and such injustice? The intolerance of the innovators presented an alarming picture. Ever bold and merciless and insulting; from first to last practising the doctrine that the end sanctifies the means, while their opponents displayed the character and fate of all goodness, ἡσύχιον καὶ ὀκνηρὸν καὶ βραδὺ καὶ δεινὸν ἐλαττωθῆναι.[2] St. Ignatius suffered under the Emperor Trajan; St. Polycarp under Antoninus. What had their successors then to expect from the innovating nobles of the sixteenth century? "The early Christians had been punished with death by the sentence of a proconsul of the most amiable and philosophic character, and according to the laws of an emperor distinguished by the wisdom and justice of his general administration." Mr. Gibbon, in this instance, accurately states the fact.[3] It is impossible, by human principles, to account for the intolerance which has been exercised in every age towards Catholic Christians.

Neander gives the following beautiful lines by Livinus, the Apostle of Brabant, in the seventh century, who was a martyr:

Hic Brabanta furit meque cruenta petit.
Quid tibi peccavi, qui pacis nuntia porto?
Pax est, quod porto: cur mihi bella moves?
Sed qua tu spiras feritas, sors læta triumphi,
Atque dabit palmam gloria martyrii.
Cui credam novi, nec spe frustrabor inani.
Qui spondet Deus est: quis dubitare potest?[4]

The Platonic philosopher had a glimpse of the real cause. "Let not a good man contend with an evil man, for the chances are not even: it is a

[1] P. 47.
[2] Demosthenes, κατ. Αριστογ.
[3] Hist. vol. II, c. 6.
[4] Mabillon, l. c. I, 414.

spectacle that can only move pity: it is not an equal combat. The unjust man contending in an arena, before unjust spectators and an unjust judge, will inevitably conquer. In such a situation, a good man is without skill and impotent; he can only excite laughter, contending against such an adversary."[1]

Moreover, how could they he vanquished who had no country and no posts to be conquered? It was the essence of the modern system to be bodiless and cold, and sensually spiritual, like the phantoms described by Plato, who had retained so much of flesh and blood that they can be seen sitting over the tombs, spectres divested of a body but retaining its corruption. One had no hold of them. There was no right, but neither was there a wrong handle to be seized. They could trample with impunity upon the beautiful blossoms of the Catholic garden, because their own region was already a naked desert. Hence they had no interest in common with the old humanity; ridicule was their best argument, for they were not afraid of it themselves; and, when they had ravaged the fruitful fields of the church, or driven her into close bare walls, they shewed their own desolated plains, or their narrow gloomy limits, beyond which they had no wish to appear, and they said, "Accuse us not of intolerance, for we have only rendered you like ourselves. You cannot have processions, or exhibit your solemnities to the face of nature; but have we any such solemnities?" Which was as much as to say, "You desire to express devotion, gratitude, honour, fidelity, and so forth, but we find that algebra is sufficient to express every idea that we have. We are convinced that it is the most pure and reformed of all languages, and you shall use no other."

[1] Max. Tyr. XVII, 9.

Who could not have seen through such sophistry? Who was unable to perceive that the expansive genius of the Catholic religion might be cruelly persecuted, by being placed in a situation where the modern sects would be at liberty? A space sufficient for a dwarf is not necessarily adequate to a giant's wants. Again, he that would exhibit in a theatre the character of the modern philosophy, would display one which could give no offence to the passions of the multitude; but when Aristophanes represented Socrates in a comedy, and Molière one who professed a zeal for religion, each had the passions of men on his side, and might have been truly pronounced to be the most dangerous of accusers, *δεινότατον τῶν κατηγόρων*.[1] It appeared that the influence of the new opinions would operate in no other manner than to strengthen and extend the ordinary maxims of the world, always in opposition to the spiritual and sublime philosophy of Christians. It is clear that upon all the practical points of difference, the new preachers, the French sophists of the eighteenth century, and people of the world were perfectly agreed. Their deeds were the same; their hatreds were, to a certain extent, similarly directed; and the only difference in the consequences resulting to society were in degree. Superstition was the common watchword in all their proceedings and debates. Men of the world were the best patrons of the preachers. It would not be difficult to illustrate this position by a reference to history, but perhaps it would be better to say no more of the sufferings of the Catholics than what Thucydides says of the unhappy Athenians, in the stone-quarries of Sicily: *ἄλλα τε ὅσα εἰκὸς ἔν τοιούτῳ χωρίῳ ἐμπεπτωκότας κακοπαθῆσαι, οὐδὲν ὅ τι οὐκ ἐπεγένετο αὐτοῖς*.[2] But

[1] Max. Tyr. XXIV, 6. [2] VII, 87.

why is the chivalry of Europe to be condemned for regarding such events with indignation? Well might Magdalen of Savoy, who was profoundly attached to the Catholic religion, say to her husband, Anne de Montmorenci, Constable of France, "in vain will you have preserved on your arms the cry of your ancestors, 'Dieu aide au premier Baron Chrétien,' if you do not combat with all your strength in favour of that religion which they now attempt to destroy. Who should give an example of respect and veneration for the Holy See, if it is not he who derives his name, arms, and nobility from the first French gentleman who embraced the Christian religion?"[1]

When Anne de Montmorenci undertook the defence of the Catholic religion in France, the priests could not appear at the altar without danger of insults from the innovators.[2] It was the same in England. The Catholic preachers were in danger of their lives; a dagger was thrown at one at St. Paul's Cross; again, while Dr. Pendleton was preaching there, a gun was shot off, and the ball went over him and hit the wall; and, on Easter-day, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as the priests were giving the communion, at the end of mass, a man came up with his wife, who said to the priest, 'What dost thou give them?' and the man then drew his knife and assassinated one of the priests, whose blood fell on the Host.

When Francis de Montmorenci, Maréchal of France, consented to serve in the Catholic army, it was when the innovators had called in the English and Germans to assist them.[3] In England also the common duties of chivalry were involved; witness the conduct of the council to the lady Mary, forbidding her to have mass in her house, and impri-

[1] Desormeaux, II, 304. [2] Ib. II, 309. [3] Ib. II, 410.

soning her chaplains, summoning her servants, commanding them on their allegiance to insult her and disobey her orders, and, upon their refusal, sending them to the Tower.[1] The Emperor declared that he would go to war with England if she were denied the exercise of her religion. Upon which, Cranmer and other preachers gave their opinion that "her sin might be winked at for a time." Under Elizabeth commenced the most violent persecution which had afflicted the Church since that of the ancient emperors.

In reading of the persecution raised by the Arian Vandals in Africa, which began shortly before St. Augustin's death, as described by the holy man Victor, Bishop of Utica, one feels almost constrained to believe that some fictitious writer has ascribed to that period the circumstances of recent history. "They were cruel in attacking churches, oratories, and monasteries, abusing priests and monks, spoiling altars, and applying their ornaments to vile purposes, insulting the sacred virgins, and ascribing immorality to bishops and priests, forbidding them to celebrate masses, and not allowing them to bury Christians solemnly with lighted tapers." Possidius, who lived with St. Augustin, and afterwards wrote his life, relates the wonderful affliction of the holy man, when he saw but the beginning of this persecution. But I fly from these horrors. The innovators now had adopted terms of reproach, which they used as arguments; they spoke of the ancient religion as if it had been a conflagration or the plague. One of Strype's chapters is headed, "Popery in Corpus Christi College, Oxon." It turned out to have only extended to the president and two fellows, who were sent to the Fleet.[2] The innovators would never allow that they were in-

[1] Book II, c. 1. [2] II, c. 18.

tolerant. Strype defends Cranmer for the burning of Joan Butcher, and says, "None was more tender of blood than he. Indeed Fox mentions that the council put Cranmer upon moving the king to sign this warrant; which was a sign he had no great forwardness to it himself; and in obedience to them he did labour with the king about it, and obtained it. And though he did this, it neither argued violence nor importunity for blood."[1] It is Bossuet's remark, that Burnet deems it a sufficient defence for Cranmer to say, that he committed crimes with some scruple. The House of Lords particularly distinguished itself by an address to Queen Elizabeth, soliciting the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots: the address was worded in a very ridiculous cant, setting forth the judgment of God on Saul for sparing the life of Agag, and on Ahab for Benhadad. They publicly implored God to put it into Elizabeth's heart to have Mary executed. The Earls of Shrewsbury, Kent, Derby, and Cumberland saw the execution performed; one of whom had so divested himself of common humanity, as to toss up his cap and huzza at the cutting off the most charming head that ever wore a crown. "Insult and mockery were added to persecution. The Duke of Wittemburg proclaimed that each person, for every time he heard mass, should pay eight ducats of gold; whereby he forbad not the mass to be said, but required a tribute of such as heard it." Strype adds, "he was aged, and sometimes merry-conceited."[2] In their solemn addresses to Heaven, they commemorated their "blood-thirsty enemies." One cannot read their prayers without trembling. "Confound them, O God, and all their wicked counsels; break, O Lord, the horns of those bloody bulls of Basan; root up the rotten race of

[1] II, c. 28. [2] I, c. 14.

the ungodly, to the end that, they being consumed in the fire of thine indignation, thine exiled church may in their own land find place of habitation." [1] This is what Æschylus would call the

παιᾶνα Ἐριννύων.[2]

When fanaticism had subsided, the policy of indifference was not less destructive. Although, as under the Pagan emperors, the ancient religion was rigorously proscribed at home, while governors of foreign colonies received minute instructions enforcing measures of persecution abroad; still, men were to be assured, that all this was in fulfilment of the laws, and necessary for the safety of the state. This political intolerance, however implacable and barbarous, was always calm and cool even in its deeds of greatest atrocity: it was prudence, legislative wisdom, not intolerance. An act was passed in the beginning of the reign of William, which transferred the inheritance of Catholic children to the next Protestant heir. "This seemed hard at first," says Evelyn, "but the French king's treatment of his Protestant subjects, and the insolence of the papists (as is said) in some of the northern counties of England, in going about singing psalms with trumpets, along with their bishop, brought it on their party." We might in vain search through the whole of history for an instance of the Catholic church being opposed by men who did not evince the want of that charity which is described by St. Paul. In every age it has been the same spirit under different degrees of development. The innovators from the first were continually exhibiting portraits of themselves. Thomas Hancock, a zealous preacher, says of Poole, in Dorsetshire, "The town embraced God's word; they were the first that, in

[1] Strype, p. 318. [2] Agam. 631.

that part of England, were called Protestants. They did love one another, and every one was glad of the company of others. But now, I have sorrow to set my pen to write yt, they are become poor; they have no love to God's word; they lack the favour and friendship of the godly rulers to defend them; they fall from their profession; they hate one another. One cannot abyde the company of another, but they are divided amongst themselves."[1] Bernard Gilpin, preaching at court, said, that "Christian souls were committed, without respect, to men not worthy to keep sheep."[2] Gentlemen kept in their hands livings of forty or fifty pounds, and gave a minister that never came there, five or six. The English gospellers at Frankfort are thus described by Fox to Peter Martyr :—"All the young men joined one side or the other; nay, and those that were old and divines, that should have been promoters of peace and concord, added more flame to the fire than the rest." He laments the hatreds, the envies, the defamations, the evil-speakings, the suspicions and jealousies that were among them, and he could never have believed that so much of anger and passion could be in such, whom the daily use of the Scriptures should have qualified to all gentleness and goodness.[3] John Bale describes the controversies among the English exiles at Basel. "Master Ashley, whereas you desire, before your coming, to know the state of our church; to be plain, in few words, it is troublous at this present. I find the admonishment of St. Paul to Timothy, and of St. Peter to the dispersed brethren, most true, and in full force in this miserable age :—they said that in the latter times should come mockers, liars, blasphemers, and fierce despisers. We have them, we have them, Master Ashley; we have them even from

[1] Strype, I, 9. [2] II, c. 15. [3] Strype, c. 31.

among ourselves: yea, they be at this present our elders and their factious affinity. They tell us the magistrate will in no case suffer our *common prayer*, which is a most manifest lye. They blaspheme our communion, calling it a Popish mass, with other fierce dispisings and cursed speakings. To the face of a Popish mass belongeth a monstrous brothel or ape of Antichrist, with tippet and mass-books. Our communion hath none such; our holy communion hath not the face of a Popish mass, as our new catharites have most wickedly, maliciously, mockingly, falsely, frantically, unlearnedly, loudly, seditiously, blasphemously, and beastly reported; raging and railing more like Athenians than Christians; yea, more like devils than men."[1]

The injustice and cruelties committed against the religious orders, are fully attested by the modern writers themselves; such as Strype, Sir William Dugdale, Hearn, in his preliminary observations upon Willis's View of the Mitred Abbeys, Tanner, and even Burnet. It is not to be denied that the insulting outrages which the innovators committed against faith and religion, exasperated the most gentle spirits. Their arguments were chiefly revilings and mockery. Strype says, that men now "in their sermons, or readings, or communications, called the holy sacrament by vile and unseemly terms; they made rhymes, and plays, and jests of it." Sampson told his flock, that "it was the pride of papistry, and the horrible offence, even of the Turks and heathen."[2]

It must be confessed that the Christian chivalry was not disposed to approve of the plan of conciliating the Turks and heathens by altering the holy rites of the church to suit their ideas; though it would have desired heartily to conciliate them by

[1] Strype's Catalogue of Originals, p. 313. [2] Ib. 229.

showing them examples of generosity and valour and disinterested virtue. It is to be lamented that the plan of the innovators should have succeeded more fully than that of the Paladins. "The Turks," says a recent traveller, "fancy that we have many qualities in common with themselves,—pride, generosity, courage, and above all, they have a very general opinion that we are not above half-Christians, and therefore approach by so much nearer to the creed of the faithful than any other Europeans."[1] The religious innovators went so far as to act the ceremonies of the mass upon a stage in the streets of London, that they might expose the holy mysteries of Christians to the ridicule of a gross rabble. In this way they accustomed the people by degrees to endure its abolition. "Underhill," says Strype, "was one who deserves to have his name preserved in history, a man zealous for pure religion: at first he followed loose company, gamesters and ruffians, but he soon forsook them by reading the Scriptures and hearing the preachers, and then, as some satisfaction to the world, he put forth a satire against the wickedness of these men. At Stratford on the Bow he took the Pix from the altar, the curate being present: he kept in his pocket a book by one Luke, a physician, against the natural presence in the sacrament: it was writ very facetiously, and sprinkled with wit, severely biting now and then at the priests: the book took much at the court, and the courtiers wore it in their pockets."[2] In our age the followers of these opinions have again had recourse to this facetious theology. I can only allude to the insults which were systematically offered to our Lady, for whom, as Lanzi says, a filial piety has descended from the earliest fathers of the church, in a regular line, down to the elect of our

[1] Waddington's Journal of a Visit to Ethiopia, 115. [2] I, 14.

own times: of whom the Holy Scriptures give so noble an idea; "of whom Jesus was born who is called Christ"; who was promised of God in the first promise he made to mankind after the Fall,—"She shall bruise thy head in pieces"; foretold by the prophet,—"Behold, a virgin shall conceive"; saluted by the angel Gabriel,—"Hail, Mary!" pronounced "full of grace," proclaimed "blessed among women" by the divinely inspired Elizabeth, and of whom the Holy Ghost prophesied by her own mouth, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Men believed with S. Bonaventura,[1] "that thousands and thousands of worlds more, more endlessly, more glorious cherubim and seraphim, God can create, but a greater mother he cannot create": of whom St. Augustin says, "Carne mater capitis nostri, spiritu mater membrorum ejus." On this subject one ought not even to make mention of the innovators; everything was uttered which could present itself to the tongue of a godless paynim.

αὐδῶν ἀνόσι' οὐδὲ ῥητά μοι.

I have already shewn that the rule of manners soon became as uncertain as that of faith: the text of the Holy Scriptures was falsified to prove that some men could not live a chaste life.

Some taught, that the having many wives "was prohibited not by God's law, but by the bishops of Rome."[2] In short, the preaching became so extravagant, that in 1548 the king prohibited all preaching from pulpit or elsewhere till further orders.[3] Ridley, wishing to have a godly unity, ordered that the churchwardens should set up the Lord's board, after the fashion of an honest table, decently covered, in the chancel.[4] In 1551, a pro-

[1] Spec. B. M. I, 2. [2] Strype, I, 12.
[3] I, 15. [4] I, 30.

clamation prohibited "frays and fightings in cathedral churches, and bringing in horses and mules into the same."[1] Strype says of Satan having first taught Luther the idolatry of private masses, "May not the devil suggest a truth, as he once quoted a place of Scripture to Christ?" He says of the procession way, which was made at Whitehall with green boughs, "It resembled the groves methinks, where the ancient idolatry used to be committed."[2] On some occasions, in the south of France, the innovators were at the pains to scatter broken glass upon the pavement where barefooted penitents were to pass. It was thus that the Turks scoffed at the solemn procession round the walls of Jerusalem, when the bishops and clergy, and the long file of armed warriors made the circuit of the holy city with cross and banners.[3]

Ponet, the new Bishop of Winchester, describes his predecessor Gardiner, who was lying in prison, "This doctor hath a nose hooked like a buzzard, nostrils like a horse, ever snuffing into the wind, a sparrow mouth, great paws like the devil, talons on his feet like a gripe, two inches longer than the natural toes."[4]

"To what purpose," cries Luther, "should any man rely on the ancient fathers? were not they too all blind?"[5] That the revolution of the eighteenth century was but a repetition under a different form, of what had taken place in the sixteenth, may be inferred with certainty from many observations. The connection can be discerned instantly, in the insatiable thirst for destruction which characterized both; men destroyed, persecuted, and tyrannized in the name of liberty. When almost all the members of the two noble families of Aveyro and of

[1] II, 7. [2] C. 28. [3] Wilken, I, 288.
[4] Strype, c. 35. [5] De Serv. Arb. tom. II.

Tavora perished on the scaffold, wholly innocent, to expiate a pretended crime, of which the Marquis of Pombal was the author, it is the same spirit at work which had instigated Cecil and the advocates of the new opinions. Dr. Lingard has seen with his own eyes the "huc usque" in the handwriting of Sir Edward Coke, with the line to intimate that he was to read no farther, for the next words of the document would have justified the priest whom he was resolved to condemn. It was the spirit of this "huc usque" which effected both revolutions. One may observe, that in the former, as well as in the latter, the tone of infidelity could be distinctly heard. The circumstance of Ochin, the Italian, being received with respect by Cranmer into his family, excited no surprise.[1] Some denied that Christ took bodily substance of our blessed Lady. No doubt these were the consistent men.[2] Yet for this opinion Joan of Kent was burned. She said, when at the stake, "It is a goodly matter to consider your ignorance. It is not long ago since you burned Anne Ascue for a piece of bread; and yet came yourselves, soon after, to believe and profess the same doctrine for which you burned her; and now, forsooth, you will needs burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will come to believe this also, when you have read the Scriptures, and understood them." Dr. Scory endeavcured to convert her at her death; she scoffed at him, and said, "He lyed like a rogue"; and bade him, "Go read the Scriptures."[3]

Men who denied the need of baptism are classed by Strype among "persons who varied in the least from the corrupt doctrines and practices of the Roman church."[4]

One of the visitors writes from "the late mona-

[1] I, 24. [2] I, 23. [3] I, c. 20. [4] Tom. I, 9.

stery at Leicester, to Cromwell," concluding with these words, "Let me know your pleasure, as well for the further sale to be made, as for the defacing of the church and other superfluous buildings which be about the monastery."[1]

Even a trifling circumstance, casually reported by De Foix, in his history of Paris, might tend to awaken suspicions that the French Revolution had had a prototype. This writer says, "Au moys d'Aoust 1550, furent venduz publiquement en la megisserie, plusieurs images, tables d'autels, peintures, et autres ornemens d'Eglise, qu'on avoit apportez et sauvez des Eglises d'Angleterre."[2]

Strype particularly mentions the contemptuous manner in which men bored out the eyes of the images of our Saviour crucified, and pierced his side.[3] "Ther is no borne Turke so cruel to Christen folke as is the false Christen that falleth from the faith." This is what Sir Thomas More said, and the whole history of the innovators proves the fact.[4]

Guizot deems it the glory of the sixteenth century, that the crisis was not merely one of reform; but that it was essentially revolutionary. "It is impossible," he says, "to deprive it of this character. Can we suppose that the Reformation would have been content if the spiritual power had agreed to what was proposed? Certainly not; but it would have pursued its course.[5] Unhappily, however," he says, "the reformers never knew what they wanted."[6] "Those who have tried to change the manners of the world in my time," says Montaigne, "by new opinions, reform the exterior, but leave the essence, if they do not increase it; and the increase is to be feared."[7] "How much have you

[1] I, c. 35. [2] P. 173. [3] Vol. II, p. 53.
[4] On Comfort against Trib. 1. [5] Cours d'Hist. XII, 21.
[6] Id. 30. [7] Essais, III, 2.

profited under them," said John Proctor in the year 1554, "since you first went from your mother, the Church, and became gay gospellers after the guise of your new teachers? I am perfect, and none of you can say nay, and say truth; ye have grown in all wickedness, as ye have grown in this new religion; insomuch, that there was never such unthriftiness in servants, such unnaturalness in children, such unruliness in subjects; such fierceness in enemies, such unfaithfulness in friends; again, such beastliness of minds, such disdainfulness in hearts; finally, such falsehood in promises, such deceitfulness in bargains, such greedy extortion, such insatiable covetousness, such intolerable pride, as therefore ye are become a fable amongst all nations. How say you? Is not this true"?[1] I have already spoken of the grossness of the German chivalry after it had received an infusion of the new opinions. What a contrast was now presented to the spirit of the renowned Gero, the reproachless Herman von Salza, the heroic Herman Balk, the generous Winrich von Kniprode, the disinterested Konrad von Jungingen, the poetic and amiable Werner von Orseln! The admirers of Franz von Sickingen speak of him as being "another Brutus,"[2] which sufficiently shows what a different model was at this time proposed for the instruction of chivalry. The life of Hans von Schweinichen, written by himself, gives a picture of his princely grace, the young Duke Frederic III of Liegnitz in Silesia, with whom he was educated. The old duke was addicted to drunkenness, and to making his guests drunk. He used to beat the young page, though not with such heavy blows as those which proved fatal to Eurynomus, who waited on Hercules,[3] yet such as a few groschen could not reconcile him to

[1] Strype, 20. [2] Herder, Bd. XIX. [3] Diodorus, IV.

suffer. Their cups were now heavier than their swords. For some time Hans von Schweinichen resisted this example, which was then general in Germany, but he confessed that at length he became fond of drinking, and used to be dragged off "like a dead man." Dishonesty was in fashion, and gambling became the employment of men night and day. Even for a short period the French conformed to the prevailing passion for drunkenness. Nothing was beyond the general influence, not even the beauties of the female character. Strypè speaks of "the illustrious woman, Queen Catherine Parr, her modesty and devotion, and her greatness of mind even while but a child," and relates as an instance that when some one skilled in prognostication had told her that she was born for a crown, she took such notice of it, that when her mother used sometimes to call her to work, she would say, "My hands are ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, not needles and spindles."[1] The honour, gentleness, and all the virtues of men in these ages had been intimately connected with the Catholic faith, so that it was impossible to shake the foundation without endangering the whole edifice. Instead of the practice of confession, frequent attendance at the sacrifice of the altar; perfect faith in these divine mysteries, which had been the support and rapture of Christian souls; profound respect for ancestral wisdom; men were to be left to their own guidance, the courts of Heaven were to be closed, excepting for a sermon, and a form of prayer, on the seventh day; men were to be left during the rest of the week to the world, and to their own isolated reason; and their only agreement was to be in the opinion that the Church had failed for upwards of 800 years. What doubt could be entertained as to the result that

[1] I, c. 16.

would follow from this? Man is a feeble creature when isolated; he is only strong in a state of union: and now he was to be deprived of all the associations and means of union which had been established by Catholic piety. Amidst the interminable doubts and debate consequent upon so great an innovation, how could men suppose that the old virtues would continue to be practised? When the great lights of Heaven were obscured, could it be expected that the star of honour would cast a steady ray? Nor were there even grounds of hope that men might return to the standard of the heathen chivalry, for all its virtues were the result of respect for the great traditions of the human race, which having been dissolved and incorporated into the Catholic religion, must be now alike rejected in the common act of protest against the wisdom of the Church; not to observe that the philosophy of the innovators was sure to lead them far from the simplicity of the Homeric manners. Experience soon proved the justice of these views; all the famous knights who adopted the new opinions, departed from the virtues of chivalry. Witness the inhuman massacre of the people at Trinidad by Sir Walter Raleigh, not in a moment of passion, through flesh and blood; but in the spirit of an intellectual pride, in order that he might not savour of the ass,[1] the perfidy and barbarity practised towards Mary Queen of Scots, by the men whom Knox calls "the godly lords," and Dr. M'Crie "the Christian brothers"; the conduct of the wars against the Irish, when the captains of the innovators repeated the policy of Germanicus, who pressed his men to slaughter, saying, "nil opus captivis solam internecionem gentis finem bello fore,"[2] the ingratitude of Charles I to the Spaniards after their

[1] Lingard, Hist. of England, IX, 3.
[2] Tacitus, Annal. II, 21.

noble hospitality to him, the barbarous plot of King William III executed by Sir George Rooke, in the debarkation in the bay of Bulls, when Mr. Coxe says, "the event shewed that the object of the commander was rather plunder than glory." The village of St. Mary, whither the citizens of Cadiz had removed their most valuable effects, became the first object of cupidity, the chiefs themselves setting a dishonourable example; the churches were violated, the females dedicated to religion exposed to the brutal licentiousness of the soldiery, the peasants exasperated to enthusiasm, the chiefs divided among themselves re-embarked in disorder and disgrace.[1] Coxe acknowledges that "this plan was formed under the auspices of William." The churlish passion which these new teachers evinced, after the example of Bale, for every disgusting anecdote, was enough to prove that modesty was not superstitiously dear to them. Honour, too, was to be reformed. Latimer assured Wolsey that the real cause of his having been misliked by the Bishop of Ely, was his having preached before him on the duties of the episcopal office, whereas for that sermon Strype shews that the bishop had thanked and extolled him; but as Latimer had refused to preach against the novelties of Luther, he was for that offence prohibited from preaching at Cambridge. Of this Latimer said not a word when called before the secretary. What a plan was that which Lord Herbert ascribes to Henry VIII to deceive Queen Catherine by a false promise, in order to leave her in a convent, that he might marry again! and in what a light does Queen Elizabeth appear when we remember her secret commission to Sir Amias Pawlet, desiring that Mary Queen of Scots should be privately murdered in Fotheringay Castle! The

[1] Coxe's Memoirs of Spain, I, 7.

reformed knight indeed refused to murder his prisoner, but he had robbed her like a highway ruffian, lest she should employ her money and jewels for corruption. Men of honour, with all their ignorance and credulity, were able to perceive where "the march" of the adversaries of superstition would end. Sismondi says, "that some persons detest enterprises of assassination; not reflecting that extreme danger ennobles the least worthy means, and that the assassin of a tyrant ought to be more brave than a grenadier who carries a battery at the point of the bayonet. The Pazzi and the Salviati," he says, "are great men, and worthy of respect, even while they are lulling the Medici to sleep by false caresses, embracing them in signs of friendship, but in reality examining if their devoted victims wear a cuirass."[1] The whole spirit of the new philosophy was to employ the reasoning faculty in removing the sense of obligations, not merely such as men felt oftener than they could explain, but such as were imposed by the severest and most accurate principles; to our day it operates in reconciling juries to perjure themselves openly, without the least scruple of conscience, and men of the highest rank to swear solemnly to the truth of a proposition which they confess they have never once in their lives examined. But it is needless to multiply words on this point. The brave knight of La Mancha would have found many objects besides the traitor Galalon, that were equally deserving of the punishment which he was so eager to inflict. Our ancestors were not like Burke, educated in the modern philosophy; for, after all, it was that which inspired "his monkish education reformed"; and prepared to look with the eyes of a disappointed enthusiast at the progress of measures which did not correspond

[1] Hist. des Repub. Ital. XI, 115.

with their own theory of perfection, according to which they would have directed them: as they neither qualified their own views as "amiable errors," so neither did they regard those of the innovators as "dangerous truths." From the first, by remaining faithful to authority and tradition, they detected under the plausible disguise the real principle which was in operation, and they were spared the piteous indignity of having supposed for a moment that eloquence and wisdom in the form of "reflections" could convert it into a sense of virtue or of shame. Moreover we must bear in mind the accumulation of folly and extravagance which stared men in the face. Now they were to be pardoned for giving things their proper name. "It is a folly," said Picus of Mirandula, "not to believe in Christianity." Yes, it is a folly to resist such evidence; and our ancestors were right in saying it is a folly to forsake the church for this new learning. It is a folly in these men to set up for apostles, and to dispense on their own authority with the ordinary rules of divine appointment, when they can work no miracles to convince us that we should reject the authority of bishops who have been continued down to us in uninterrupted succession from the age of the Apostles.[1] This was the reflection which filled Montaigne with disgust.[2]

The authors of the "Recognitions," translated by Rufinus in the fourth century, describe men "who were furious against the holy doctrine, by arguments and sophisms enveloping it in the mire of their sordid and carnal understandings, and by their barking and disgusting replies, tearing and fatiguing the preachers of God." It was impossible not to observe that this was the very portrait of the later innovators, to whom the words of the ancient philo-

[1] Vide Gallia Christiana. [2] Essais, I, 22.

sopher might have been justly applied: "Hos vero novos magistros nihil intelligebam posse docere, nisi ut auderent: quod etiam cum bonis rebus conjunctum, per se ipsum est magnopere fugiendum."[1] Again what inconsistent conduct! It was affirmed that the king's visitors found "not seven, but more than seven hundred thousand deadly sins" in the monasteries, and yet they acknowledged that the monks feared to go out lest they should be corrupted by the world, and that everywhere, as at Dover and Folkestone, "the honest inhabitants shewed themselves very sorry for their fate"; and these very monks, these monsters of iniquity, were promised pensions by the king, or made curates and prebendaries![2] Then again, with respect to learning, what a wreck was here! "Libraries were sold for anything they could get in that confusion and devastation, and many invaluable British and Saxon books were for ever lost." Bale mentions a merchant who bought two noble libraries for forty shillings, the books serving him for waste paper.[3] Was it strange that men should have been indignant at their miracles and prophesyings; that they should laugh at their ridiculous novelties in the ordinary affairs of life? "Will not posterity," says Montaigne, "have reason to say that our reformation has been delicate and exact, not only having attacked errors and vices, and filled the world with devotion and humility, with obedience and peace, and every kind of virtue; but having proceeded even to fight against those ancient names of baptism, Charles, and Louis, and Francis, to people the world with Methusalems, Ezechiels, Malachies, and others savouring more of faith?"[4] Mr. Cheke must even make a reformation in pro-

[1] Cicero, de Oratore, III, 24.
[2] Strype, I, 34, 35.
[3] Strype, I, 51.
[4] I, 46.

nouncing of Latin at Cambridge, as well as Greek :[1] for in order that the church might be accused of using a dead language, it was essential to murder the Latin tongue, so that no one might be able to recognize it. And let it be well remembered, that all this while, in no single instance was there an attempt made to reform such evils as the use of torture, the abuse of duelling, the flattery of princes, the passion for war. How Plato would have been shocked[2] at beholding men commanded to pray to God for a variety of minute specific objects, such as that it would please him to vanquish and confound all opposed to a certain marriage.[3] Plato would not even allow the public to have a voice in deciding upon the merit of theatrical pieces; but he required that there should be a judge unbiassed by their noise, who should pronounce between them.[4] The Athenians were not competent to judge a point of taste; and a licentious people were to be the judges of religion! *οὐ βασιλέων ἐστι νομοθετεῖν τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ.*[5] And yet Neander must affirm that the apostle would have added kings to those who were for "perfecting of the church," if they had not happened to be heathens at that time! Who could be grave when he heard of "the king's majesty setting forth a primer,"[6] and giving license to eat meat on days of abstinence?[7] Moreover, one ought not to be ashamed to confess that, in those ages, men engaged in temporal chivalry had a perfect affection for religion, and it was natural and just that they should feel indignant at the bold obtrusive spirit which profaned what was sacred: they felt that it had a resemblance to love, the confessions of which should not be exposed to a stranger's ear. Even some of

[1] Strype, I, 50.
[2] De Legibus, VII.
[3] Strype, II, 74.
[4] De Legibus, II.
[5] S. Joan. Damascen. de Imaginibus, Orat. II.
[6] Strype, II, 83.
[7] Ibid.

the moderns themselves were obliged to admit, that "of all things in the world, a prating religion, and much talk in holy things, does much profane the mysteriousness of it, and dismantles its regards, and makes cheap its reverence, and takes off fear and awfulness, and makes it loose and garish, like the laughter of drunkenness." As for their propositions and accusations, one could detect their weakness and inconsistency, without having studied St. Thomas. In truth, it might have been said, here is ground for pity; and when we reflect that these quibbles are produced to break unity, here is cause for horror! But Cranmer would not leave men to form a religion for themselves out of the Scriptures. Paley denies that this person has made proper use of his reason who concludes that he promoted his own interest by living otherwise than virtuously; as if a man of sense would care what they said, or what they denied. He was only concerned in examining what remained for men to hold consistently with their own principles. What Father Luis of Grenada remarked was as clear as that England is an island, to the common understanding of men; namely, that if the confessions of antiquity had not been true, "they would have been the most damnable errors and execrable sacrileges which the human mind could imagine." [1] And yet maintaining their falsehood, the moderns continued to call many who professed them saints; they borrowed their prayers and many of their ceremonies from them, and they left the validity of their own ordination, and of their own baptism, depending upon their authority! Who was to be moved at the view of their borrowed solemnities in the venerable churches of which they had taken possession? As the suitors proved in Homer, it is easy to be grand

[1] Catechism, part II, c. 11.

in another man's house. "A fine game they have played," says Montaigne, "who have used the vices of ministers as an argument against the truth of the church. Theirs is a silly manner of arguing, which would throw everything into confusion: a man of good moral character may entertain false opinions, and a wicked man may preach truth."[1] Our ancestors had a philosophy which was in accordance with this principle, that "the baptism of Christ by the hand of Judas Iscariot is better than the baptism of John by the hand of John."[2] It was the saying of St. Columban, "nihil incertius est conscientiæ securitate."[3] Even to the eye of men, the confidence of the innovators seemed unholy. What an extravagance was theirs in maintaining that their many and contradictory sects could form that one church in which they professed their belief! What a vain subterfuge, their reviving the theory of the Donatists respecting an invisible church! Let us consider this a little, excluding all theological arguments. It is a remark of Neander, that in a nomadic tribe, as the example of the Arabians will shew, Christianity does not endure long. "Doubtless," he says, "it may gain an entrance here; but wherever it takes deep root, it must produce a complete change and revolution in the whole manner of life; and hence we find that the clergy in the middle ages were careful to promote learning, and to found institutions which would unite religion with the whole customs of life."[4]

But if Christianity were a mere system of opinions, where would have been this necessity? The wanderers of the desert would then be in as favourable a position for religion as the inhabitants of towns.

[1] Essais, II, 31. [2] Catechism. Concil. Trident. II.
[3] Regula Monastica, IX.
[4] Denkwürdigkeiten aus der Geschichte des Christenthums und des Christlichen Lebens, III.

Guizot acknowledges, that at the end of the fourth century Christianity was not a simple individual belief, but an institution. "It had its government and its powers of action, as a great society. In a word, Christianity at this epoch was not merely a religion, but it was a church. If it had not been a church, I know not what would have become of it amidst the fall of the Roman empire. I confine myself to purely human considerations. If Christianity had been only a belief, only a sentiment, a private conviction, we may conclude that it would have sunk in the dissolution of the empire and the invasion of the barbarians. It is clear, that a society strongly organized, strongly governed, was necessary to meet such a disaster, and to survive such a tempest. I do not affirm too much, when I assert, that it was the church which saved Christianity; it was the church, with its institutions, its rulers, its power, which defended it vigorously against the interior dissolution of the empire, and which became the bond and the principle of civilization."[1]

How natural was it to regard with horror the bold innovators who now tempted men to forsake this venerable society, to whose admirable services all history, and the reason even of its adversaries, bore testimony. "Surely, for mine own part," says Sir Thomas More, "I cannot wel hold with them; for, as far as mine owne poore wit can perceive, the holy scripture of God is very plaine against them, and the whole corps of Christendom in every Christen region, and the very places in which they dwell themselves, have ever unto their owne daies clearly beleved against them; and al the old holy doctours have evermore taught against them, and al the old holy interpreters have con-

[1] Cours d'Hist. III, 2.

strued the scripture against them. And therefore, if these men have now perceived so late that the scripture hath been misunderstanden al this while, and that of al those old holy doctours, no man could understand it, than am I to old at this age to begin to studie it now. And trust these men's cunning, that dare I not in no wise, sith I cannot see nor perceive no cause, wherefore I should thinke that these men might not now in the understanding of scripture as wel be deceived themselfe, as they beare us in hand that al these other have bene al this while before."

Men knew, that among the benefits of Christ's coming this was to be one, and not the least, that after his holy doctrine had been once published, it would not be easy for even the weakest in capacity or learning to run awry in matters of their belief;[1] and surely there was no reason to accuse them of obstinacy or prejudice, when they turned away in disdain from the sophisms of the innovators, who would persuade them that all their forefathers, learned and unlearned, had been mistaken for eight hundred years or more! Beholding such an assistance from God, were they to doubt and examine whether it was right to remain within the church, which, as St. Augustin said, "according to the confession of the human race, has obtained the very summit of authority by succession of bishops from the apostolic see, in vain reviled by heretics, and partly by the judgment even of the people, partly by the weight of councils, partly by the majesty of miracles, to resist which, he says, would be the height of impiety and arrogance."[2] It was enough for them to know that "he who loves the church and body of Jesus Christ so much as to prefer nothing in the world before it; not any private

[1] Isai. XXXV. [2] Lib. de Utilitate Credendi, 35.

man's authority, love, wit, or eloquence, nor reasons of nature, or pretence of scripture, against that which before him was believed by all men, he who follows universality, antiquity, and consent in his belief, and stands firmly to that faith which has been held in all places, by all or the most part of bishops and priests; he that can say with St. Augustin,[1] that he truly follows the universal church, which had her beginning by the entering in of nations, got authority by miracles, was increased by charity, and established by continuance, which has her succession of bishops from the chair of Peter, until our time, that church which is known in the world by the name of Catholic, not only to her friends, but also among her enemies; he who protests with St. Jerome, that he does abhor all sects and names of particular men, as Marcionists, Montanists, Valentinians, and the like,[2] who does confess sincerely, with blessed Cyprian, that one priest for the time is to be obeyed by all Christians, as judge representing Christ, according to the ordinance of God; he that is modest, quiet, sober, void of contention, and obedient, as St. Paul describes a true and good Catholic, that is firm in faith, and not variable, not delighted in new doctrines; he that can be content at Christ's command to hear the church and obey its governors, though they should be Scribes and Pharisees, and consequently can say truly, with the whole college of Christ's apostles, credo sanctam Ecclesiam Catholicam; that man, no doubt, was in a most sure way for matters of faith."[3]

It was natural, besides, to feel indignant at the artifice by which all these novelties were introduced. Men like Sir Thomas More saw through them. "Some," he says, "call fasting for penance, a plain

[1] Epist. cont. Manich. c. 4. [2] Dial. cont. Luciferian.
[3] V. Person's Christian Directory, p. 143.

injury to the passion of Christ, and say that they who would do penance for their own sinnes, look to be their own Christes, and pay their own ransomes, and save their soules themselfe. When I was in Saxonie, I heard a religious man there myself who did preach in this maner, and tell the people to leave their Lenten fastes, and pevish penance, and so loud and shril he cried Christ in their ears, and that so bitterly spoken, that I merveiled not, though I saw the poor women wepe, for he made my own hair stand up upon my head; and with such preaching were the people so brought in, that some fell to break their fasts on the fasting days, not of frailty or of malice first, but almost of devotion, lest they should take from Christ the thank of his bitter passion. But when they were awhile noseled in that point first, they could abide and endure after many things more with which, had he then begun, they would have pulled him down.

"These preachers carie the mindes of the people from the perceeving of their craft, by the continual naming of the name of Christ, and cryeing his passion so shril into their eares, they forget that the churche hath ever taught them, that al our penance, without Christe's passion, were not worth a pease. And they make the people wene that we would be saved by our owne dedes without Christe's death; when we confesse that his only passion meriteth incomparably more for us than al our owne dedes do; but his pleasure is, that we take our crosses upon our backs, and follow him."

It is not wonderful that such declaimers, backed by the clamorous applause of a multitude, should have sometimes for a moment enjoyed a triumph over the wisest. Socrates says, at the conclusion of the sophist's speech, which was succeeded by a thunder of applause, "I felt at first as if I had received a good blow, which had spread a dark-

ness over my eyes, and caused a general dizziness."[1]

Assuredly, it might have been said, in the words of Georges Chastellain, who lived in an age when there were many men who looked below the surface of things, "Tout ne meut que d'orgueil et d'eslongance de toute charité et que nul ne veult Dieu craindre ne soi régler de raison salutaire." The very principle on which these changes were effected, that of rejecting authority and of trusting to private judgment, was alone of itself a sufficient cause to excite dread and horror; it was leading men from the world of faith to that of knowledge; seducing them a second time to cease hearing and believing the voice of God, that they might examine, and judge, and be like gods themselves. The result was, as might have been expected, the establishment of "the new humanity," opposed to the early traditions of mankind, and to the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church. To some who were acquainted with the writings of the ancients, nothing seemed more unaccountable than the strange degradation of what is called philosophy, since the rise of the modern school; but the difficulties would have been removed by observing that the wisdom of the ancients was nothing but what was borrowed from the great primitive traditions of the human race, proceeding from original revelation, whereas the destructive absurdities and infamous crimes of the later sophists are the productions of their own isolated reason. But I must not wander so far.

Upon the whole, then, it was clear, that there was everything human to accelerate the progress of these opinions. "A downhill" innovation, as Dryden said, "works apace." The heart was im-

[1] Plat. Protagoras.

pelled towards it with all the weight of its corruption. To the harmonious soul it was an agony to witness the confusion and distortion thus introduced over the whole moral world; even the sunbeams and the sweet colours of the rainbow were made to take part in these odious feuds:

> Ha, ha, keep time: how sour sweet music is,
> When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
> So is it in the music of men's lives.

To those who, entertained the high chivalrous sentiment of justice, it was an agony to behold the sufferings of men, who appear to be vanquished only from having refused to sully their holy cause, by availing themselves of strength from the passions of flesh and blood. It was easy to account for the triumph of their adversaries, who besides, like the sophists in the dialogues of Plato, making use of some truth in their endeavour to sustain falsehood, established institutions, which derived support from the maxims and the interests of the world, which flattered pride and winked at sensuality, and held out the prospect of unrestrained indulgence. True, even the ancients would have regarded these things with other views than those of children in the theatres, who look upon wicked men as happy and prosperous when they behold them crowned with gold and clad in purple, and cannot imagine it to be otherwise until they see them stript and receiving stripes; although, as Plutarch says, this penalty is not their first punishment, but rather its completion, since they have grown old in suffering punishment—since their spendour and their riches and their long prosperity have been their punishment.[1] Yet, nevertheless, to those who had advanced in wisdom, and who loved mankind, it was an agony

[1] Plutarch, de sera Numinis Vindicta.

to watch the propagation of errors, which were dangerous from containing a mixture of truth, tending to destroy all the ancient bonds of communion, to efface those charms which had realized in the peasantry of Christian countries, the descriptions which poets have invented of rural virtue and pastoral simplicity. To men who deemed it their highest duty to defend the faith of Catholics, the crisis was of necessity one which required zeal and energy. Are they to be condemned for having only known the tolerance of the Apostles.[1] They were warned—they were excited by the eloquence of the wise and holy. "Tremble," said the Minister of Heaven, "at the very shadow of division; remember the misfortunes of the people, who, having broken unity, are divided into so many parties, that they can see nothing but confusion and death. Ah! beware, lest this evil gain ground. Already we see amongst us too many of these libertine spirits, which, without knowing either religion or its foundation, its origin or its end, blaspheme what they know not, and corrupt themselves in what they know. Clouds without water, doctors without learning, who have boldness for authority, and their own rash decisions for their science. Trees twice dead and rooted up; dead first from having lost charity, but doubly dead from having lost faith, and rooted up completely from not having a single fibre left to connect them with the church; wandering stars, which glory in their new and anomalous courses, not observing that they must quickly disappear. Let us oppose to these light spirits, and to the deceitful charms of novelty, the rock on which we are founded and the authority of our traditions, comprising all past ages, and the antiquity which unites us with the origin of things."[2]

[1] Epist. II, S. Joan. X, XI. [2] Bossuet.

It may be for the pen of a future Tacitus to relate these events with a calm dignity; to speak of a period fruitful in changes, filled with atrocious combats, troubled by divisions, fatal even in peace, the laws of God and man trampled upon, religion made a cloak to cover the blackest crimes, sacred places violated, altars profaned, the ancient monuments of piety overthrown, the eccelesiastical authority assumed by laics, monasteries laid level with the ground, the graves of the holy dead ransacked for treasure, noblemen robbed and plundered in their own palaces, the people forced to conformity by sanguinary laws, prelates and persons of all states and degrees dragged to dungeons and to execution like common felons, for refusing to sully their honour and deny their God; priests torn from the altars and from the images of their saints, stretched upon the rack, and slaughtered. But how could the high spirits of temporal chivalry behold such events with arms folded? Were lions to fly from stags? It is hard to treat of such a subject with dignity, to impart grandeur to it is impossible. But was the giant, who had escaped the mountain, to suffer himself to be buried in sand? Was it right that the noble sense of justice, the generous love of truth, the high enthusiasm of loyalty to Heaven, should be evinced in the tone of concession and acquiescence and flattery, in the language of those who make the church and the venerable clergy, and the holy discipline the object of reproach and derision? The wisdom of the heart would have abhorred such counsels. Although all nations obey the king, so as to depart every man from the service of the law of his fathers, and consent to his commandments, "I and my sons and my brethren will obey the law of our fathers. God be merciful unto us." Such was the reply of Mattathias. "O my sons, call to remembrance the works

of the fathers, which they have done in their generations, and you shall receive great glory and an everlasting name. And fear not the words of a sinful man, for his glory is dung and worms; to-day he is lifted up, and to-morrow he shall not be found, because he is returned unto his earth, and his thought has come to nothing." The doctors of the church admit, that when nobility is furnished with virtue, it is an excellent ornament, and may do singular good in God's service.[1] If nobility is to serve, it can only serve with the spirit which essentially belongs to it. It can never treacherously bow the knee nor yield to clamour and injustice. Allons, must be its cry, as of old, when Louis de Clermont founded his chivalrous order, and explained the duties which it imposed. "My friends," he said, "across my shield is a band, on which is written 'Allen,' which signifies 'allons tous ensemble au service de Dieu.' Let us all have one heart for the service of our God and of our country." "Etiamsi omnes, ego non," as the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse replied, adding that these were the words of his family cry, which had been given to it by Callistus II, in 1120.

The men whom the wisdom of Heaven chose to be Apostles were all of this temper; they were men of generous hearts, who needed a rein. Artificial, self-sufficient, self-adjusting dispositions were not wanting in a religion which supplied divine means to regulate the movement, and to correct the excesses of healthsome nature. The Greeks neglected to rebuild the temples which had been burnt by the Persians, in order to leave to posterity an eternal monument of the fury of the barbarians. In the time of Pausanias many temples near Athens were to be seen, half destroyed by fire.[2] It is not with

[1] Person's Christ. Directory, 345.

[2] Lib. X, 35.

the spirit of unforgiving vengeance that Christian knights were taught to view the pillaged altar and the desecrated shrine; it is not to inspire an eternal memory of private wrongs, that the grey ruins of the abbey are pointed out to the faithful; that the weeds are moved aside which wave over the broken cross; that the blood of martyrs is shewn in the secret sanctuary; but it is to afford a holy lesson and a sublime memento, to remind them that man is to be forgiven, but not his crime; that no time, no favour, no fear or hope ought to interrupt the steady, and determined, and unalterable resolution to cling to truth and justice. God made man; but man made the sinner: "Pereat quod fecit homo, liberetur quod fecit Deus." [1] I am aware that this is not the language which many men deem worthy of the praise of philosophy; for if the Spartan were to visit our cities, he might report of them as of Athens, that he saw nothing but what was fair and honourable—

ὅτι πάντα καλὰ νομίζεται, αἰσχρὸν δ' οὐδέν.

Even in the age of Montaigne, there were Catholics who made no distinction between the love and charity due to men, and the war which should be waged against their errors; nor is it even a novel spectacle to see men interchange parts in the drama of the world, though perhaps it is more correct to regard every man of honour as in his natural post when he rises up in defence of his religion. In the council of the Greeks it is Achilles who is the first to move that Apollo should be propitiated. "In these troubles," says Montaigne, "many Catholics do wrong in conceding so much to their adversaries. They fancy that they act the moderate and the liberal when they give up disputed points; but, besides

[1] St. Augustin, Serm. XIII.

their blindness in not perceiving the advantage which is given to an assailant by yielding and retreat, those articles which they select as the most trifling are often very important. I can say it confidently, from experience, having myself taken this liberty of picking and choosing, putting aside as indifferent certain points in the observances of the church which seemed to have an aspect either more vain or more strange. Coming afterwards to communicate my sentiments to learned men, I have found that these things have a massive and very solid foundation, and that it is only stupidity and ignorance which induce us to receive them with less reverence than the rest."[1] Malebranche traced the evil further, by lamenting that Catholics should ever concede the fundamental principle of all error, that private judgment is to supersede authority.[2] Some men who defend the followers of Christian antiquity, remind one of Xenophon, when he apologizes for Socrates to the Athenians,[3] endeavouring to prove that the sage, after all, agreed with them in opinion, and lived like them, or that he was now convinced that he ought to have done so: One rises from the perusal of his book with disgust and melancholy. Plato defends his master very differently, and seems but little inclined to lower his sublime philosophy to the standard of vulgar opinion. The sophists of Greece were exasperated at being exposed by the keen irony of Socrates; they accused him of studying to make the worse appear the better reason:[4] and people of the world, who, among a reading public, are the greatest sophists, accused men of what they styled Jesuitical reasoning, when they were forced to confess the lightness and falsehood of their own ready and fond positions by a similar

[1] Essais, I, 26. [2] Recherches de la Vérité, II, III, 1, 2.
[3] Memorabilia, I, 1. [4] Plato, Apolog, 19.

process of accurate investigation. Such persons will find out that Socrates was a Jesuit in reasoning; and I dare assure them that they will not be allowed to arrive at their conclusions quicker in the republic of Plato than in conversing with Christian doctors. But where was the intolerance in refuting weak logic and in rejecting absurdity? Who shall condemn those who treated with suspicion the advances even of the most learned of the moderns? Let them hear what Cicero says, in his oration for L. Murena, when Cato was the accuser. "P. Africanus having been twice consul, having destroyed the two terrors of this empire, Carthage and Numantia, accused L. Cotta, at a time when he possessed the utmost eloquence, the utmost faith, the utmost integrity. I have often heard from our elders, that this great dignity of the accuser was of much service to L. Cotta." The same policy, he continues, "always characterized the judgment of the Roman people." Need I apply this admirable passage to the purpose of justifying the feelings with which the Catholic chivalry received the charge of its assailants? The noble disdain with which our ancestors defied calumnies may have been most galling to the furious men who reviled them. The magnanimity with which they refused to throw back the shaft of their vehement foe may have exasperated him to madness; it was enough for them to cry out in the words of Diomed, when Paris let fly a treacherous arrow at him:

> Τοξόται, λωβητὴρ, κέρα ἀγλαὲ,
> Οὐκ ἀλέγω, ὡσεί με γυνὴ βάλοι, ἢ παῖς ἄφρων·
> Κωφὸν γὰρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῖο.[1]

In regard to those who had to employ spiritual weapons, the calm majesty with which the church

[1] Il. XI, 385.

chants the circumstances of the Passion, "Sub Pontio Pilato," may often have struck the boldest of her enemies with unutterable terror. But here at least there was an intolerance which should call forth the censures of philosophy.

It remains to shew in conclusion that intolerance would have been contrary to the doctrine and the practice, not of the innovators and the philosophers, who declaim against tyranny, and love to tyrannize; who extol tolerance, and whom nothing but policy can render tolerant, but of the Catholic Church. Yet why should it be necessary to adduce proofs of such a position as this? What was the whole spirit of the Catholic religion but love, and the desire of doing good to men? "proceeding from love and ending in love.[1] Her charity embraced all things—God to adore him, men to do them service, the evils of the world to have pity on them, the good to receive joy from them, sins to lament them; virtues to perfect them."[2] "It is charity which distinguishes the sons of God from the children of the Devil," says St. Augustin; unlike the world, the church always left a place for penitence. What was the great end of perfection? to imitate Christ. Behold his conduct to the woman taken in adultery, when the Pharisees were put to silence. "Illis ergo discedentibus, remansit peccatrix et salvator: remansit ægrota et medicus: remansit misera et misericordia."[3] According to this divine model, the rules of private life were established, or rather those of the Gospel constituted these rules. While the laws and institutions of states were to operate as a restraint upon immorality, by disqualifying from many posts of honour and advantage those who were born from illegitimate connec-

[1] Catechismi Concilii Trident. Præf. 15.
[2] Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. I, 1, 2.
[3] St. August. Serm. XIII.

tion, society did not subject private persons to the horrible obligation of becoming like the Scribes and Pharisees, who kept poor sinners at a distance, saying, "Depart from me, come not near me; because thou art unclean," [1] and who were ever objecting to our merciful Lord that "he received sinners, and did eat with them." In these ages men reflected on their own sins, and not on those of others, or their virtue did not proceed from hypocrisy, or the fear of being excluded from good society. Such obligations and maxims belong to a society which can in reality be no longer Christian. To do men good was better than contemplation; better than prayer; better than martyrdom.[2] "We admire St. Paul," said St. Chrysostom, "not for having raised the dead, and healed the lepers, but for having said, 'Quis infirmatur, et ego non infirmor?'." [3] The church taught men to say, "Grant us, deliver us," but on the other hand, "Lord, I am not worthy." Men were to think of the wants of others, and only of their own sins. St. Francis of Sales has a chapter entitled, "On meekness towards ourselves." O what tolerance, what overflowing love had these men for others, when they still possessed some for themselves! "I would not reprove my own heart," says this holy bishop, "after this manner, 'Art thou not wretched and abominable,' but rather thus, 'Alas! my poor heart, behold we are fallen; well, let us call on the mercies of God. Courage, God will help us'." [4] The principle of the Catholic religion was to spare everything that was capable of amendment; the sinner that he might repent; [5] the temple of the heathens that it might be consecrated to the true God; the passions of men that they might be em-

[1] Isai. LXV, 5.
[2] Nieremberg, I, v.
[3] Tom. IV. Hom. 24.
[4] Introduction to a Devout Life.
[5] St. August. Serm. XIII.

ployed to his glory. At Leubus on the Oder was a vast Cistercian monastery. At one side was a little church with this inscription: "Locus a quo conditus iste—Dæmonis ara prius tua transit in atria Christi." It had been a temple of Mars.[1]

Nothing is more celebrated in Germany than the golden wheel or star which hangs in the church of the monastery of Fulda. In the time of St. Boniface, an English woman who had been an idolatress, worshipping a star, was converted to the Catholic faith by the saint, and in sign and memory of this event, she caused this golden wheel or star to be suspended, where it is still to be seen hanging in the middle of the church. Thus it was that the Catholic Church tolerated and sanctified, and employed everything in the world but vice and error; which when tolerated destroy even themselves; and here was a grand distinction between its spirit and that of the revolutions of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; both of which, proceeding on the sole principle of destruction, were marked with the character of death. But with the faithful there was to be no destruction, excepting of vices and errors, themselves the instruments of destruction, those children of Babylon, which were to be seized at their first rising, and broken against the rock, which was Christ.[2] There was to be no proud pitying of wicked persons.[3] No rash judgments. St. Paul threw himself on the neck of the young man who had fallen to sleep while he was preaching, and kissed him, and restored him to life. The young Norman princes, when embarking on the Blanche Nef, scoffed at the priests who came to bless them from the shore. Orderic Vitalis, in relating their de-

[1] Büsching, der Deutschen Leben, Kunst, und Wissen im Mittelalter, II.

[2] Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. IV, x, 46. Bossuet, Serm. sur l'Unité de l'Eglise.

[3] Spiritual Guide, 19.

struction, only says, "Alas! how void of pious devotion before God were these poor souls."[1] The great character of the church was love, as that of its adversaries was hatred. Theirs was all negation and for destruction: men who rejected authority might continue to cry, Lord! Lord! but by revolting against the ordinances of God, they proved that they hated Him in their hearts. Who can doubt of the latent principle after the last revolution, which so fearfully developed it? There was hatred of God, insomuch that even his name was to be abolished; hatred of priests, they were to be calumniated, insulted, oppressed, massacred; hatred of kings, of nobles, of all established institutions; hatred of all authority, of all order, and of freedom, which can only exist under the reign of duties; hatred of magistrates; hatred of the past fame of one's country; universal hatred, which could only be satisfied by revolution and destruction. Whereas the spirit of the church was universal love, for God, for the king, for one's neighbour; for one's enemies, for order, for freedom, which is another name for conformity to order; love for the laws, love for magistrates, love for one's country, love for all men.[2]

If we go back to the earliest times, we shall find the church giving large alms to the distressed heathens. During the plague in the year 255 in the north of Africa, the Christians astonished the heathens by the care which they took of them according to the directions of their bishop, St. Cyprian. The precept of St. Augustin was universal. "Malum tolera et foris et intus. Foris tolera hæreticum, tolera paganum, tolera Judæum; tolera et intus malum Christianum."[3] Father Alphonso Deza placed it thus: "No man should be reproached, lest reproach should fall upon one of the

[1] Lib. XII. [2] De la Mennais. [3] Serm. XV, § 6.

elect. I do not wish for an instant that he should be my enemy, whom I am to love for everlasting ages." This was the theologian who opened the schools of the Complutensian College. This was the lesson which religion continued to press upon men through all ages. Thus a holy abbot says, "Nourish hatred against no one in your mind; let your heart be whole and benevolent to all the world, that you may find within you the peace of God." [1] "The sword and the fire which our Lord came to send upon the earth are the fire of his divinity, which shall inflame the minds of those who follow his holy doctrines, and the sword of the spirit which shall destroy the desires of the flesh." [2] Such also were the directions which St. Francis left with the friars of his order. "I advise and exhort my brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ, that when they go through the world, they do not argue nor contend in words, nor judge others; but let them be mild, pacific, modest, meek, and humble; speaking honestly to all men, as is becoming, and into whatever house they enter let them say, 'Pax huic domui'." [3] When animated with the warmest zeal for rescuing others from error, men were told by their spiritual guides, "Modo orandum est pro illis, non irascendum illis." [4] Daniel, Bishop of Winchester, gave advice to his friend St. Boniface, who was departing on his mission to convert the Germans, and charged him "to be mild in his exhortations." "Non quasi insultando et irritando eos, sed placide ac magna objicere moderatione debes." The church employed in her public offices the words of St. Augustin. "Despair of no man's conversion; they that now exercise us may be converted and exercised with us. Many times when you imagine

[1] Beat. Esaiæ Abbat. Orat. VI, Bib. Pat. XII. [2] Ib. VII.
[3] Regula S. Francisci, cap. III.
[4] St. August. Serm. LXII, 17.

that you hate your enemy, it is your brother you hate, though you are ignorant of it."[1] "If you know any one for a certainty to be a sinner," says St. Bonaventura, "take diligent care not to condemn him; nor yet again are you to praise him; let the sin displease you, but as far as you can, have compassion upon the man."[2] In Tancredus I have endeavoured to shew the charity which characterized religion. Its whole wisdom was expressed in the line of St. Augustin. "Habe caritatem et fac quicquid vis." "No one willingly." says Plato, "would embrace the greatest evil. The soul is the most important part of us; no one would willingly suffer what he knew to be the greatest of all evils to enter into the most important part of himself; every wicked man, and every man in error, is therefore an object of compassion, and we should soften down our anger, and not persevere in rage; let us always remember *τὸν θυμὸν πραΰνειν.*"[3] This was the language of holy men. Wicked persons and our enemies may really be loved. Religion was not a thing of words; really to love our enemies was therefore possible. Omitting the great motives drawn from the example of Christ, consider first, said holy men, how these persons were once young and innocent; and how quick and imperceptible is the transition from a child to a boy, and then to a man; besides, consider how they often shew their worst side, and may inwardly be sorry for what they have done; and how, if they had hope and grace given them they would weep and amend. Moreover, very often, it is not things, but the false ideas of things which divide men.[4] The man of honour was indeed zealous for the faith, but he did not make a hieroglyphic of the adversary, and use him as the

[1] Tract. super Psal. LIV.
[2] Stimulus Divini Amoris, pars III, c. 8.
[3] De Legibus, V. [4] Epictetus.

Æthiopians did the crocodile, making him the sign of all evil.[1] On the contrary, we may securely say of him, what the old chronicle testifies of Boucicaut. "Jamais il ne dit mal d'autruy, ny n'en veult ouïr."[2] Is the officious innovator presented to him? He tells him honestly that he had noted him down as an unwise person.

——————— οὐ γάρ σ' ἐπικεύσω
Κάρτ' ἀπυμούσως ἦσθα γεγραμμένος.[3]

Is the same person absent, and does some one speak of his extravagancies? The language of religion, of nature even, resembled the Socratic formula, Ἔα χαίρειν αὐτόν· But he is not only absurd and extravagant, he holds opinions dangerous to society, destructive of private friendship! Ἔα αὐτόν. Let us not disturb our moments of repose—they are invaluable: they are prolonged by what we now enjoy,—music, eloquence, friendship.[3]

As the learned Haller justly says, "it never was the spirit of the church to press men, and persist in following those who rejected her authority into their retirement, she only opened to them when they chose to return and knock. Even when subjected to the monastic discipline, no one was to be compelled to follow the path of right life.[4] The civil laws and institutions of certain states, part of their system of government, are not to be charged upon religion, though the rulers of the church may not have had power to interfere in opposing them, and though ecclesiastics in civil offices may have forgotten that they were churchmen in discharging the tasks imposed upon them by the civil power. The origin of the Inquisition is traced to the law of Theodosius against the Manicheans, in the year 382,

[1] Diodorus, III, 4.
[2] Landor.
[3] Æschyl. Agam. 775.
[4] S. Anselmi Epist. LVIII.

and to the four edicts of the Emperor Frederick II in 1224, addressed to the secular judges. It was in consequence of these latter edicts of an emperor who was at war with the Holy See, and who seemed to favour Saracens more than Christians, that the punishment by fire was adopted against heretics by the different states of Europe; a measure too execrable to allow a thought of its absurdity. But what was the ecclesiastical punishment inflicted on the man who first introduced the heretical books of Luther into England? Pykas was ordered by the Bishop of London to distribute every week in Lent six shillings and eight pence in alms, sixteen pence to the prisoners of the Castle of Colchester, and eight pence to other prisoners there, and the rest in bread and herrings to the poor of that town.[1]

The civil power displayed a different spirit when it regarded heresy as a crime endangering the security of government. Even when disinterested, it was always cruel. In France, at one time, it condemned blasphemers to severe punishment. Louis IX increased that which had been awarded by Philip Augustus. Pope Clement IV had influence over him sufficient to check this excessive zeal, and the laws were rendered more mild. In England, under Mary, when the laws of the state were to take their course against persons, many of whom were guilty of high treason as well as of errors in faith, though it was the desire even of the government that the unhappy men might escape, Alphonso, a Spanish Greyfriar, confessor to the king, preached before him, and inveighed against the burning of men for conscience; and this he did, not out of policy and craft, as some moderns have basely intimated, but according to the lessons of holy men in every age of the church. Lord William Howard

[1] Strype, I, 7.

used an artifice to save one of the poor fanatics by changing the words of the test, and asking him whether he would be an honest man, as his father was before him? and so he answering yea, was discharged.[1] It was the conversion of England which was marked by the spirit of toleration: for Bede says of King Ethelbert, when he was converted to the faith by St. Augustin, that many of his subjects flocked to the church, "whose faith and conversion the king so far encouraged as not to compel any to embrace Christianity, but only to show more affection to the believers, as to his fellow-citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For he had learned from his instructors and leaders to salvation that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not of compulsion." Has the philosophy of the moderns added anything to improve this lesson?

XXIII. I know not what degree of censure the preceding remarks will appear to merit from men who have contracted a distrust of goodness. It must be confessed that it is utterly impossible to defend the spirit of our fathers in language that would be in unison with the sentiments which proceed

> ——————— From the tongue
> Of nations wanting virtue to be strong,
> Up to the measure of accorded might,
> And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

But although the immediate object in view should not have been obtained, I may assure myself with certainty of having secured one result, for a reference to the events of this calamitous period has prepared me for passing on to the subject which is to put an end to all these volumes: it has succeeded in imparting the tone of mind which should belong to him who approaches the termination of a voyage,

[1] Strype, XX.

which if not successful in the issue, was at least pursued with gladness; of a work which was commenced in youth, and which is in some measure associated with the happy dreams of that sweet age, of that golden hour in the human course when the rosy light of each morning brings with it fresh undaunted hope, the expectation of something still more worthy of the sentiment of life than any past experience of splendour or of joy. And if, for a moment, the eventful scenes of history should have betrayed a rude tongue to utter words opposed to love and gentleness, here it shall be seen that they did not spring from unfeeling levity of heart, that they were not aimed in the spirit of disdain and insult; the closing scene shall make amends, shall witness no pretence of triumph, no effort to rouse hostility; it shall be seen that in such a contest all are among the unhappy; and in these last moments of our Orlandus, for the children of our imagination must also die, the only desire of the soul shall be for separated friends, and the trumpet which we sound shall be not like that of heroic fame, which awakened the echoes of the pass at Cicera, calling for aid and vengeance, but resembling the plaintive tones from the tower of some prisoner youth who desires only to content his soul with boundless love and the sweet light of heaven, to bespeak the tear of sympathy, and to ask for an eternal bond of peace.

Slowly then, with grave and even sad thoughts, I would suppose my reader and myself journeying along a dark and rugged pathway, through a certain forest that I once traversed in Germany, where one evening about sunset we came to an opening, from which we descended upon a beautiful meadow. A large monastic building appeared at the extremity of the plain, whose towers still glittered above the deep shade of the wood which bounded it. Upon

arriving here we found a collection of cottages embowered in trees, where was a small inn which was to receive us; it was night-fall before we had arranged with our host, but as we were to proceed on our journey at an early hour the next morning, I determined to walk to the vast building which I had seen from the road. We were told that it was a monastery of Benedictine monks, who had been forced to leave it in the revolutionary wars; that two fathers only had survived, and that upon their decease it was feared that the building would be suffered to go to decay. A long avenue led to the gate, which stood open, and we walked through a spacious court, which gave solemn echoes to every sound. The moonlight shadows seemed to be the only inhabitants of that solitude; the vast corridors were silent and sad as night; we were told that the two remaining monks had retired to rest; another short year, perhaps, and the birds of sorrowful note would have undisputed possession. It is within these devoted walls on which even the morning sun so sadly shines that I would conclude my review of chivalry.

Every one who has studied the features of our heroic age, must have observed that a certain air of grave and calm majesty, bordering, perhaps, on the expression of sadness, entered not only into the grandeur of the knightly portrait, but even also into the grace of softest beauty; an air and countenance, on the other hand, far from exhibiting the gloom contracted by affectation of singularity, and from the despondence occasioned by a disordered and infirm constitution and a jaundiced heart, because they were perfectly compatible with the charm that manners draw from the genuine law of Nature, with that "ruddiness which the wind imprints on the cheek by its kisses"; and with the most perfect disposition to reap all the innocent

joys which can belong to youth and manhood, producing

> Features to old ideal grace allied,
> Amid their smiles and dimples dignified:
> Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth,
> The bland composure of eternal youth![1]

To verify this remark, we need not search for those knight Templars, who, having escaped from the hands of their persecutors, wandered over the earth in disguise;[2] nor need we confine our observation to those portraits which belong to what has been styled "the Pensive School." Every court and feudal hall will furnish examples. Let us take some promiscuously. "Il tenoit quelque peu de la nature mélancolique," says the old historian of Bayard; adding, that "his gravity was always accompanied with sweetness and affability." King Charles V, le Sage, is described as having a benign but serious countenance. Louis-le-Débonnaire was never known to laugh aloud, not even during the most splendid festivals, when players, buffoons, and minstrels attended his table. Charles of Lorraine, the last of the posterity of Charlemagne, on account of the subdued temper of his soul, is said to have always clothed himself in black. The venerable figure of René d'Anjou is painted with an air of melancholy; he is said to have worn a dress somewhat approaching to the style of monastic gravity, in order to denote the condition of his mind. It is a tradition concerning his noble queen, Isabella of Lorraine, that she was never known to laugh excepting at one piece of extravagance during the annual games of Tarasque. It was to fulfil part of the dreadful penance imposed upon him by the hermit, that Robert of Normandy "used ever for seven years to do some madde or merry conceyte, to cause the

[1] Wordsworth. [2] Chron. Fr. Pipin, 750.

emperor to laugh or be merry." So exactly did our ancestors act like the wise Athenian in Plato, when he advised that men should be acquainted with the scenes which give rise to laughter, in order that they might never, through ignorance, say or do anything ridiculous; all such mimicry being left to slaves and strangers hired for money.[1] It is said of the great Turenne, that he had a modest, serene, but often meditative air, which, by a mixture of the severe with the gracious, produced an expression that was difficult to be conveyed by painting.[2] Boucicaut was distinguished by this serious expression, which was attributed to his taste for poetry. Tasso, from his early youth, was remarkable for a grave and thoughtful countenance; he always wore black. Charles V latterly would go in black or sad stuff, only wearing the decoration of the Golden Fleece about his neck. Castiglione, speaking of the habit proper for a knight, says, "Nor would it be amiss if he inclined to the grave rather than to the gay. I think black the most becoming, and next to it, a dark dress; but I speak of ordinary apparel, not such as is fit for solemn festivals." Every one has heard that this air and tone were considered as indicating a high breeding. Thersites is a churl in every age.

> Yet I remember, when I was in France,
> Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
> Only for wantonness.[3]

So that, even where there are few knightly qualities, as in the character of Charles of Anjou, still Giovanni Villani speaks of a certain tone of solemn and affecting gravity. The first of Dante's friends, Guido, the son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, is described

[1] Plato, de Legibus, VII.
[2] Vie de Turenne par Ramsay, I, 587.
[3] Shakspeare.

by Dino Compagni as "a young and noble knight, brave and courteous, but of a lofty spirit, much addicted to solitude and study." This was that famous knight and poet, whom Dante esteemed worthy of traversing the three kingdoms of the dead. Sobieski, describing the heroic Duke of Lorraine, who commanded the imperial troops against the Turks, says, "Petite taille, gros-bon sens, mine mélancolique, parlant peu"; a gallant man, careless, almost shabby in his dress as in the harness of his horse; "mais avec tout cela il n'a pas la mine d'un marchand." When it was debated afterwards in the council, with respect to the manner in which the emperor should receive an elective king, it was this duke who cried out, "With open arms, since he has saved the empire." Baldwin the Good, Count of Flanders, is thus described in an old chronicle: "Il s'accoustroit tousiours fort honnestement, et d'une gravité convenable à un prince, et non comme un jongheleur, ou joueur de farces. Il estoit de peu de propos, mais ce qu'il disoit, avoit lieu."

Another instance is that of Don Sancho the Strong, or the Imprisoned, as he is sometimes styled, from whose deeds the arms of Navarre take their origin. At the battle of Muradal, in 1212, after his victory over the Moors, he stormed the camp of the Amirolmominin of Africa, which was secured by great chains of iron, which chains may now be seen borne on the shield of Navarre. This prince was styled the Imprisoned, because, towards the end of his life, after beholding the death of all his children, and being himself afflicted with a cruel distemper, he shut himself up in the old castle of Tudela, never shewing himself again to his subjects, and dying there after two years. The noblest writers of the French nation are willing to deny that the charge of levity can be proved against the

character of their countrymen in former times. "The idle life of the court," says Barante, describing that of Louis XIV, "the conversation of women, had destroyed that character of gravity which formerly belonged to the French, and had introduced a frivolity, which since that period has increased." Certainly the Joinvilles and Chatillons may be adduced in proof of this position. Trûe to nature, the writers of the romances of chivalry ascribe, without, perhaps, being aware of it, the same character to their heroes. The knights of the Round Table are for ever wandering among perilous forests and dark sierras.

In the history of the Palmerin of England, there is no knight who interests the reader more than the brave, unfortunate Floraman, who wore black armour, and made use of a shield whereon death was painted, calling himself the Knight of Death, or of the Tomb, as symbolical of the constant condition of his spirits; not but, though always unfortunate, he was able to prove himself a good knight and a man of honour. The last scene of Tirante the White seems, however, designed purposely to shew that men on earth can never taste of perfect felicity, and to remind them of the end to which they are hastening; for he dies at the moment when he is about to enjoy the first dignity of the world, and when twenty yards of the wall of Constantinople had been levelled, that he might enter in triumph at the head of his army. Ariosto represents a knight on a black horse, with only a white spot on his forehead:

> The horseman did his horse's colours show
> In his own dress; and hence might be divined,
> He, as the mournful hue o'erpowered the clear,
> Was less inclined to smile than mournful tear.[1]

[1] Canto XIX.

By order of Philippe of Burgundy, the knights of the order of the Golden Fleece were to appear in a different dress on each of the three days during the solemnity of St. Andrew, patron of the order; being clad on the second day so as to represent "le deuil des trépassés."[1] This habit of regarding all that is noble and beloved in existence with reference to its sublime but awful destiny, often gave rise to circumstances which are a mystery to the unthinking moderns. Thus, Martial d'Auvergne, wishing to record the glorious deeds and misfortunes of the prince whom he so dearly loved, Charles VII of France, entitled his poem "Vigiles de la Mort de Charles VII, à Neuf Pseaumes et Neuf Leçons," the form being taken from the office of the dead. In the time of Gregory of Tours, it was the custom of marriages, as it still continues in some countries, that on the day after the nuptials, the married pair were to be clad in deep mourning, and to assist at a mass of requiem for the parents of the two families; so that even crowns of roses were entwined with cypress. While Henry VI was crowned at Paris, Charles VII was recognized as king among the mountains of Velay, in the castle of Espailly, belonging to the Bishop of Puy. While the spectators cried "Long live King Charles VII," a chaplain of the castle was heard to add, "May his father, Charles VI, rest in peace." The courtiers loudly blamed the priest for disturbing their joyful acclamations with words of death; but the young king praised him, and said, "You did well to remind me that I shall also die like my father."[2] On the death of a grand master of the Teutonic order, it was ordained that the knights should choose some poor man, who was

[1] Hist. de la Chevalerie Françoise, par Gassier, p. 389.
[2] Vies des Capit. Français du Moyen Age, VI, 136.

to be lodged and entertained in the castle of Marienburg for the space of a year.[1]

The affecting motto which Pierre de Beauvau affixed to one of his books, was not without relation to the character of temporal chivalry. "Rien ne m'est plus; plus ne m'est rien." It was borne by Valentine of Milan, with the figure of an empty water-pot, with a view to verify the sentence in "The Imitation of Christ": "Mundi gloriam semper comitatur tristitia." The frequent indication of this spirit in our ancestors has struck many writers of history, and they have attempted to explain the fact by a reference to local and temporary circumstances of the middle ages. "When we consider," says Mr. Ellis, "our great feudal barons inhabiting their solitary 'dungeons,' without the use of letters, or the comforts of that mixed society which civilization has gradually introduced, we shall at first be tempted to suspect that the 'sadness of demeanour,' which was the characteristic of good breeding, arose from the dulness and uniformity of their lives! Yet," he continues, "the list of their amusements was extremely numerous."[2] Perhaps it is too true that often the views of the moderns, in reference to Christian antiquity, are sufficient of themselves to draw tears, and to produce the very phenomena which they attempt to explain. Other writers have dismissed the consideration of the fact as being only attractive to the sombre fancy of such men as have first drawn breath in that island, near setting suns, whose place is characteristic of its fortune:

> ——————— The western bound,
> Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
> Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
> The last pale gleaming of departing day.

[1] Voigt, Geschichte Marienburgs, 90.
[2] Specimens of Early English Poetry, I, p. 334.

Omitting to make mention of what is drawn from the light of faith, men should have been directed to other conclusions by observing that the same tone distinguished also the chivalry of the old world. I am aware that Schlegel and some philosophers have held, that melancholy was only the distinguishing character of the poetry of the north; but I can find no grounds for their opinion that, with the Greeks, human nature sufficed to itself; that it divined no vacuum; that it contented itself with aspiring to a kind of perfection, which its own powers could really enable it to obtain. The universal faith of the human race, the great primitive truths of religion, extended by tradition, could never have permitted men to lapse into such a state as this. Not to speak of the sages who received and inculcated these solemn doctrines, a very different conclusion must be drawn from beholding the dignified portraits in Plutarch, of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, of Aristides and Themistocles, of Cimon and Nicias, of Marcellus and Philopœmen, Publicola, Camillus, Pompey: he describes Timoleon spending many years of his life in solitude, wandering about the most gloomy parts of his grounds, and given up to melancholy; and he says that Fabius Maximus was as remarkable for silence and meditation as for magnanimity and lion-like courage. Minutius Felix says, "that all the brave men whom the Gentiles held up as examples, ærumnis suis inclyti floruerunt." Sir Philip Sidney, like Heraclitus, sought philosophy in solitude. "I enjoy my solitariness, the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles we see fly alone, and they are but sheep which always herd together." "In the animal," says another admirer of heathen antiquity, "the greatest and most sagacious of creatures hide themselves in woods and caverns, in morasses and solitudes, and we hear first

of their existence when we find their bones."[1] Pliny says that Crassus, the grandfather of Crassus who fought against the Parthians, was never known to laugh.[2] Plutarch affirms that Phocion never laughed. Petrarch takes notice that Scipio Africanus was a lover of solitude. Cicero says that sadness characterized his life. Cicero speaks of the great men of Rome opposed to the popular leaders, who received applause in the theatres, and suffrages in the assemblies, as being distinguished by a divine gravity.[3] "Witness the lofty souls of the Camilli, the Fabricii, and the Curii, evincing a kind of severe authority, which can no longer be found in our manner, or even in our books."[4] "If," he says, "with the Athenians, with the Greeks, longè a nostrorum hominum gravitate disjunctos, there were not wanting such men as Themistocles, Miltiades, and Aristides, despisers of pleasure, and with souls ready to endure all adversity for their country, what ought not we to perform, who, in the first place, have been born in a state which seems to have given birth to gravity and greatness of mind?"[5] He ascribes to Pythagoras and Pericles a character of the utmost authority, "sine ulla hilaritate."[6] What a spirit is evinced in the reply of Scipio to the ambassadors of Antiochus, when he concluded his expression of thanks for the present of his son's liberty with these words: "Aliis, Deos precor, ne unquam fortuna egeat mea; animus certe non egebit."[7] Cicero said, "speremus quæ volumus, sed quod acciderit, feramus." This mind, with the disposition to be astonished at no event, and to believe that there was nothing which might not happen,[8] produced that even and serene expression of coun-

[1] Landor.
[2] Hist. Nat. VII, 19.
[3] Pro P. Sextio.
[4] Pro M. Cœlio.
[5] Pro P. Sextio.
[6] De Officiis, I, 30.
[7] Livy, XXXVII, 36.
[8] Tuscul. III, 14.

tenance opposed to levity, indicating the unchangeable soul for which C.. Lælius was remarkable.[1] Cicero even affirms, that men are happy, not in mirth and indifference, in laughter and jesting, but often in their moments of sad firmness and constancy;[2] and that we are not constituted by nature for facetiousness and amusement, but rather for severity and for certain graver and greater studies.[3]

——— There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy.[4]

According to Homer, he who knew how to say,

——— ὅ τι οἱ εἶσαιτο γελοΐιον Ἀργείοισιν
ἔμμεναι· αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε.[5]

The ancients scorned the use of frivolous words,

——— studiumque immane loquendi.

They were accustomed to struggle with difficulties amidst scenes of peril which required a different spirit: "ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?" They cherished that susceptibility of profound feeling to which the tongue refuses to give utterance, as when Eurylochus returned to the Greeks and was silent, κῆρ ἄχεϊ μεγάλῳ βεβολημένος, or like the hero whom Socrates praised for saying, as he smote his breast,

τέτλαθι δὴ κραδίη· καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης.

It was thus that the Trojans burned their dead without uttering a word, oppressed with grief of heart;[6] and a similar tone is expressed in that heroic sentence, "feminis lugere honestum est, viris meminisse." Such also is Lucan's description of

[1] Cicero, de Officiis, I, 26.
[2] De Finibus, II, 21.
[3] De Officiis.
[4] Coleridge's Remorse.
[5] Il. II, 215.
[6] Il. VII, 427.

Pompey, when he represents him leaving the fatal plains of Pharsalia,

> Non gemitus, non fletus erat, salvaque verendus
> Majestate dolor, qualem te, Magne, decebat
> Romanis præstare malis.[1]

He was the same at his death:

> Continuitque animam, ne quas effundere voces
> Posset, et æternam fletu corrumpere famam.[2]

The severe majesty which the Greek soldiers feared and disliked in Clearchus, on ordinary occasions, was the object of their admiration in time of danger. Xenophon says, that then his gravity appeared all grace, and his severity a defence against the enemy; it was no longer severity but protection.[3] The same character belonged to M. Scaurus, and to M. Drusus even while a youth.[4] Aristotle remarked that all the great heroes and geniuses of the world had been inclined to melancholy: and he cites the example of Hercules, Lysander, Socrates, and Plato.[5]

All the great poets of antiquity, Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, like Shakspeare, Luis de Leon, Calderon, Camoens, Corneille, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Schiller, and Goethe, have thrown a melancholy tinge over their grandest creations. What a shade is cast over the spirit of Thucydides and Tacitus! their sentiments are evidently too profound to find relief from tears. Sainte-Croix says, that even Herodotus evinces an occasional tone of melancholy. One might suppose that at least the view of the most happy regions of the earth would dictate expressions of unclouded joy; but it is not so: Diodorus Siculus describes that beautiful

[1] Lib. VII, 679. [2] VIII, 613. [3] Anab. II, 6.
[4] Cicero, de Officiis, I, 30. [5] Problem. Sect. 30.

country of Arabia Felix, where the whole region is sweet with the most delicious fragrance arising from odoriferous shrubs and trees, insomuch that Alexander, sailing on the ocean, discovered it by these fragrant odours: there by the sea-shore grow the balsam and the cassia, and farther inland there are the aromatic cane, and the frankincense-tree, and the myrrh, the palm-tree, and the cinnamon, and innumerable other sweet-smelling plants and trees; so that the whole air breathes a divine fragrance which no tongue can describe, and gentle winds waft it over the sea, and men may imagine that they inhale that ambrosia of which the poets sing; "and yet for all this, observe," says the historian, "how fortune never imparts complete happiness to man, but yokes evil and danger with her best gifts, and thus provides a remedy for those who are liable, through the continuance of prosperity, to despise the gods: for, amidst these odoriferous groves, there is a multitude of poisonous serpents, whose sting is mortal and irremediable.[1]

It is with the same spirit that Pausanias traversed Greece. One half of his account is occupied in the description of tombs.

Such then are the facts of history; such are the features of the heroic character. If we proceed to trace the causes which produce them, we shall find them both general and particular; general, affecting all ages; particular, as arising from the Christian philosophy, fully revealed. Let us begin with those which are natural and common to men in all times. Aristotle, as we have already seen, not only remarked the fact, but held, that persons of this disposition had something foreknowing and peculiarly divine in their souls.

Favorinus laid it down as a maxim, that melan-

[1] Lib. III, 46, 47.

choly did not belong to little and abject minds, ἀλλὰ εἶναι σχεδόν τι τὸ πάθος τοῦτο ἡρωϊκόν.[1]

Interest multum Davusne loquatur an heros.

The teachers of the new philosophy never dreamt that this might be true; they succeeded in making what Berkeley called "a merry nation, in which young men laughed at the old, children despised their parents, and subjects made a jest of the government." They made the world the judge, and there are some feelings which are too tender to be suffered by the world. It throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own: "I cannot but think," says an English author, "in those regions which I contemplate, if there is anything of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist." The poet cannot even conceive heaven without them; he seems to have before his eye the angels and visions which are painted in our churches, when he says,

> In his deportment, shape, and mien appear'd
> Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
> Brought from a pensive, though a happy place.

If it be asked, why men should be thus disposed, it might be a sufficient reply, that they are so not from choice, but because such is the order of nature, or the will of God; but what the cause is, not wot I. Mark the period of greatest enjoyment. There is a heaviness of heart which youth alone can feel, and which youthful spirits alone can conquer. It is easy to jest upon the melancholy and fears of the young, who may start at their own shadow, still these are sometimes their portion. "Puer dicitur ex ploratu," says St. Augustin. Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ ἦρος τὰ μελαγχολικά, is the character which Hippocrates ascribes to the spring; and the poet speaks of one,

[1] A. Gell. Noct. Attic. XVIII, 7.

> ——— like pensive morn,
> Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
> Ere humbler gladness be afloat.[1]

These remarks are true, in reference to the life of man. The spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and gives green turf to bind upon our graves; and youth, the morning of man's day, brings imagination, and beauty, and love, to furnish out the sad tale upon our monuments. That shade in the Æneid had but the colouring of life.

> Egregium forma juvenem et fulgentibus armis,
> Sed frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu.

Mark again the enjoyments and adventures of mature chivalry. With what feelings do we read the last books of Xenophon's Anabasis, where enthusiasm, imagination, and everything generous in the aspirations and powers of man are found unable to struggle long against the dismal realities of common life. "All raptures," says Tieck, "must in the first instance make way for melancholy, nay, they are identical with it." Coleridge has the same thought,

> O we have listened even till high-wrought pleasure
> Hath half assumed the countenance of grief.[2]

"No picture," says Southwell, "can be drawn of the brightest colours, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles. Shadows are needful in expressing of proportions, and the bass is a principal part in perfect music." Socrates makes the same remark when the irons are taken from his feet in the prison a short time before his death.

But if the soul of man did not of its own accord respond to this tone, the operations of nature in the events of life would almost necessarily impart it.

[1] Wordsworth. [2] Remorse.

Witness first the rapid course of time. I am speaking of causes which may exist without the light of faith. An ancient English writer thus describes one who was returning from a visit to the place of his education, the year before his death: As he journeyed home, he said to a friend, "How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true; that my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sate when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares, and those to be enjoyed when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood; but age and experience have taught me that these were but empty hopes. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death."

Upon the death of Silius Italicus, Pliny remarks to his friend, that he was the last who had held the consulship under Nero, and this makes him reflect how short is the longest life of man. "An non videtur tibi Nero modo fuisse, quum interim ex iis, qui sub illo gesserant consulatum, nemo jam superest." Lucius Piso used to say, that he saw no one in the senate whose opinion he had asked when he was consul; and Pliny thinks, that the tears of Xerxes merit not mere pardon but praise.

"The nearer I approach to the last day which shortens human misery, the more I can discern the

rapidity of time, and the deceitful hopes that I founded on it, vanish away." This was Petrarch's reflection.[1] Dryden had to endure similar thoughts, when age, and want, and neglect, and persecution, in consequence of his conversion to the Catholic faith, obliged him to abandon the work which he had intended for the honour of his native country, a grand epic poem, either of King Arthur, or of Edward the Black Prince, and to seek support by writing for the stage at a time when nothing pleased but obscenity. Still more pathetic are the lines of Camoens. Towards the end of the Lusiad he speaks of himself for the first time; as he approached the close of his labour, his genius seemed borne down by sorrow.

> No more the summer of my life remains,
> My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
> Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes,
> Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,
> The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain
> My anchor never to be weigh'd again;
> Never on other sea of life to steer
> The human course.[2]

To behold Achilles, who was soon to be cut off by a premature fate, spending in sorrow and tears his little space of remaining youth, was a sight to make heaven weep. Thetis pities him.

> Ὤμοι, τέκνον ἐμόν, τί νύ σ' ἔτρεφον αἰνὰ τεκοῦσα;
> Αἴθ' ὄφελες παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀδάκρυτος, καὶ ἀπήμων
> Ἧσθαι· ἐπεί νύ τοι αἶσα μίννιθά περ, οὔτι μάλα δήν·
> Νῦν δ' ἅμα τ' ὠκύμορος καὶ ὀϊζυρος περὶ πάντων
> Ἔπλεο· τῷ σε κακῇ αἴσῃ τέκον ἐν μεγάροισι.[3]

The charm of the poetry of Anacreon and Horace arises from their having mixed their bacchic pleasures with regrets, and fears, and darkness. Martial says that the gods desire that men should

[1] Son. 25. [2] Lusiad, X. [3] Il. I, 414.

constantly think of death.[1] The ancients were certainly convinced that the end of man was not advanced by a life of pleasure.[2] It is the remark of a fine writer, that all the wise, and the best, and bravest men of the world, even in the days of their joy and festival egressions, have chosen to throw some ashes into their chalices, some sober remembrances of their fatal period. Such was the black shirt of Saladin, the tombstone presented to the Emperor of Constantinople on his coronation day; the Egyptian skeleton served up at feasts, and Trimalcion's banquet in Petronius, in which was brought in the image of a dead man's bones. Certainly to the unguarded imagination the mere prospect of human life is tearful, particularly for the good, for those who love youth and innocence.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Adferet, indomitæque morti.

We have the same in Ovid.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt, freno non remorante, dies.[3]

Holy men employed similar ideas. "A falcon moves with great swiftness after a heron; but all her speed is dull in respect of that of time and death, which run like an armed horseman to lay hold on thee." This is what Eusebius Nieremberg says.[4] The course of time is also affecting when viewed with reference to nations, and to the world itself. The historian who examines the history of the first great families of men, must feel like one who goes down

[1] Lib. II, in Sext.
[2] Menand. ap. Euseb. Præp. Ev. XIII, 13. [3] Fasti, VI.
[4] Treatise on the difference between temporal and eternal, I, 11.

into catacombs and sepulchral vaults, where he beholds tombs "doting with age, having forgotten the names of their owners."

"As there are creatures," says a great German writer, "of races that seem to have outlived a period of other forms, which look like strangers, left to languish in an altered world, so the Pelasgians, in that part of history to which our monuments and traditions reach, appear only in a state of ruin and decay. The old traditions spoke of them as a race pursued by the heavenly powers with never-ending calamities; and the traces of their abode in very widely distant regions, occasioned the fancy that they had roamed about from land to land to escape from these afflictions. There was a time when the Pelasgians were perhaps the most widely spread people in Europe, though, when the genealogists wrote, all that remained of this immense race were solitary, detached, widely scattered relics; such as those of the Celtic tribes in Spain, like mountain-peaks, towering as islands when floods have turned the lowlands into a sea."

To the rapidity of time must be added the contrasts of life, acting with such dreadful effect upon a creature like man, whose soul has a sense of its origin and destination in a state of sublime perfection, unsusceptible of change.

"I was in the city of Bordeaux," says Froissart, after relating the death of Richard II, "and sytting at the table, when Kyng Richard was borne, the which was on a Wednesday, about ten of the clocke. The same tyme there came there as I was, Sir Richard Pountchardon, Marshal as then of Acquytayne, and he said to me, 'Froissart, write and put in memorie that as now my lady princesse is brought abeed with a fayre son on this twelve daye, that is the day of the thre kyngs, and he is son to a kyng's son, and shall be a kyng.' This gentyll

knight said trouthe, for he was kyng of England twenty-two yere: but when this knyght sayd these wordes, he knew full lytell what shulde be his end."

In our ancient Christian paintings a whole history is sometimes represented, in order to impress the beholder with a sense of these contrasts. In the picture of the blessed Virgin and holy child, by Dürer, the figures are in a foreground representing a garden with a crystal fountain, and the banks enamelled with beautiful flowers. All is serenity and delight; but direct your eye to the distant ground, and mark that little cross planted on an eminence, so far off as to be but barely discernible; near it is a city in flames; a range of blue mountains closes the scene. The cross and the persecution of future Christians is present to the mind of the artist, while he paints in smiles the infant Jesus reposing in the arms of Mary. The feeling Germans still gaze upon such paintings with deep interest. "The limpid water swells over the flowery bank," they observe; "the hills and valleys smile, and the fountain causes a sweet sound; but ah! wo worth the while that even already the cross must be lifted up to the mind's eye."

Desultory reading and the habit of declamation may reconcile men to speak with indifference as to the sufferings incident to the wretched life of man. "Literary debauchery," says a philosopher, "is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world, than sensual debauchery. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and as heart-hardening as mere sense."[1] When both are united, it may be for a time a merry world, but without doubt in heroic ages a sense of the human condition was sufficient to produce at times the dark-vested soul, μελαγχίτων φρήν, as

[1] Guesses at Truth, I, 299.

Æschylus terms it.[1] The father of poetry makes Jupiter himself declare his pity for the horses which are to share the sufferings of man, than whom, he says, the earth nourishes no animal more miserable.

Ἆ δειλώ, τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι
Θνητῷ, ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε·
Ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;
Οὐ μὲν γάρ τί που ἐστὶν ὀϊζυρώτερον ἀνδρὸς
Πάντων, ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἐπιπνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει.[2]

Tearful is the epithet which he gives to the subject of his muse. If he is to paint the glory of a hero he qualifies his words by adding,

——— μινυνθάδιος γὰρ ἔμελλεν
Ἔσσεσθ'[3] ———————

If the prosperity and wealth, he makes him confess

ὡς οὗτοι χαίρων τοῖσδε κτεάτεσσιν ἀνάσσω.

And when he charms him with sweet music, it is but to make him weep:[4] his life is full of desires no longer to live or behold the light of the sun;[5] and his death is represented in colours of unutterable gloom.[6]

Ulysses leaves his companions that he may wander alone through the forests of the Island of the Sun. In all these instances we may trace the great tradition of the human race, the operation of the same cause defying the boasted remedy, τὴν παυσίλυπον ἄμπελον. Behold fallen man; man, the victim of an ancient crime. "Quare misero data est lux, et vita his qui in amaritudine animæ sunt?"[7]

[1] Persæ, 114.
[2] XVII, 443.
[3] Il. XV, 612.
[4] Od. VIII, 531.
[5] Od. X, 497.
[6] Od. XI, 487.
[7] Job III, 20.

What dreadful images of human calamity seem to have been present to the imagination of the ancients!

> Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum, ignemque, Jovemque,
> Sustinuit toties; unam non sustinet iram;
> Invictumque virum vincit dolor.[1]

Lucan's line, so full of horror, and expressive of the profoundest sadness of heart, might, no doubt, have been applied to many who wanted the light of faith,

> Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

It did not escape observation that the wicked often appeared to be more fortunate than the good.[2]

> Rough wind, that moanest loud
> Grief too sad for song;
> Wild wind, when sullen cloud
> Knells all the night long;
> Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
> Bare woods, whose branches stain,
> Deep caves and dreary main,
> Wail for the world's wrong![3]

Socrates was ready to believe that those whom the gods love die young.[4] With the Greeks ὁ μακάριος was used for ὁ νεκρός; with the Latins "felices" stood for "mortui." The minister of the Eleven expressed his astonishment at Socrates not wishing, like other condemned prisoners, to put off as long as possible drinking the fatal cup; for all whom he had ever before guarded were clamorous for a little delay; "Behold the sun hath not set, still it gilds the mountains, and many have continued to drink after it has set, and have even supped, so hasten us not, for there is yet time."

[1] Ovid, Met. XIII, 1.
[2] Eurip. Helen, 1213, Hecuba. Aristoph. Nubes.
[3] Shelley. [4] Æschinis Socrat. de Morte, 5.

They acted wisely, for they thought it advantageous to live: but not so Socrates, for to him it was gain to die. Simonides, Menander, Pindar, Sophocles, and Euripides can only endure life by cherishing

> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of their sorrow.

Time would fail me were I to shew from the divine poems of the ancients ὡς καταδύρονται τὸ ζῆν. Even the minister of heaven is made to declare that it is only the flowing of the grape which can appease the grief of wretched men.

——— ἵν' οὐκ ἔστ' ἄλλο φάρμακον πόνων.[1]

"What is the greatest part of the poems of Homer?" asks Maximus of Tyre; "wars and passions, and threats and anger. And the end of these things? Lamentations and groans and death."[2] How terribly sublime is the calm tone of sympathy which a reflection on the miseries of human life extorts from a fierce conqueror! as when Achilles receives the suppliant Priam;

> Ἆ δειλέ, ἦ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ' ἄνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
> Πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἷος,
> Ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμούς, ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
> Υἱέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειον νύ τοι ἦτορ·
> Ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ κατ' ἄρ' ἕζεν ἐπὶ θρόνου· ἄλγεα δ' ἔμπης
> Ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ·
> Οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο.
> Ὣς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι,
> Ζώειν ἀχνυμένοις. αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσί.[3]

"I am now, indeed, worthy of pity," says the old king, "I have done what no other mortal has ever endured, I have raised to my lips the hand of him who slew my son."

[1] Eurip. Bacchæ, 280. [2] Dissert. VI, 4.
[3] Il. XXIV, 517.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
Οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε·
Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
Ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν,
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι·

What solemn and doleful chant is this? The heroic breast is laid bare in these opening tones of the Iliad. Do we expect more from the festivities and the beautiful feasts of the Athenians? *ἀλλὰ ἑορτάζουσι μισοῦντες καὶ μισούμενοι.* It is a war, not a festivity. With the Lacedæmonians fair are the Gymnopædiæ and the solemn Hyacinthian chorus, but Agesilaus envies Lysander, and Agesipolis hates Agis, and Cinadon conspires against the kings, and Philanthus against the Ephors, and the Partheniæ against the Spartans. I will not trust the festivity till I can see the guest's friends.[1] Where is the city which has not resembled that which Homer says Vulcan represented on the golden shield, in which were wars and revolutions and devastations and battles and cries of terror and sorrow and groans?

The last lines of Œdipus Tyrannus seem to have been always present to the imagination of those who beheld grandeur. Agesilaus had checked those who extolled the happiness of the King of Persia. "Have patience," he said, "for even King Priam was not unfortunate at his age." Such were the views of the philosophers respecting life;[2] nor did the race of men pass before the poet's mind in less mournful semblance.

——————— As cranes
Chanting their dolorous notes traverse the sky
Stretched out in long array: so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom.[3]

[1] Max. Tyr. VI, 8. [2] Max. Tyr. Dissert. XLI, 3.
[3] Dante, Hell, V.

Melancholy is also the tone of history. The reigns of the five first Valois in France, like the contentions of York and Lancaster, have been compared by an historian to a dark tragedy, containing one complete action.[1] What term is left for the religious wars of Europe? It only remains to say, with the Roman historian, "Hujus totius temporis fortunam nec deflere quidem quisquam satis digne potuit, adeo nemo exprimere verbis potest."[2]

There was, besides, the consideration of the adversity which seemed peculiarly reserved for all eminent wisdom and goodness, whether belonging to individuals or to generations of men. "Socrates was poor, Socrates was hideous, laughed at in comedies, cast into prison, died where Timagoras met with his end: what have we to oppose to this? Is it for Socrates to contend with the crowd for abundance of good? Do you not behold that he was surpassed by Callias in riches, in beauty of person by Alcibiades, in honour by Pericles, in glory by Nicias, in the theatre by Aristophanes, in the courts by Melitus? In vain did Apollo give him the palm; in vain did he present him with the crown of victory."[3] It was an old observation, that wherever the heroic character was inclined to a forgetfulness of evil, some approaching calamity might have been predicted, something by which, as an ancient writer says, "God breaks the heart into a thousand fragments of contrition rather than break the bones in the ruins of the grave and hell." There was not a man among the Romans that did not sympathize with Paulus Æmilius, who was remarkable for the constant gaiety of his temper, in the misfortunes which overtook him. "All were shocked," says Plutarch, "at the cruelty of fortune, which scrupled not to in-

[1] Levesque, La France sous les cinq premiers Valois, 377.
[2] Vel. Patercul. II, 67. [3] Max. Tyr. XXXIX, 5.

troduce such deep distress into a house that was full of pleasure, of joy, and festal sacrifices, and to mix the songs of victory and triumph with the mournful dirges of death." Some thought that this remark held even with respect to nations.

The ancients do not seem to have been entirely insensible to the wisdom of such ordinations.

> Scilicet interdum miscentur tristia lætis;
> Ne populum toto pectore festa juvent.[1]

"Quam utile est," says Pliny,[2] "ad usum secundorum per adversa venisse!" and the notions which the Greeks and other nations of the East entertained of the ultimate danger consequent upon a long course of uninterrupted prosperity may not have arisen without the aid of such considerations. Certain it is, that the most devout and heroic of princes have been experienced in suffering, while dull, prosaic persons, hard-hearted, unmerciful, selfish men, hypocrites and traitors, and ignoble, luxurious Sybarites, have prospered, and even obtained a certain degree of honour from posterity. As the unfortunate King Edward said to his faithful nobles, "Par demorer emprès moi, vous devenez maleureux comme moi, riches toutefois et resplendissans en honneur par léauté monstrée, laquelle est la gloire et la corone des vaillans hommes."[3] What a contrast did the world present in the fortunes of two contemporary princes, Louis XI and René d'Anjou! How fortune smiles on the political genius of the French Tiberius! how all chances disappoint the knightly soul of the Angevin Titus! The vicious prince gains new provinces; the virtuous prince gains only "loz-en-croissant."[4] René d'Anjou, at the grand tournament, "l'emprise de la gueule du

[1] Ovid, Fast. VI. [2] Panegyr.
[3] Chronique de Chastellain, chap. CCCXLIII.
[4] The motto of the Order founded by René.

dragon," appeared in black armour, with a shield sable with silver tears, semé, his lance black, and his horse covered with black down to the ground.[1] This was to denote his affliction for the loss of his mother, and of his son, and the departure of Marguerite d'Anjou for England. But it seems to have been a mournful presage of the fortunes which awaited him. The deaths of Isabella of Lorraine, his queen; of Jean of Anjou, his cherished son, sudden and mysterious, in whom he had placed all his pride and glory; the misfortunes of his daughter Marguerite in England, her defeat at Tewkesbury, the murder of her son, her captivity in the Tower of London; the death of his only brother, the Count du Maine, whose death left him the last of a family once so flourishing and numerous; the cruel persecution of Louis XI visiting him in his old age,—these repeated blows too mournfully justified the dolorous and premature emblem. It is difficult to picture a more melancholy spectacle than that of this generous prince, if his peaceful and sublime spirit did not render him rather the object of envy than of pity. Solitude and tears were, however, his repeated and only solace, whether in the sorrowful tower of Bar at Dijon, or at his castle of Beauge, or of Angers, always, as he is styled on his tomb, "bello simul et pace clarus, sed infelix." It seems the astrologers employed themselves in endeavouring to discover why a person so chivalrous, brave, and wise should have been so unfortunate, and that they determined it to have arisen from his having been born under Jupiter with Mars contrary. "But I say," continues the old historian of Bayard, that "neither Jupiter nor Mars was the cause, but only the will of God." Moreover, the best and most generous men are those who feel most for the mise-

[1] Hist. de René d'Anjou, tom. II, p. 13.

ries of others, of which they may be the innocent instruments. It is thus that Prince Arthur complained:

> I would that I were low laid in my grave,
> I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

The illustrious house of Montmorenci descended from Charlemagne, deriving its cry from having produced the first convert to Christianity in France, who was martyred with St. Denis, is said to have been always distinguished by the benediction of heaven, and yet, like the Æacidæ, a divine power seems always to cover with darkness the departing spirit of its heroes. Open their history, and how mournful is it to view the succession of these religious and virtuous men who were cut off in the prime of life, or who fled from a world which was become intolerable to them! Take them as they occur in the pages of Desormeaux. Thibault de Montmorenci went to the crusade in 1173; died in 1190, a Cistercian monk in the Abbey of Notre Dame du Val. Bouchard V de Montmorenci died the eve before setting out for the crusade under Philip Augustus. Josselin de Montmorenci killed at the siege of Acre. Jacques died on a voyage to the Holy Land. Mathieu III went to the crusade with St. Louis, and died of the plague at Tunis. Philippe de Montmorenci II, beheaded by order of Philippe II. Floris de Montmorenci, his brother, poisoned or slain in the castle of Simancas. Louis de Montmorenci died on a pilgrimage to Santiago in Spain. Jean de Montmorenci, governor of Steimbergues, died a Carthusian monk. Louis de Montmorenci slain at the taking of Ostend, and his body thrown into the sea. Hervé de Montmorenci, constable of Ireland, after a life of chivalry dies a monk in Canterbury. Anne de Montmorenci, constable of France, the venerable and religious hero,

died of his wounds received in the battle of St. Denis.. Gabriel de Montmorenci, slain at Dreux. Georges de Montmorenci, killed at the siege of Arras. Gui X, of the branch of Laval, slain at Roche-Derrien. Gui XI made prisoner in the same battle, and died immediately on regaining his freedom. Gilles, Mareschal of France, executed full of repentance. Gui, Marquis of Nesle, died of his wounds received in the battle of Ivry, fighting for Henry IV. Gui Andun de Montmorenci Laval, slain in the battle of Hastembecke. François de Montmorenci, Comte de Boutteville, beheaded for having fought a duel, an action for which so many other nobles had been pardoned, though he fought not to shed blood, but through a fatal compliance with a prevailing custom; lastly, Henry II, Duc de Montmorenci, his cousin, beheaded in the reign of Louis XIII for having resisted the unjust policy of the king's minister.

Suffering not only seems the natural attendant upon chivalry, but it is even an earnest of renown. It is true, the name of Nicias did not appear on the column which the Athenians erected in the Academy to commemorate those who fell in Sicily, on account of his having voluntarily surrendered,[1] but what is an inscription upon one column to the tribute of tears which will be paid to his memory in every country as long as the page of Thucydides shall endure? Amidst the multiplied trials of the moral world, it is hard to live with honour and with constant prosperity, at least it is hard for men who are raised above the vulgar to unite both. It was the conviction of this truth which produced the great feature of Shakspeare's Hamlet. His words,

O cruel spite, that ever I was born to set it right,

[1] Pausanias, I, 29.

may be compared with those of Electra in Sophocles,[1] and with those of Neoptolemus in the Philoctetes.[2] As soon as Henry II, duc de Montmorenci, heard of the fruitless endeavours of his friends to save him, he gave up all hopes of life, and contemplated his fate with resignation. The day when he was removed from the prison of Lectoure to Toulouse, he had spent several hours in looking through the grated windows of the castle at a crowd of country peasants occupied with the vintage, whose gaiety afforded such a contrast to his own condition.[3] Thus it must often be with those who will choose the side of honour. And mark that such men were not unfrequently called to suffering even when honour would not require them to embrace it. The Floraman of romance was realized in that accomplished knight, Guidobaldo, son of the Duke of Urbino, who is described by Castiglione as having been always unfortunate, whether in war or peace, though a person of the most consummate wisdom and invincible courage. Examples of this kind carried desolation into the minds of the ancients, who wanted the light of faith. Thucydides indeed, concluding his sorrowful history with the death of Nicias, is still able to retain the calm and reserved majesty of his style, only saying, "This was the manner of his death, who, of all the Greeks to my time, was least worthy of coming to such an end":[4] but ordinary men were filled with horror at such instances; they ascribed them to the ascendancy of Saturn, and they accused Heaven. It was thus that Germanicus said with his last breath, "Si fato concederem, justus mihi dolor etiam adversus Deos esset, quod me parentibus, liberis, patriæ, intra juventam præmaturo exitu raperent." Their death corresponds with the

[1] 608. [2] 957. [3] Desormeaux, III, 415. [4] VII, 86.

gloomy chant of the poet, when he says of Patroclus,

> Ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη ἀϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
> Ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην·

resembling that of Turnus, when, after a last effort to propitiate fortune, the belt of the boy Pallas, which he wore round his shoulder, is discovered by Æneas; when even so minute an accident is forced to conspire against him, he knows that it is in vain to struggle with his unrelenting destiny, and yields his indignant bosom to the stroke.

> ——— Ast illi solvuntur frigore membra
> Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

Moreover, without considering life so deeply, the habits and experience of heroic men were sufficient to form their minds to this tone. The knight had generally seen much of life in distant countries, and, like the hero of Homer, he could tell of many things, παλαιά τε, πολλά τε εἰδώς. Perceforest breaks out on one occasion, "Beau sire Dieu voyrement nest il lyesse fors seullement celle qui tousjours dure, car il nest homme vivant en ceste vie mortelle qui nait plus d'amer que de doulx."[1] The knightly countenance was remarkable among a thousand for that expression which so struck Penelope upon seeing Ulysses in the disguise of a poor wanderer, πολυπλάγκτῳ γὰρ ἔοικεν. His device might have been that chosen by the brave Olivier de la Marche—"Tant a souffert!" In the solitude of a night-watch, or in the gay circle of an assembly, he met

> ——— Contending themes,
> That press'd upon him, crossing the career
> Of recollections, vivid as the dreams
> Of midnight,—cities—plains—forests,
> And mighty streams![2]

[1] Tome II, f. 16.

[2] Wordsworth.

And we have Shakspeare's word for it, that this, like "sweet music," will banish mirth.

> ——— ὅτ' ἀναΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅστ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν
> γαῖαν ἐληλουθὼς, φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ,
> ἔνθ' εἴην, ἢ ἔνθα, μενοινήσειέ τε πολλά.[1]

"They say you are a melancholy fellow," are the words of Rosalind to Jacques. "I am so; I do love it better than laughing. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplations of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." The knight was well instructed in the gests and fortunes of the ancient heroes, of whose sufferings and of his own he might say, like Nestor,

> ——— Τίς κεν ἐκεῖνα
> Πάντα γε μυθήσαιτο καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων;
> Οὐδ', εἰ πεντάετὲς γε καὶ ἑξάετες παραμίμνων
> Ἐξερέοις.

"O what grief!" says one who beheld the departure of the crusaders. "What sighs! what tears! what wailing among friends, when husbands left their wives and children so dear to them, their possessions, their father, or mother, or brethren, or relations! And although those who were to remain shed as many tears, yet nothing could move them from their resolution to leave all that they possessed for the love of God, undoubtedly believing that they would receive from our Lord an hundred-fold,

[1] Il. XV, 80.

which he hath promised to those who follow him."[1] The account which Joinville gives of his own departure is a most pathetic passage. After relating how he went barefooted as far as Bleicourt, to beg the divine blessing, he says that he took care not to turn his head to the side of Joinville, for the sight of his castle, which contained his two children, would have cut him to the heart. When St. Bernard spoke to the Emperor Conrad in Spiers on the subject of the crusade, and the debt of gratitude which we owe to our Saviour, the emperor was moved to tears, and resolved to take up the cross. Youth, you say, had hope.

> To hope! what hope is that whose clearest ray
> Is drench'd with mother's tears?[2]

The Duke of Suabia, hearing of the departure of his son for the Holy Land, died of grief. To understand this subject, one must study awhile. As poor King Richard says in Shakspeare,

> Let us tell sad stories of the death of kings!

Upon the floor in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, there is a gravestone with neither name nor date, prayer, text, nor symbol; nought but one word graven to denote him who lies heneath. "Miserrimus"! "Most wretched one," cries the poet; "who chose his epitaph?"

> ——— ——— ——— Himself alone
> Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
> And claim, among the dead, this awful crown.[2]

What stores lie buried in the bosom of private men, respecting those "who have no claim, as the world says." What events may be read, recorded in the Old Chest, of their families, in songs of

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 385. [2] Wordsworth.

grief, unsuited to the lyre, ἀλύροις ἐλέγοις. Yes, without doubt,

> There are memories that make the heart a tomb.

Hear the monk in Chaucer:

> Is it of tragedies you bid me tell?
> Of these I have a hundred in my cell.

What an example is the history of Count Philip on the Rhine![1] ἰὼ πανοιζὺς ἑστία! It is the remark of Wilken, that two of the greatest Paladins of the first crusade, Robert, Count of Flanders, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, found no rest or peace when they returned home. One misfortune followed another, till at last an unhappy death terminated their labours. Robert of Normandy, after delivering the Holy Land, was kept by his brother for eight and twenty years, till his death, a prisoner in the castle of Cardiff, in Glamorganshire; and Robert, Count of Flanders, whom the Turks and Arabs used to name "the son of St. George," for his surpassing chivalry, and who led so holy a life, after his return from the crusade, that Pope Paschal II said of him, "Qui reversus ab Hierusalem Syriæ in Cœlestem Hierusalem operibus ire contendit," was slain in an inglorious engagement on a bridge over the Marne. Had not men reason to bind a helmet with a cypress? The Earl of Dorset, in the reign of Queen Mary, composed the Mirroure for Magistrates, wherein we read,

> Of hem that stode in grete prosperite,
> And be fallen out of her high degree.

Let us view this tearful procession of history. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, uncle

[1] Voight, Rheinische Geschichten, III, 166; and the Ballad in the Rheinische Bilder.

to Richard II, murdered in 1397. Lord Mowbray, preferred and banished by the same king in 1398. King Richard II, deposed in 1399. Owen Glendour, the pretended Prince of Wales, starved to death in 1401. Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, executed at York in 1407. Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, executed at Southampton in 1415. Thomas Montague, Earl of Salisbury, in 1428. William de la Pool, Duke of Suffolk, banished for destroying Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in 1450. Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and his son, the Earl of Rutland, killed in 1460. Lord Clifford, in 1461. Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, in 1470. Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, and his brother John Lord Montacute, killed in the battle of Barnet, in 1471. King Henry VI, murdered in the Tower of London, in 1471. George Plantagenet, third son of the Duke of York, murdered by his brother Richard in 1478. Sir Anthony Woodville, Lord Rivers and Scales, governor of Prince Edward, murdered with his nephew, Lord Grey, in 1483. Lord Hastings, betrayed by Catesby, and murdered in the Tower by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in 1483. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, slain in Bosworth Field by Henry VII, in 1485. Edmund, Duke of Somerset, killed in the first battle of St. Albans, in 1454. Nor does the history of other kingdoms present a different spectacle. Take Boccacio's nine books, De Casibus Virorum illustrium; or that by George Chastelain, entitled, "Le Temple de la Ruine de quelques Nobles Malheureux"; or review the fortunes even of the learned and studious in the treatise by Valeriano, "De Litteratorum Infelicitate."

Out on ye, owls!—nothing but songs of death!

Men complain, and yet listen; for he knew well the heart of chivalry who said,

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

There were events, such for instance as the fate of the illustrious house of Carrara, in the fourteenth century, which might well have cast a darkness on their spirit. It was in 1389 when Francis di Carrara and his wife escaped from the hands of Galeazzo Visconti, who had succeeded in effecting a revolution at Padua, and driving him from the throne of his ancestors. The illustrious fugitives, disguised as German pilgrims, travelled on foot, sometimes passing the night in a half-ruined church, and at others on the straw in the stable of inns. At length, after a multitude of adventures and misfortunes, he succeeded by the force of his genius and virtue, and undaunted perseverance, in recovering the throne of his ancestors, and was received with joy and triumph, on the 20th of June, 1390. It was in the Grand Place of Padua that intelligence of his complete success came to the prince. Francis di Carrara fell upon his knees in the midst of the people, and thanked God aloud for such mercy, acknowledging his own unworthiness! Alas! to think of the shortsightedness of man—of the vanity of his best hopes—of the inscrutable judgments of the Almighty! History in another page records that Padua was taken by the Venetians in 1405, that its gentle prince, Francis di Carrara, though beloved by his people, was obliged to submit to superior force, and to surrender his person on the condition of safety. It goes on to relate how the prince consented to embark with his son for Venice, under the escort of Galeazzo and Francis di Molino. On their arrival in the quarter of St. George, the people were heard to cry, "Death for the Carraras!" The following day the two

princes were introduced before the council, thence were led to prison, where they found James Carrara, the prince's second son, who had been there for five months, a youth of the highest promise, praised even by the bitterest enemy of his house. Even the jailers were moved to tears at this meeting. The odious council of Ten, at the suggestion of Jacob del Verme, a creature of the Viscontis, on the ground of the genius of Carrara, of the danger resulting to the merchant senate from his virtue, his misfortunes, his wrongs, and his claim to the love of Padua, sentenced him and his sons to death. On the 16th of January, 1406, the prince's confessor entered the dungeon to announce his sentence. Nature broke forth for the first moment in the spirit and indignation of a gentleman, but it gave way speedily to the sweetness of a Christian: on his knees he confessed his sins, and received the communion. When the confessor had withdrawn, two chiefs of the council, and two of the Forty, with twenty murderers, entered the prison. Francis di Carrara, to shew that he denied their authority, seized the wooden bench, the only furniture in the dungeon, and fought bravely with these horrible assassins, but was at length overpowered, and with his hands and feet tied, was basely strangled. On the following day his two sons were murdered, both princes of noble spirit, generosity, and honour: the youngest, James, aged twenty-five, of an elegant figure and gentle tongue, united a heart full of mercy and love to the hereditary valour of his house. I shall adduce but one instance more—that of the heroic Conrad. After the defeat of his army he fled in the disguise of a horse-boy, along with his cousin, Frederic of Austria; but the pilot of the bark which was carrying them to Pisa, suspecting, by the graceful air of these young men, that there was some trick, gave notice to the

governor, who seized them, and put them into the hands of the conqueror. Charles of Anjou much fearing this young lion, forgot all generosity and did a most base act. After keeping Conrad a whole year in a strait prison, he assembled certain wicked lawyers to decide the cause of one of the noblest spirits at that time under heaven, who, to second the passion of their master, rendered the laws criminal, and served themselves with a written right to kill a prince contrary to the law of nature. A scaffold was prepared in a public place, all hung with red, where Conrad is brought with other lords: a protonotary mounteth into a chair, and aloud pronounceth the wicked sentence. After which, Conrad raising himself, and casting an eye full of fervour and flames on the judge, said, "Base and cruel slave as thou art, to open thy mouth to condemn thy sovereign." "It was," says Caussin, "a lamentable thing to see this great prince on a scaffold in so tender years,—wise, beautiful, and brave, to leave his head under the sword of the executioner, in the place where he hoped to crown it." He called heaven and earth to bear witness of Charles's cruelty, who, unseen, beheld this spectacle from a high turret. He complained that they robbed him of his life as a thief, that the blossom of his age was cut off by the hand of a hangman; lastly, throwing down his glove, he demanded an account of this inhumanity; then seeing his cousin Frederic's head to fall before him, he took it, kissed it, and laid it to his bosom, asking pardon of it, as if he had been the cause of his disaster in having been the companion of his valour. This great heart wanting tears to deplore itself, wept over a friend, and finishing his sorrows with his life, stretched out his neck to the minister of justice. What shall I say here, and how can I protract this discourse? we must pause a while, and turn away

our eyes; "novit Dominus cogitationes hominum," or as St. Augustine places it, "Dominus novit cogitationes sapientium quoniam vanæ sunt." St. Augustine is led to make many profound reflections on this subject, in the course of his City of God. "Quis enim sufficit," he says, "quantovis eloquentiæ flumine, vitæ hujus miserias explicare?" Under the piercing glance of his comprehensive eye, many circumstances of life which are the least considered appear most tearful: he does not merely view the succession of domestic calamities, diseases of body and mind, the miseries which peculiarly await the just, the misfortunes which are nearest to the happy: he reflects upon errors of the judgment, the power of the evil spirits, the separation of men by languages and wars, insincerity of friendship, insecurity of virtue; and hence he is led to contemplate that everlasting peace which the world cannot give, but which awaits the just in the city of God. A great English writer is led to the same conclusion from taking a more ordinary view of life. "The wild fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his evil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave: and it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or, his father thinks of that affectionate kiss, which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell; and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be, when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end

and sum of all their designs: a dark night, and an ill guide, a boisterous sea, and a broken cable, a hard rock, and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident, are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck."

> Nec nox ulla diem neque noctem aurora sequuta est,
> Quæ non audierit mixtos vagitibus ægri
> Ploratus, mortis comites et funeris atri.[1]

But such thoughts were not pursued with a view to excite the sensibilities of men, to agonize, to lacerate, and tear the bosom: as with the true poet of tragedy, grief was the mere background of the magnificent images which passed before the imagination of our heroic ancestors; tending, by its deep shadowings, to heighten the effect of their fine proportions, and set off their native grandeur. Men did not love such reflections, because their fellow-creatures were exhibited to their view in a state of suffering, but because in that state they displayed noble powers of action or of endurance. It was in the exhibition of mental energies, of high passions, and high actions, that the triumph of chivalry consisted: the state of affliction was only incidental; it was only necessary because in that condition alone could the matchless resources of the heart be developed in all their fulness, while engaged in the struggles between the spiritual and material part of our nature.[2] But to proceed with history. Behold William of Montferrat, whose ancestors had acted such a brilliant part in the holy wars, whose daughter, Yolande, had married the emperor Andronicus Paleologus, and who had been himself one of the first princes of Italy, shut up

[1] Lucretius, II, 579.
[2] See the article Æschylus, in the Encycloped. Metropol.

in an iron cage, like a wild beast, and dying in the eighteenth month of this misery, in 1292. "I assure you it is hard to tell how much good to a man's soule the personal visiting of poore prisoners doth." Let us follow this counsel of Sir Thomas More, and descend into a few of these darksome dwellings. Hark! what plaintive sound is that? It is the complaint of a prisoner, the Count of Saldanha, confined by King Alphonso.

> The weary years I durance brook, how many they have been,
> When on these hoary hairs I look, may easily be seen;
> When they brought me to this castle my curls were black, I ween,
> Wo worth the day! they have grown grey these rueful walls between.

Let us move on. Charles, Duc d'Orleans, may well be present to our recollection, who spent twenty-five years of his life in prison, and was only delivered in 1440 by chance, and whose affecting words are upon record, "Je meurs de chagrin de voir qu'il me faut passer les plus beaux jours de ma vie dans les fers, sans que personne prenne part à mes maux." At length policy required that he should be liberated: Philip of Burgundy ransomed him for 300,000 ecus, made him a knight of the Toison d'Or, and gave him his niece, Mary of Cleves, in marriage.[1] Are we in the Castle of Hardouinaye? What a history belongs to its dark towers,

> With many a foul and midnight murder fed!

Messire Gilles de Bretagne was accused by his brother François, Duke of Bretagne, of holding criminal correspondence with the English, and in spite of their uncle, the Connétable de Richemont,

[1] Hist. de René d'Anjou, II, 381.

he was confined in strait prison; in vain he besought his jailers to move his brother to pity; they only replied with threats of vengeance. After three years, being delivered over to their private will, he was moved into a dungeon level with the ground, which had only a small grated window, and there he was left without food; his only consolation was to play on a flute, the sound of which moved the peasants to compassion. Whenever he perceived any one pass on the other side of the fosse he used to cry, "Je meurs de faim: donnez moi du pain pour l'amour de Dieu"; but the guards from the battlements above declared that they would pierce with arrows any one who should descend into the fosse. At length a poor woman heard his cries, and as soon as it grew dark she slided down and placed some of her black bread before the bars of his window; she contrived to escape detection during six weeks, but the food was not sufficient for a young man, and Gilles prepared for death; he begged the women to procure a priest; a Franciscan friar arrived in the dead of the night, after a journey of three leagues, and let himself down into the fosse. The prince made his confession to him through the bars of his prison, and charged him to speed to his brother and say that he summoned him to the judgment of God. The brave friar hastened to the duke, and boldly discharged his commission, with the hope of saving Gilles, but the jailers had grown impatient, and had discovered the poor woman, and they strangled him at break of day, on the 25th of April, 1450.

Hark again! it is a knight who lies there:

> I hate to learn the ebb of time
> From yon dull steple's drowsy chime,
> Or mark it, as the sunbeams crawl,
> Inch after inch, along the wall.

It is John Von Endorf, a knight of the Teutonic order, who is to pass the remainder of his life in that dungeon upon bread and water. It was, however, his innocent and heroic victim who merits your sympathy. This imprisoned knight, while in the castle of Marienburg, had been often reproved and punished for his irregular life. Werner von Orseln, the virtuous grand master, had hoped that the occupations of war might better employ his turbulent spirit, but the knight endeavoured to excuse himself from engaging, upon the ground of his previous immorality, which, he said, until long penance had been performed, must disqualify him from entering upon such a service; he also disobeyed the law, which allowed only one horse to a knight of the order, and upon being judicially deprived of the two which he had procured for himself, and at the same time being commanded to prepare for active service, he withdrew full of rage and deadly vengeance, and going down to the town he procured a knife; as he returned, he observed by the lights in the chapel of the grand master, that he was there alone at prayer: the moment seemed favourable; the remaining brethren of the order were assembled in the high church of the castle at vespers; it was easy to secrete himself in the dark in the hall of the ante-chapel, through which the master would have to return. The master having finished his prayer, rose up, and came out into the ante-chapel, proceeding to his apartment; the assassin rushed upon him, and struck the knife into his breast; the master sunk to the ground, but had strength to say, "May Jesus Christ forgive you!" The murderer repeated the blow, and fled, pursued by the master's little dog, who barked loudly: a clerk of the castle rushed out, and found the master weltering in his blood; the whole castle was now in terror and confusion,

the murderer was seized, he was cast into this dungeon. The master was carried into his chamber, and in less than an hour he yielded up his pious soul: he was only thirty years of age. It was on the eve of St. Elizabeth, the 18th of November, 1330,[1] that this unexampled crime was committed. But it is with the prisoners that we would now condole. Conceive then Louis-le-Débonnaire carried a prisoner by Lothaire through the forests of Ardennes, to the monastery of St. Médard of Soissons, where this unfortunate monarch composed the history of his sorrows along the walls of the abbey.

Arnaud de Barbazan, a Norman warrior, renowned from early youth as the knight without reproach, was cast into the dungeons of Château Gaillard, on the Seine, where he lay in darkness for nine years, till he was liberated by Lahire; all this is related by Martial d'Auvergne:

> Et la fut trouvé enferré
> Dans une fosse, Barbazan,
> Où neuf ans avoit demouré.[2]

René d'Anjou was shut up by the Duke of Burgundy in the sorrowful tower at Dijon, which still bears the name of Bar, for having been his prison, where painting furnished him an innocent amusement, till wearied by repeated disappointments and long sequestration from any correspondence with his allies, he at last gave himself over as lost, and seeking to express his mute but eloquent grief, painted on the prison walls what Duhaillan and Nostradamus term "oblies d'or," dispersed at unequal distances, "comme s'il eust voulu par ceste gentille invention signifier que ses gens l'avoient entièrement mis en oubli."[3]

[1] Voight, Geschichte Marienburgs, 113.
[2] Hist. do René d'Anjou par le Vic. de Villeneuve, I, 98.
[3] Ibid. I, 223.

But to return to the light of day.—What captive more wretched than Alphonso the Magnanimous, who became a voluntary exile from his kingdom, devoting himself to the most painful and perilous expeditions? like Cyparissus,

> ——————— Munusque supremum
> Hoc petit à superis, ut tempore lugeat omni.[1]

Such was his sorrow for the death of Margarita de Hijar, the unhappy mother of Ferdinand, afterwards king of Naples; she had been strangled by order of Maria of Castille, and he had resolved never to punish the murderess, nor to see her more; so he took this penance on himself. Thus it is, in fine, that men of thought at intervals, oppressed with a deep sense of the moral evil which desolates the earth, have said, like the Prince of France,

> There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
> Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
> And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste
> That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Such were the feelings of Cicero when he wrote to Varro, sending him the fourth book of the Academics, ending his letter with these affecting words: "Nunc autem quid est, sine his cur vivere velimus? mihi vero cum his ipsis vix: his autem detractis ne vix quidem"; and when he wrote to Atticus, saying, "Reliqua tempora non sunt jam ad medicinam sed ad finem doloris";[2] and during that fatal night, when, after landing at Circæum, he debated whether he should fly to Brutus or to Cassius or to Pompey; but we read of the end of his deliberations, "omnia displicuisse præter mortem."[3]

Under the light of faith there were indeed

[1] Ovid, Met. X, 135. [2] Epist. III, 7. [3] Senec. Suasor. 6.

glorious hopes to console the just; but darkness rested still upon the perilous ways of human life, or rather men had a more profound sense of their misery; though it may have been only some extraordinary event which could draw forth the expression of that sense which resembled the sentiment of the modest, who, as Cicero says, blush even to speak of modesty. When the dethroned king of Sardinia came to the convent of the Carthusians, near Florence, to pay his homage to Pope Pius VI, who was then a prisoner there, the unhappy king could no longer contain his tears as he entered the presence of the venerable pontiff. "Now," said he, "I am again happy; I forget in this sweet moment all my disgrace, and I no longer lament the loss of my crown; at your feet I find all my desire!" "Alas! dear prince!" replied the pope, "all is vanity, except to love and serve God!" Our ancestors repeated this in their hours of pleasure, "Tout se passe fors Dieu aimer"![1] King Henry V expired at Vincennes on the 31st of August, 1422, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and in the midst of his glory, without uttering one word of regret for leaving a life of which every instant had been attended with prosperity.

We have seen the causes which might in all ages have given a tone of gravity to the heroic character; it remains to examine the particular source which might in addition have influenced that of our Christian ancestors.

Without subscribing to the opinion of Schlegel, who would exclude many considerations, belonging indeed more immediately to the Christian philosophy, from affecting the character of the ancients, it must be fully admitted, that, under the light of faith, these considerations acquired an

[1] Perceforest.

additional force and a wider sphere of application. "Under the Christian aspect, the contemplation of infinity has fully revealed the nothingness of everything that has bounds; the present life is buried in night, and it is only beyond the grave that the endless day of real existence shines. Such a religion penetrates into the deepest recesses of the heart. It confirms that secret voice which tells men that they aspire to a happiness which is unattainable in this world, that no perishable object can ever satisfy the soul; so, when the captive Israelites, who under the trees of Babylon made the foreign banks resound with their plaintive melody, our soul, banished to the earth, sighs after its own country, what can be its accents but those of melancholy? Thus it is that our poetry is that of desire. We cannot rest in the present, but must take refuge in the memory of the past, and in the prospect of the future. In this there will be always found something of indefinite, which denotes its origin; sentiment is more intimately belonging to it; imagination less sensual, thought more contemplative. Nevertheless, in reality, the limits are sometimes confounded, and the objects never shew themselves completely detached one from the other, such as we are obliged to represent them to form any distinct idea of them. The Greeks saw the ideal of human nature in the happy proportion of faculties, and in their harmonious agreement. Christians, on the contrary, have the profound impression of an interior disunion, of a double nature in man, which renders it impossible to realize this ideal. The Greeks tended towards a determinate perfection, and they found the solution of the proposed problem; Christians, on the contrary, whose thoughts pierce on towards the infinite, can never completely satisfy themselves, and there remains to their most sublime works something of imperfect, which exposes them to the danger of

being not appreciated." Schlegel adds, that these ideas might be traced through the whole domain of the fine arts, and that they are verified by the different forms which architecture, music, and painting have assumed in the ancient and later ages of the world; they certainly may be adduced in explanation of the chivalrous character with our ancestors, and of all the features of the middle age; the secret inclination of the soul to objects of solemn majesty, the lonely tower, the grey castle with its dusky halls, *μέγαρα σκιόεντα*; the vast expanse of plains, the height of cloud-capt mountains, and even the lugubrious accents of creation.

> Latratus habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum.
> Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
> Quod strident ululantque feræ, quod sibilat anguis,
> Exprimit, et planctus illisæ cautibus undæ,
> Silvarumque sonum, fractæque tonitrua nubis.[1]

But it was from hearing the revealed truths of heaven, rather than the speculations of the philosopher, that men were led to take a just view of the causes which produced the impression of mind which we are attempting to explain. The Catholic religion furnished three sources to convey it, by setting before men the remembrance of the passion of Christ, the doctrines of faith, and the persecutions of the church. Let us consider each of these separately.

At the main root of all that was devout and heroic in those ages, lay profoundly engraven the remembrance of the passion of Christ. St. Bonaventura says, that St. Francis used to sit alone in the woods and desert places in the night, and to weep at this remembrance. His midnight sorrows once drew expressions of surprise from a stranger,

[1] Lucan, lib. VI.

but the holy man replied, "I weep for the sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ. I ought not to blush to weep publicly over the whole earth at the remembrance of this wonderful mystery." Only the impious can be insensible at the spectacle of the cross. "For my part," says St. Augustin, "I desire to mourn with you over it. The passion of our Lord calls for our sighs, our tears, our supplications. Who is able to shed such abundance of tears as so great a subject deserves? Certainly not one, though a fountain were placed in his eyes."

"Woman," said our Lord to Mary Magdalen, "why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" "O desire of her heart, and only joy of her soul!" exclaims the martyr Southwell, "why demandest thou why she weepeth, or whom she seeketh? It is but a short time since she saw thee, her only hope, hanging on a tree, with thy head pierced with thorns, thine eyes full of tears, thine ears full of blasphemies, thy mouth full of gall, thy whole person mangled and disfigured; and dost thou ask her why she weepeth? Scarce three days have passed since she beheld thine arms and legs racked with violent pangs, thy hands and feet pierced with nails, thy side wounded with a spear, thy whole body torn with stripes, and gored in blood; and dost thou, her only grief, ask her why she weepeth? She beheld thee upon the cross with many tears, and most lamentable cries, yielding up the ghost, and, alas! asketh thou why she weepeth?"

The deep and affectionate attention with which holy writers have followed our divine Lord through all the extreme and continued sorrows in which he passed the time of his life on earth, forms a sublime proof of the sensibility which religion can develop in the heart of man.[1]

[1] Vide Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. lib. III, 1, 12.

"The two most triumphant days of our Saviour's mortal life seem to be that of his transfiguration, and that whereon he made his magnificent entrance into Jerusalem: and yet on this he wept as moistening his triumph with tears; and on the other, Moses and Elias, who appeared at his side, spake of that he was to fulfil in Jerusalem." These were the reflections which moved the knightly soul. That voice of their Lord sounded for ever in the ears and in the inmost hearts of the faithful. "Attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus." At the piteous image of our Lord's cross they were ready to repeat the invitation, "accedamus charissimi, accedamus et moriamur cum ipso." Let us not ask again why that darkness was upon the spirit of chivalry; why the young were taught to bind chaplets of roses round their brows in semblance of the sorrowful crown of thorns; why the gloom of ancestral towers was to strike with awe the frivolous sons of laughter-loving gaiety, inhabiting the domes of novelty and song; why yews and cypress cast their mournful shadows over the sweet garden. Children of pleasure, it was in a garden that Christ was betrayed and taken captive by the Jews, and in a garden did he earn for us the bread of angels by a bloody sweat; and let us not wonder why death is still encompassed with mournful trophies and solemn tones of deep compassion, for Christ departed with a cry, "cum clamore valido et lacrymis";[1] and therefore, in spite of philosophy, man may fear death.

Religion also produced this impression of mind by her doctrines. Here we are again referred to the cross. The church, in her daily sacrifice, kept the passion of Christ before the eyes of the faithful, and each year was its remembrance renewed with all the

[1] Alonzo Mesia, the Devotion to the three Hours.

tearful semblance of reality, in the pomp of sorrow, in grave and lugubrious ceremonies, in tears of penitence, in the appalling symbols of poverty, sackcloth, and ashes, in darkness and silence and consternation. Each morning, when the priest prepares to celebrate the Christian mysteries, he expresses the sadness of his soul, and the church only reminds him, through the child who serves at the altar, that he must keep his hope fixed on God. Sadness belonged to the ministers of religion. "A monk is one who grieves daily," says Nieremberg,[1] "on account of his own sins and those of others, and of the world, and because he always desires and says, 'quando veniam et apparebo ante faciem Dei?' His name denotes his condition, Μόνος, *one*, and ἄχος, *distress*; a monk is one who is sad: 'sitienda sapientia; sitienda justitia'"; and mark St. Bruno's motto, "My eyes prevented the watches; I was troubled, and I spoke not; I had in my mind the eternal years, so I have gone far off, flying away, and I abode in the wilderness." St. Francis used often to choose ruined old churches which were deserted, for his place of prayer. "O glorious Virgin!" cries St. Bonaventura, "if thou art the star of the sea, may I remain always while alive in the ocean of sorrow, that thou mayest be my star in the sea of sorrow, through the remembrance of my sins, through compassion for Christ crucified, through pity for the wretchedness and crimes of men. Woe to them who live in pleasure, unwilling to enter upon this sea, because they will want this sweetest star."[2] All the great mysteries of faith tended to produce this tone: it was not merely becoming, it was essential. "Oportet te Frater aut virum esse desideriorum ut Daniel erat aut cum beato Job virum dolorum et

[1] Doct. Ascet. I, iv, 35.
[2] Stimulus Divini Amoris, III, 16.

scientem infirmitatem." This is what St. Bernard said.[1] Even an ancient philosopher remarked, that whenever men were at leisure they became sorrowful, like exiles. The mere fact of having become a Catholic implied the previous existence of grave thoughts. "Seldom, or rather never, does it happen," says St. Augustin, "that any one comes to us desiring to be a Christian, unless he has been previously moved with the fear of God."[2]

Χαλεπὸν ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι is the old traditionary sentence:[3] and our ancestors had not a morality like the French sophists, with whom nothing is so easy as to be good; nor a doctrine like the religious innovators of the sixteenth century, who could be sure of heaven as they sat with arms folded in the gardens of Lucullus. Bellarmin shewed how David and Solomon and the prophets and the church teach the necessity of sighs. Isaias says, "Quasi columba meditantes gememus"; the church, the spouse of Christ, is the dove; and Christians must belong to the dove, and sigh with her; for if we sigh not, we are not of the dove; and if we belong not to the dove, we belong not to Christ; and if we belong not to Christ, I dare not say to whom we belong. The heart of the wise is with sadness; it was shewn in a vision that all who sighed and lamented for the wickedness of the world were marked by an angel with the sign of tau, which was the cross, and all who had not this mark were to be slain; better was it to mourn with the disciples of Christ than to rejoice with the world; his beatitudes were the narrow gate to which the cross was the key. The faithful, in their evening hymn of Salve Regina, cry out and supplicate with sighs, and weeping as exiles in this valley of tears, not

[1] In Assumpt. Serm. III. [2] De Catechizand. Rudib. c. V.
[3] Plato, Protagoras; Maximus Tyrius, Dissert. I.

like the children of the world, who know nothing of tears, nor of this valley, nor of their being exiles. They reflected upon the condition of the human race, and their banishment from God. This it was which almost dissolved in melancholy and peaceful aspirations the souls of David, and Paul, and Magdalen, and Augustin, and Bernard, and Francis.[1] "Defectio tenuit me pro peccatoribus derelinquentibus legem tuam." With what calm and profound sorrow does the spirit of La Mennais meditate upon the strange indifference of men to truth and eternity! It is like the voice of him who addressed the crusaders under the walls of Jerusalem, and reminded them of the Saviour, "Qui adhuc hodie in civitate ista proscribitur et crucifigitur."[2] "Let no one promise to himself what the Gospel has not promised," says St. Augustin; "our Scriptures do not promise anything to us in this world but tribulation and pressure and difficulties and increase of grief and abundance of temptations."[3] In Tancredus we have seen what was the spirit of penance which belonged to heroic men; here was a hidden source which shunned the observation of the world, for many a tender bosom has been pierced with cruel wounds, and no tongue has disclosed the sorrow; gentle penitents have borne their secret cross, and smiled at grief. Witness the devout and heroic Stanislas, afflicted to the last moment of his innocent life, yet always serene and thankful; still how many pierced hearts!

Chastellain relates of the unfortunate nephew of the Seigneur de la Hameyde, who was executed by order of Charles the Bold, that he said on the scaffold, "Que celle honteuse et confuse mort que

[1] Bellarmin. de Gemitu Columbæ, sive de bono lachrymarum.
[2] Bald. [3] In Psalm XXXIX, Enarrat.

Dieu lui envoyoit en si jeusnes florissans jours, lui donnoit vrai espoir que Dieu le prendroit en sa merci."[1] "The king of Sicily," says Ramon Muntaner, "met with unforeseen troubles, but he took everything for the honour of God and of the holy Catholic faith."[2] George Chastellain, in his Chronicle of the Dukes of Bourgogne, makes an affecting remark when speaking of the great prosperity which attended Philip the Good.—He was so prosperous "que moi meisme autrefois lui ay dit touschant ceslui point, que veue sa grande félicité que Dieu lui envoyoit sur terre, je mettois grant doubte qu'il n'en auroit point en l'aultre monde."[3] And again he sums up his virtues and graces, and expresses hope in the mercy of God that the soul of Philip may be safe; but then he adds, "Et n'y a qu'une seule chose qui m'en donne peur, ne qui en combatte mon espérance; c'est la très extrême et très abondante mondaine félicité qu'il a eue et obtenue tout son vivant, en toute acquiescence de fortune et de souhait de cueur plus qu'oncques homme. Ceslui seul point et article me fait varier souvent, pensant et demandant à moimeismes se Dieu jamès lui pourroit avoir donné son paradis en ce monde."[4]

Bellarmin says that the consideration of the secular state is a source of tears, if we remember what Christians ought to be, and what men now are, for seculars and laymen must be holy if they wish to have any part in the kingdom of Christ. "Called to be holy," says St. Paul, speaking not of apostles and prophets, but of ordinary Christians. Nor is it only priests and monks who are to love not the world; for Christ and his Apostles and the Church require all men to aim at perfection and

[1] Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne, chap. CCCVIII.
[2] Chron. CCXLVIII.
[3] Tom. I, chap. CCXXXI.
[4] Chap. CCXXXV.

holiness. Without doubt there were in all ages happy souls, beings admirably privileged, who, like St. Edmund, had preserved the robe of their baptismal innocence unsullied; who retained even in their declining years the pure joy and gladness of first youth, and for whom religion had only happy reflections, sublime ecstasies, and the sure and certain hope of everlasting felicity and glory; but how far more numerous was the class of penitents, who though perhaps assured of reconciliation, had yet once heard the affecting words "Vade et jam amplius noli peccare," words which left an irremediable wound in the generous heart; penitents who knew for certain that they had sinned against their sweet Saviour, who could not know for certain that their penitence had been sincere; whose brightest visions must have retained some spot of darkness as they contemplated with feelings of their own base ingratitude the profound mystery of mercy and of justice. If my memory fail not, these very words I once heard from the lips of a holy preacher. Now these were the considerations which moved men to renounce the comforts which belong to the children of the world. It was with these views that William, Duke of Guienne, made a pilgrimage to Compostella on foot, in a penitent's habit, asking alms as he went; and that Henri I de Montmorenci devoted the last years of his life to the penitence of an anchorite, and when he came to die ordered his body to be clothed in the habit of a Capuchin, and so placed in the earth with the brothers of that order, for whom he had built a church at Agde.[1]

What an example was Robert of Normandy when he travelled to Rome to be assoiled, and the Pope sent him three miles without the town to a hermit,

[1] Desormeaux, II.

who was his ghostly father, saying that he would assoil him, and Robert went to the hermit and make his confession, and "he that was so curst, and myschevous, ferful, and cruel, and proude as a lyon, is now as gentyll, and curteys, and swete of wordes, and wyse in his dedes, as ever was ony duke or prynce lyvynge; and the hermit made Robert to lye that nyght in a lytell chapell that stode nye his celle, and the hermyte prayed all the nyghte to our Lord for Robert, which sawe that he hadde grete repentaunce for his synnes, and the hermit gave him his dolorous penance, which he performed for seven years." To the impressions produced by the doctrines of religion, should be added the consequence of the education which men received in the schools of the monasteries, which contributed no doubt to form them to this grave and decorous manner. "All the motions of the body were to be graceful and worthy, not only of the soul, but even of a divine nature; men were to glorify God in their bodies, which were to be solemn as a temple. If to bearing the body of Christ the greatest reverence and gravity were due, the same gravity and reverence were to distinguish those who were capable of glorifying the Holy Spirit." [1] The whole carriage was to be modest, severe, and grave. Nieremberg quotes Cicero describing the countenance of Socrates, which was without change, like his mind, and Prudentius, who celebrated the beauty of that serene front which denotes the inward peace of the Christian. Irving, in his life of Columbus, says that "religion being deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour." A dejected countenance was condemned by holy men; they praise the description

[1] P. Nieremberg, lib. V, v, 39.

given of Marc Antonius the philosopher, "erat sine tristitia gravis." St. Bernard expressly says, that dejection should be concealed; and St. Chrysostom censures the expression of worldly sadness. "Gravitatis autem et dignitatis plena debet esse omnis actio," says Nieremberg. The gait was to have an air of authority, together with gravity and peace, yet so as to be free from all affectation; pure and simple; and agreeable to the majesty of nature.

It remains to speak of the last cause, which is the consideration of the persecutions of the church. "So by God's assistance," says Protagoras the sophist, "I have never suffered any evil in consequence of my profession as a sophist, of which I make no secret; and now I have lived many years in this art: there is not one among you of whom I might not be the father."[1] It was not so with Socrates or Aristides: the more closely men adhered to the traditionary wisdom, which at first proceeded from God, the more they participated in the sufferings of the inspired prophets, whose persecutions were so affectingly summed up by the apostle. Still less conformable to the sophist's fortune was the experience of Christians. When memorials of events are actually presented to the eyes, the mind receives a deeper impression than it can derive from any recital or mere retrospect of history. This I experienced on a journey which I made on horseback, across those vast marshes, and amidst those watery wastes which compose so large a portion of some of the eastern counties of England. In one short day of December I passed within view of five places, which though formerly renowned throughout the world for being the abodes of sanctity and learning, are now left without an altar, probably without one native inhabitant who has ever been

[1] Plato, Protagoras.

present at the adorable mysteries which had been daily celebrated there during so many successive ages. Behind me were the ruins of Ramsey, on the right hand appeared the stupendous remains of Ely, on the left Peterborough rose out of the water like a pile of grotto-work; close to where I stood was Thorney, and before me, discernible by the pale light of departing day, stood the massive tower and shattered arches of Crowland, now fast tottering to their fall. If so small a district of one country could exhibit so many carcases of sanctuaries which once ministered to the Catholic church, how many ruins would appear if we could survey the whole world!

As Pope Pius VI said, in concluding his reply from the convent at Florence to the British bishops who had written to condole with him: "It was the will of God that the church should owe its birth to the cross, its glory to ignominy, its light to the darkness of error, its progress to the attacks of enemies, its stability to losses and disasters." "The Catholic church," says Bellarmin, "like a true dove, always uttering a plaintive cry from the place of her exile, will never be free from persecution." Not to have been sorrowful for the church's calamities, occasioned by wars, schisms, and heresies, would have been a sin. A great director of the spiritual life says, "we may lawfully and in a perfect manner desire death to avoid beholding the persecutions of the church."[1] So said Judas Maccabeus, "Melius est mori in bello quam videre mala gentis nostræ et sanctorum." St. Augustin, during the siege of his city of Hippo by the Arian Vandals, told his clergy that he had prayed for deliverance or for his own death, and that the latter was granted, and he died accordingly in the third month. Shall we ask why he weeps whose captain

[1] Rodriguez, I, VIII 20.

hangs naked upon the cross—whose fellow-soldiers are cast into prison, torn with lions, or made the scorn and hatred of the people, calumniated, misrepresented, stigmatized? What affliction to men of noble minds, men perhaps nobly born, when they are injured in their honour, and falsely accused, and still they are constrained to keep silence and suffer reproach without a murmur? You cling to your religion, and we have a law which condemns it. See what calamities it entails upon you. So said the Jews of old, "descendat nunc de cruce et credemus ei." Our ancestors had not adopted those views of the ancients which led Pausanias to say, "it is clear that the Athenians are more religious than any other people. Witness the present prosperity which they enjoy." [1] Their principles of religion led them to the side of that more profound school, in which Socrates was shewn "assailed by envy and hatred, and the detestation which is directed against goodness; from the theatre rising up against him Aristophanes, from among the sophists Anytus, from the sycophants Melitus, from the orators Lycus; one holding him up to ridicule in comedy, another bringing a formal accusation against him, another prosecuting the charge, another conducting it and declaiming, while others judged the cause after the manner of drunken men." [2] Our ancestors deeply understood the eternal war which exists in each man's breast and in human society between the two principles, the flesh and the spirit: as in each man's breast this war exists between the flesh and spirit united under the influence of demons, and the pure spirit obedient to the will of its Creator; so in human society it is maintained between the world, not only the world in open revolt against religion, but also including those among

[1] Lib. I, 17. [2] Max. Tyr. Dissert. IX, 3.

Christians who conform to its maxims, both acting in union, whether under the name of religion, liberality, or law, and the church, not the visible of which sinners form a part, but the church really militant, the assembly of the saints, united by faith and charity to Jesus Christ their chief, and to all the blessed spirits which compose the church triumphant. In administering the sacrament of confirmation, the bishop smites the youthful recruits for this combat, to signify what they must undergo for their Lord. "We must prepare our souls," said the holy Columban, "not for joy and security, but for sorrow and labour. Christ is troubled, injured, insulted, suffers a bitter passion, and do you expect security on earth? Our Lord has said, 'In mundo pressuram habebitis,' and again, 'vos autem flebitis et lugebitis; mundus autem gaudebit, et vos tristes eritis.' Behold the sadness of our discipline: mark well our path, which is not from joy to joy, nor from security to security, but from sorrow to joy, and from danger to security."[1] "Quotidie morior," was St. Paul's motto. Of all the apostles, there was not one who died a natural death, but only St. John. It was ordained, in ages of faith, that crowns and sceptres should spring from crosses, and that the cross should stand upon the globes of princes. In all the Scripture, and in all the authentic stories of the church, we find often that the devil appeared in the shape of an angel of light, but was never suffered so much as to counterfeit a mourner. "Per multas tribulationes oportet nos introire in regnum Dei." "And no mervaile: for our Saviour Christ said of himself unto his two disciples, that were going unto the castle of Emaus, 'an nescie-batis quia oportebat Christum pati, et sic introire in regnum suum?' And would we that are servantes

[1] S. Columban. Instruct. IV. Bibl. Patrum, XII.

looke for more privilege in our maister's house than our maister himself? Would we get into his kingdom with ease, when he himself got not into his owne but by paine? His kingdom hath he ordained for his disciples, and he saith unto us al, 'qui vult esse meus Discipulus, tollat crucem suam et sequatur me.' He saith not here, lo, let him laugh and make merry." This is what Sir Thomas More said, who lived at a time when it might be truly affirmed of the faithful, that they suffered *μείζω ἢ κατὰ δάκρυα*. It was not merely open enemies against whom men had to prepare themselves. "Etsi Christiani sunt imperatores, numquid diabolus Christianus factus est?" asks St. Augustin.[1] Does it follow that men are safe? that the world has ceased to be the world, that those who profess to be Catholic Christians have become Catholic Christians? "As he among the Pagans who would become a Christian has to endure harsh words from the Pagans," says St. Augustin, "so, amongst Christians, they who wish to be more diligent and better, are insulted by Christians. There are many Christians who live ill, amongst whom, he who should desire to live well, to be sober among drunkards, chaste among lovers of pleasure, a sincere worshipper of God, seeking after no science among those who apply to mathematics, and unwilling to go elsewhere but to the church among those who love the vanities of the theatre, will have to endure insults from such Christians, 'et patitur verba aspera': and they will say, 'You are great, just, you are Elias, you are Peter, you have come from heaven.' He is insulted wherever he turns, 'audit hinc atque inde verbum asperum.'[2] The Pagans," he continues, "ask you why you live thus; and you sign yourself, and you

[1] In Ps. XCIII.
[2] St. August. in Ps. XC. Enarrat. Serm. I, § 4.

say 'I am a Christian,' but the adversary presses, urges, and what is worse, suffocates Christians by the example of Christians." [1] Nor is this all; for amongst the faithful there were sources of bitter regret to those who were endowed with superior humility or discernment (terms often synonymous). Who had to endure frequently the sorrowful spectacle of those who professed truth, betraying their own cause through weakness, and deaf to the counsels of wisdom, suffering themselves to be enticed into the snares laid by their enemies; which consideration alone might explain why melancholy should follow genius, which is often only another word for humility. In the old legend we read how the wise friars, worn out by long exertions, retired to sleep, leaving a weak servant to watch the oracular head, charging him to waken them when it should speak. In vain did it utter these solemn words, "Time is." "Good man brazen face," quoth Miles, "hath my master taken all these pains about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words?" In vain did it speak again, "Time was"; Miles sung a song to deride it. "I know time was, and if you speak no wiser, no master shall be waked for me." "Time is past," said the head a third time, and then fell down with a terrible noise, and the friar awoke when too late. "Did it not speak," asked Friar Bacon? "Yes," quoth Miles, "it spake, but to no purpose. I'll have a parrot speak better in that time than you have been teaching this brazen head." "Out on thee, villain," said Friar Bacon, "thou hast undone us both: what were the words it spake?" "Very few," said Miles, "and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither; first it said, 'Time is.'" "Hadst thou called us then," said Friar Bacon,

[1] In Ps. XCIII. Enarrat. § 20.

"our cause had been gained for ever." So is it in the crisis of men's lives; thus succeed the events which are to determine the fate of entire generations of men. The wise are sensible of the ruin which is about to follow from obstinate imbecility; full of the conceit of its own superior discernment, disdaining to obey its instructors, and deaf to the admonitions of prospective wisdom.

"How can it be good for us to be here?" cries out St. Bernard,[1] "where everything in worldly pursuits is tedious, empty, or dangerous? Here is much malice, and very little wisdom, if even a little. Here all things are slippery and treacherous, covered with darkness, and full of snares; where souls are exposed to continual danger of perishing, the spirit sinks under affliction, and nothing is found but vanity and sorrow." "Like the dove without the ark," says Southwell, "we are allowed to find no rest, that on the wing of penitence and longing desire we may flicker still at the window until a merciful hand is stretched out to receive us unto that of heavenly felicity." "Happy is he that sitteth solitary, and in the view of these miseries lifteth up himself above himself; happy is he that carrieth the yoke from his very youth; blessed are they that mourn and understand how much better it is to go to the house of lamentation than to that of festivity." These are the words of the same holy man alluding to the dignified retirement of Catholic chivalry in a land which was once the theme of knightly praise. So have I seen in the dusky hall of a house which belongs to history, a spear of the tournament resting in its ancient niche, from days that are long gone by, *παλαιὰν ἐν δόμοις λόγχην πατρός*.[2] I beheld, indeed, heroic trophies and vestiges of magnificence, but there

[1] Serm. 6, in Ascens.

[2] Eurip. Iph. in T. 806.

was also a cross, a desolation and a silence around me, which denoted many generations of persecuted fidelity; of men who desired distinctions but little, and who expected them not at all; who had no contempt for fame, and no fear of obloquy; who preferred the Church of Jesus Christ to the assembly of their peers; and who were not suffered to transmit any treasure whole and undiminished to their posterity but their honour. But if an air of sadness belonged to our Christian chivalry, let it be well observed that it was not the sadness of the world.[1] "Quasi tristes, semper autem gaudentes," was the true character of its grief. "Even the modesty of monks," said St. Leo, "non sit mœsta sed sancta."[2] "Et doleas et de dolore gaudeas," said St. Jerome. "Tristitiam dissimulare te decet," says St. Bernard. "Quandam in facie hilaritatem prætendens."[3] The portrait of Bishop Gifford, in the college of St. Edmund, in Hertfordshire, represents him as an old man with silver locks, and a countenance full of the utmost benignity and peace; yet instead of the beauty of the divine temples, the joy surrounding the holy altar, the sweet tranquillity of evening choirs, the love and the obedience of an affectionate people, he was given only the darkness and horror of a common jail, and the company of merciless fanatics who thirsted for his blood. Still his whole aspect is mild and cheerful, as if he had passed his days in the assemblies of the faithful: if sadness be the tone of such men's minds, what word is left for us to express the melancholy of the world, and what St. Augustin terms, "the groans of the flesh" of those who are struggling on the cross of their vices, like the impenitent thief, with pride and

[1] Rodriguez on Christian Perfection, II, vi, c. 1.
[2] Serm. IV, Quadrag. [3] Formula honestæ vitæ.

obstinacy; whose penitence is the evening light; not bringing salvation, but judgment.[1] The soul of man while it remains estranged from its true bent, is restless, like the troubled sea, and dark as the night of death. The heart is torn asunder and dissolved by terrene desires; witness the sadness of Tiberius, morose, and suspicious.[2] Witness the gloom of the modern poetry, full of bitter regret for past joys, without any bright and enlivening prospects of the future; only one dreary sound, "like the wind through a ruin'd cell"; only satisfied when it can shake confidence; only eloquent in doubt; only mighty in destroying the beautiful images which its own genius has produced, and which it seems to hate as soon as it has given them birth. What a sad contrast to the knightly heart was seen in the melancholy of Charles the Bold, after the battle of Granson, "qui estoit fort mélancolieux et facilement incité à l'ire depuis la perte de Granson." He used to shut himself up alone, and then would rave and utter the most agonizing cries and wailings that ever were heard; so that no one durst speak to him of the rashness of offering battle at Nancy with so few men, till the Comte de Chimay ventured to tell him the truth, that he had but 3,000 men, when Charles burst forth, "Je nye ce que vous dictes; mais si je les debvois combatre seul, si les combateray-je. Vous estes tel que vous vous estes, et monstrez bien que vous estes issu de la maison de Vaudemont." The count replied, "Moult sagement," that he would shew him that he was come of a good house, and though he saw no hope of victory, "Nonobstant il lui tiendroit fidélité si besoin estoit, jusques à l'ame rendre."[3] Guevara, who had been a courtier, declared that

[1] Catechis. Trident. II. [2] Tacitus, Ann. IV.
[3] Chroniques de Jean Molinet, XXXIV.

"the court is a place of penance, as far as respects the sadness of those who dwell there." "Omnes isti à gemitu carnis rugiunt," as St. Augustin says. Such melancholy is the great disease of man, "causa morbi amor mundi: remedium morbi amor dei," says Hugo Victorinus; for the heart is divided into as many fragments as it has objects of affection, and until divine charity has united them, and given them solidity, there can be no peace, even though men take refuge in a voluntary sleep of the soul.

"How many terrors," said holy men, "how many anxieties, how many deaths do the unmortified daily suffer! but how prosperously does the mortified spirit proceed; with what sweetness, with what peace![1] The mortification of the Christian," they continued, "is the source of private and public happiness; private, by yielding the victory over passions, virtue, and holiness, and tranquillity of mind; public, by preserving general order and charity; for there could be no contentions, injuries, or losses, if all men were mortified, and imitators of Christ." Grief, and pain, and horror are endured with cheerfulness and gratitude by such men. "Few," they say, "can have temporal prosperity, but all can labour, and suffer poverty and reproach, and so enter into Christ's kingdom." The sweetness which such gentle melancholy diffused in the heart, was no doubt beyond the conception of the world. Cardinal Bellarmin says that it exceeded all human happiness, because it was the result of reconciliation with God.[2] It taught men to cry out, with St. Augustin, "O how sweet do I feel it suddenly to want the sweetness of vanity! how I rejoice to cast away what I once dreaded to

[1] Nieremberg, Doct. Ascet. III, 3, 32.
[2] De Gemitu Columbæ, III.

lose! for thou hast dispelled them, and assumed their place, thou that art sweeter than all pleasure, brighter than all light, higher than all honour." "O humble tears," cried the blessed Laurentius Justinian, "thou art the odour of life, the health of returning innocence, the peace of a serene conscience, and the firm hope of everlasting election." True, it was not a recompense to dazzle the eyes of the world; for all their desire was before God, not before men, who cannot see the heart. "Their desire was their prayer," says St. Augustin, "and if there was constant desire, there was constant prayer. Never without intermission could they bend their knees or prostrate their bodies, or raise their hands, but they obeyed the apostolic precept, to pray without ceasing; for there is another internal and ceaseless prayer, which is, desire: if charity always remain, you always demand; if you always demand, you always desire; if you desire, you remember that there is elsewhere a place of rest."[1]

It is not to be denied, that there were awful considerations peculiarly reserved for the just. The dies iræ, and the preparations before it, and our Lord's predictions as to what shall happen to the faithful in the later times, and all those terrible circumstances, of which the crowd of delicate and dainty people cannot abide the naming, were present to their memory. St. Augustin, in his City of God, says that this last persecution will fall upon the church in every part of the world; that the whole city of Christ will be persecuted by the whole city of the devil, as far as both are extended upon the earth.[2] No tongue of man can express these woes, no heart can conceive what will be the last act in the tragedy of moral evil; but let us remember how our Christian chivalry was trained to

[1] Enarrat. in Ps. XXXVII. [2] XX, 11.

contemplate the coming of this great hour. For this purpose men should withdraw their thoughts from the manners and opinions of an unbelieving age, and proceed to watch with deep attention what passes within those divine temples where the faith of ages is preserved without diminution or change! temples in which time stands still, and solemn rites proclaiming eternal truth, proceed, like the operations of nature, heedless of the follies or the crimes of men; for mark well how they change not, amidst the wreck of men's fortunes; behold the mournful death of Louis de Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol and constable of France. In the Place de Grève, in Paris, in the presence of 100,000 persons, he is on the scaffold, preparing for the stroke of the executioner, "Et jettant son regard vers l'Eglise de Nostre-Dame." At this moment they sing vespers there, and while they chant O clavis David, it being Tuesday, the 19th of December, he passes from this world![1]

Thus it was that the tide in the affairs of men might ebb and flow without ceasing; while within the church, the port of heaven, there was the calm and immutable order which denoted the confines of everlasting tranquillity! It was a separate world, whose course was equable and pure; a sweet harmonious world, so full of majesty and peace, that it could inspire the heavenly courts with triumph, and be a theme of joyful praise where the songs of angels resound for ever. No doubt, then, it is the lamp of the altar which can throw light upon the obscurity of past ages; it is the church which has the clue to unfold the difficulties of history, and it is from her that we can learn to understand the spirit which moved the hearts of our fathers; for as St. Augustin says, "Whatever takes place

[1] Chroniques de Jean Molinet, chap. XXVII.

within her temples was fulfilled in the interior sanctuary of men's souls." From her, then, we learn, that the prospect of this great day was to them full, not of clouds of thick darkness, but of bright visions and cheering transport. Prepared by a long season of painful fasts and penitential tears, in order that the eye of the soul might be purified from the gross mists of earthly existence, their mortal nature became susceptible of divine impressions. On Easter morning, the veil of the sanctuary was withdrawn; art and nature seemed to rival each other in zeal to offer the richest treasure to the majesty of Heaven; with sweet and soul-inspiring tones, the solemn vaults again resounded. Men seemed to behold angels, and to hear celestial voices. The music with which the office opened, at the "Surrexit dominus vere alleluia," dispelled every remaining mist, which rested over the vale of tears, and dissolved souls in ecstasy! Hark! the sweet voice of children, they are announcing the descent of the angel, and his glorious appearance; and now there is for a moment silence, and a kind of breathless pause, and men's hearts seem to fail before the winged messenger of Heaven. But again the church speaks; the words are those of St. Gregory: "What said the angel to the holy women? 'Nolite expavescere'; as if he had said, Let those fear who love not the coming of the celestial citizens; let those tremble who, being slaves to carnal desires, despair of ever being able to belong to their society; but as for you, why do you fear, who behold your fellow-citizens, 'Vos autem cur pertimescitis, quæ vestros concives videtis?' O the exceeding grace of highest God! that he should charge an angel to address such words to men!"

Where was now the tribulation which had weighed them down in their journey through the tearful

valley! Yes, they have reached the beautiful mountains and the ever-flowing springs of joyful inspiration. The air of heaven seems to infuse fresh life into their souls; they forget all their sorrows at this first glimpse of their everlasting country. Who shall attempt to describe the prospect which presented itself as they looked upwards, and viewed the bright regions above them, where millions of millions of holy angels dwell—where the remnant of men who have been recovered by the grace of God, shall glorify him, and be glorified by him, to eternal ages! There the kingdom of God was in its glory; there virtue shone in its full lustre; there was no sin, no disorder; there all things went as the great Creator would have them. And at the consummation of all things, the whole number of faithful men of all ages, from the beginning of the world, were to be added to the society of good angels, and made like unto them; and both together were to make up one church perfectly triumphant; all wicked men and angels being finally subdued. What a mighty support and comfort was this to them in all dangers, distresses, and necessities; yea, in their last extremity, and in the hour of death! For the good angels of God were to go along with them in the whole course of their lives, never leaving them till they had safely landed them in a happy eternity. When they were in their extreme agony, these blessed spirits were to minister to them as they did to our Saviour in his; and when they breathed out their last, they were to watch their souls, that the wicked one might not touch them, and were safely to convey them into Abraham's bosom, where they were to be out of all danger for ever.

Behold the prospects of the Christian chivalry! the object and end of its eventful course! The star of honour is lost in the bright beams of eternal truth and justice; for honour, "that choicest, most

essential essence of our purest and loftiest humanity,"[1] only rises out of the affections, which are called into life by danger and uncertainty. The service of chivalry is at an end: its career is finished: for it had been the labour, for men the advantage, for God the glory. Therefore, with our heroic fathers, let us ever cry, "Pereat honos noster, pereat gloria, pereat commoditas, pereat vita, pereamus omnino UT GLORIA DEI VIVAT."

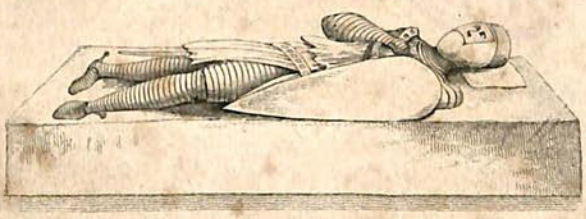
Such words should finish every noble and joyous book that would breathe the spirit of the Christian chivalry.

εἴρηκα, ἀκηκόατε, ἔχετε, κρίνατε.

Yet once again, gentle reader, and let us hear the parting strains of ancient piety, which, like the last accents of the holy John, breathed the tenderness of a father, the wisdom of a prophet, and the fervour of an angel. My little children, it said, may you possess a feeling heart and a humble spirit, for that alone can lead you to honour, the true honour, which comes only from God. O that the poet were not just in saying, that this is now an age of selfish men, that life is drest for a shew, while the great events with which old story rings seem vain and hollow. O that some voice may raise us up again and give us virtue, that avarice and expense may be no more adored, but plain living and high thinking be again our glory. Had these rude and faint images of a faithful age been drawn by one who had indeed caught its simple spirit, he would not have let you depart without praying that you, who have followed him from the beginning to the ending, would be pleased in charity to put him, who would rejoice to serve you, into your devout memento; that Almighty God might send him good deliverance while he was alive, and when he was dead and his body laid to the cold earth, when the darkness

[1] Guesses at Truth.

of age and death should have covered over both this book and him, that, through God's grace, his soul might enter Paradise. He would have prayed you all, if you heard ever more of him, to pray for his soul.



END OF THE BROAD STONE OF HONOUR.

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